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The Illustrated LONDON NEWS

Number 6996 Volume 269 July 1981

Cover: Tom Watson, one of the main contenders for the British Open Championship to be held this month. See page 48.

Photograph: Allsport/Duomo.

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ILN'S GUIDE TO EVENTS

★THEATRE ★

Accidental Death of an Anarchist. The Belt & Braces Company, from the "fringe", has its fun with a play by an Italian dramatist, Dario Fo. Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.

Amadeus. Frank Finlay as Mozart's enemy Salieri, in a richly theatrical play by Peter Schaffer. Peter Hall directs a National Theatre production. Her Majesty's. Haymarket, SWI. From July 2.

Androcles & the Lion. Last year's production of Shaw's play, directed by Ian Talbot. With Brian Parr, Stephen Brigden, Gabrielle Drake & Gary Raymond. Open-Air Theatre, Regent's Pk, NW1. From July 7.

Annie. The most enjoyable American musical for years, about the orphan of the famous comic strip. *Victoria Palace, Victoria St, SW1*.

Anyone for Denis? New comedy by John Wells based on his column in "Private Eye", with Angela Thorne & John Wells as the Prime Minister & her husband. Whitehall, Whitehall, SW1.

As You Like It. Susan Fleetwood's radiant Rosalind is at the heart of an imaginative revival by Terry Hands, transferred from Stratford. Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2. From July 22.

Barnum. Broadway musical about the celebrated circus, with Michael Crawford in the title role. Palladium, Argyll St. W1.

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas, A silly title & a brassy American musical to match. *Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2*.

Billy Bishop Goes to War. Canadian theatre company in a musical play based on the life of a Canadian ace pilot. Comedy, Panton St, SWI.

The Business of Murder. A really taut puzzle-play with a matching performance by Francis Matthews. Duchess, Catherine St., WC2.

The Caretaker. Kenneth Ives directs Pinter's fine early play now revived with Norman Beaton, Troy Foster & Oscar James. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SEL.

Cats. Trevor Nunn uses stage & auditorium boldly for Andrew Lloyd Webber's musical version of T. S. Eliot's cheerfully minor poems about cats with names like Bustopher & Macavity. New London Theatre, Drury Lane, WC2.

Charles Charming's Challenges on the Pathway to the Throne. Satire in verse written & narrated by Clive James, with Pamela Stephenson & Russell Davies. Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2. Until July 4.

The Cherry Orchard. Patrick Garland directs Chekhov's play, with Claire Bloom, Phoebe Nicholls, Sarah Badel, Joss Ackland, Emrys James & Christopher Timothy. Chichester Festival Theatre, Chichester, W Sussex. Until July 4.

The Cherry Orchard. Clifford Williams directs, with Googie Withers, John McCallum, Bernard Bresslaw, Mel Martin & Dennis Lill. Ashcroft, Croydon, Surrey. July 6-11.

The Comedy of Errors. Directed by Richard Digby Day with Gabrielle Drake. Open-Air Theatre. Dangerous Corner. J. B. Priestley's time play directed by Robert Gillespie with Gordon Whitehouse & Philip Lowrie. Ambassador's, West St, WC2.

The Devil's Disciple. Shaw's play, set in the American War of Independence, directed by Richard Digby Day. With Anthony Quayle, Mel Martin, Bernard Bresslaw, Dennis Lill & Jonathan Coy. Ashcroft. June 29-July 4.

The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw's play directed by Alan Strachan, with Maria Aitken & Leigh Lawson. Greenwich, Croom's Hill, SE10. Until July 4. Don Juan. Molière is often troublesome in English &, except for the economically-managed supernatural scenes, this revival of a lesser-known play is unexciting. Nigel Terry is Juan. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.

Duet for One. Tom Kempinski's study of two people—a woman violinist disabled by multiple sclerosis & her patient psychiatrist—is both emotionally satisfying & urgently acted by Frances de la Tour & David de Keyser. Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2. Until July 25.

Educating Rita. Willy Russell's play transferred from The Warehouse. Directed by Mike Ockrent, with Shirin Taylor & Mark Kingston. Piccadilly, Denman St. W.

Evita. Andrew Lloyd Webber & Tim Rice's emotional music drama, directed by Harold Prince. Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1. Feasting with Panthers. Peter Coe's careful but not very exciting documentary treatment of the trials of Oscar Wilde in 1895. Chichester Festival Theatre, Until July 25.

The Forest. New translation of Ostrovsky's comedy about the adventures of two strolling players, transferred from Stratford's The Other Place. Directed by Adrian Noble with Alan Howard, Richard Pasco & Barbara Leigh-Hunt. Warehouse, Donmar Theatre, Earlham St, WC2. From July 17.

Goose-Pimples. New play devised & directed by Mike Leigh, with Marion Bailey, Jill Baker, Jim Broadbent & Antony Sher. Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.

Having a Ball (Private Practices). Alan Bleasdale's comic drama about vasectomy. Directed by Alan Dossor with Julie Walters & Phillip Donaghy. Lyric, King St, W6. Until July 4.

House Guest. A wholly inventive thriller by Francis Durbridge, with Susan Hampshire & Gerald Harper. Savoy, Strand, WC2.

Ipi Tombi. Return of the South African musical. Cambridge, Earlham St. WC2. Until July 29.

It's Magic. Paul Daniels is not only an unusually loquacious conjurer, he is also an exceedingly dextrous one. Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1.

The Life of Galileo. Brecht's long & determined biographical play is graced by a progressively complete performance by Michael Gambon & a full production by John Dexter. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.

Macbeth. George Murcell directs this revival with David Weston in the title role. St George's, Tufnell Park Rd, N7.

Man & Superman. This National Theatre achievement gives Shaw's entire text, with Juan-in-Hell interlude, directed by Christopher Morahan. Exceptional speaking by Daniel Massey, Penelope Wilton & Michael Bryant. Olivier.

Measure for Measure. Regret it as we may, the average West Indian voice is not for Shakespeare, & Michael Rudman's busy translation of the play to a Caribbean island gets monotonous. Lyttelton. The Merchant of Venice. John Barton's Stratford production, richly imagined, has David Suchet as a strikingly unusual Shylock & Sinead Cusack as a Portia to remember. Aldwych. From July 16.

A Month in the Country. Using a very full Turgenev text, translated by Isaiah Berlin, Peter Gill's sympathetic production is helped by the playing of Francesca Annis, Caroline Langrishe & Ewan Stewart. Olivier.

The Mousetrap. Agatha Christie's long-runner, now in its 29th year, kept alive with cast changes. St. Martin's. West St. WC2.

Moving. A comedy by Stanley Price, in which Penelope Keith is a crisp yet vulnerable housewife, caught with her dentist-husband (Peter Jeffrey) in a web of mortgages, offers & bridging loans. Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1. Until July 18.

Much Ado About Nothing. Ian Talbot directs last year's production of Shakespeare's comedy, with Kate O'Mara & Gary Raymond. Open-Air Theatre.

My Fair Lady. Shaw's Eliza in her Lerner-Loewe musical development is back again. Jill Martin as the transformed flower-girl & Tony Britton triumphantly in command as her professor. Adelphi. Strand. WC2.

No End of Blame. New play by Howard Barker about a Hungarian political cartoonist. Directed by Nicolas Kent with Paul Freeman as the cartoonist. Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1. Until July 4 or 11

No Sex Please—We're British. London's longestrunning comedy, directed by Allan Davis, has passed 4,000 performances & shows no sign of flagging. Strand, Aldwych, WC2.

Oklahoma! Though nothing can eclipse the memory of that Drury Lane opening night in 1947, time has not dulled the Richard Rodgers score—or, for that matter, the Hammerstein lyrics. Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.

One-Woman Plays. Trilogy by Dario Fo directed by Michael Bogdanov, with Yvonne Bryceland. Cottesloe.

Overheard. A tepid comedy by Peter Ustinov that comes alive in the diplomatic exchanges of the last act. Ian Carmichael is, precisely, the British Ambassador. Haymarket, Haymarket, SWI.

Pal Joey. Siân Phillips, superb as the wealthy Chicago woman, in an entirely new world for her—the revival of a musical, score by Richard Rodgers, that has become something of a classic. Albery. St Martin's Lane. WC2.

Present Laughter. Donald Sinden, as the egocentric actor for whom the world's a stage, heads the best Coward revival for years. Vaudeville, Strand, WC2.

Room. Devised & written by Natasha Morgan, the play looks at the life of a modern woman—housewife/writer/mother. Royal Court Theatre Upstairs, Sloane Sq, SW1. Until July 4 or 11.

Serjeant Musgrave's Dance. John Arden's play about a group of soldiers arriving in a strike-bound northern town. Directed by John Burgess with John Thaw as Musgrave. Cottesloe.

The Shadow of a Gunman. Sean O'Casey's play directed by Michael Bogdanov from Stratford's The Other Place. With Michael Pennington. Norman Rodway & Dearbhla Molloy. Warehouse. From July 24.

Shakespeare's Love Royal/The Loves of Henry VIII. A double bill, the first half offering four Shakespearian variants on the theme of love; the second, George Murcell's compilation of letters, documents & songs from the court of Henry VIII. St George's.

The Shoemaker's Holiday by Thomas Dekker, directed by John Dexter, with Andrew Cruickshank, John Normington, Nicholas Selby, Alfred Lynch & Simon Eyre. Olivier.

They're Playing Our Song. Tom Conti & Gemma Craven govern what is virtually a two-part musical with a swift book by Neil Simon & some pleasant tunes by Marvin Hamlisch. Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave. WC2.

Translations. New play by Brian Friel, directed by Donald McWhinnie, with Ian Bannen. Hampstead Theatre Club, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3. Until July 4.

The Twin Rivals. George Farquhar's Restoration play directed by John Caird. With Miles Anderson, Mike Gwilym & Miriam Karlin. The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks.

The Winter's Tale. New production directed by Ronald Eyre, with Patrick Stewart, Gemma Jones, Leonie Mellinger, Sheila Hancock & Geoffrey Hutchings. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks.

The Worlds. Edward Bond's play about a managing director kidnapped by industrial terrorists. Directed by Nick Hamm with Ian McDiarmid, Siân Thomas & Barrie Houghton. New Half-Moon, 213 Mile End Rd, E1. Until Aug 1.

First nights

The Misanthrope. Molière's comedy presented by the Manchester Royal Exchange Theatre Company, with Tom Courtenay & Christopher Gable. Round House, Chalk Farm Rd, NW1. July 1-Aug 1. Steaming. New play by Nell Dunn about six women who meet in a Turkish bath. Directed by Roger Smith, with Georgina Hale. Theatre Royal, Gerry Raffles Sq. E15. July 1-Aug 1.

The Hollow Crown. Anthology compiled by John Barton on the subject of kingship & royalty. Fortune, Russell St., WC2, July 1.

Thirteenth Night. Political thriller by Howard Brenton, directed by Barry Kyle. With Domini Blythe, Michael Pennington, Raymond Westwell & Derek Godfrey. Warehouse, Donmar Theatre, Earlham St. WC2. July 2.

Troilus & Cressida. New production directed by Terry Hands with Carol Royle & James Hazeldine. Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2. July 6.

Eastward Ho! A musical version of Ben Jonson's Jacobean comedy is the opening production for the new Mermaid Theatre. Directed by Robert Chetwyn. Mermaid, Puddle Dock, EC4. July 7.

The Mad Show. Eccentric British variety acts. Collegiate Theatre, Gordon St, WC1. July 8.

The Mitford Girls. Musical memoir based on the lives of the Mitford sisters dramatized by Ned Sherrin & Caryl Brahms with music by Peter Greenwell & choreography by Anton Dolin. Directed by Patrick Garland with Patricia Michael, Gay Soper, Liz Robertson & Oz Clarke. Chichester Festival Theatre, W Sussex, July 8.

War with the Newts. Political satire from Liverpool's Everyman Theatre, directed by Ken Campbell & Pip Broughton. Riverside Studios, Crisp Rd, W6. July 8-Aug 2.

A Doll's House. Ibsen's play translated by Michael Meyer, directed by Adrian Noble. With Cheryl Campbell as Nora & Bernard Lloyd as Krogstad. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks.* July 9.

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? Edward Albee's drama directed by Nancy Meckler, with Paul Eddington, Mary Maddox, Joan Plowright & David Schofield. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1. July 10.

Pleasure & Repentance. Anthology compiled by Terry Hands on the theme of love & marriage. Fortune, July 13.

Quartermaine's Terms. New play by Simon Gray, directed by Harold Pinter. With Edward

Fox, Prunella Scales, Robin Bailey & James Grout. Richmond, Surrey, July 13-25; Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, WI, July 28.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. New production by Ron Daniels with Mike Gwilym, Joe Marcell, Jane Carr, Philip Franks, Juliet Stevenson, Simon Templeman & Harriet Walter. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks. July 15.

Childe Byron. Adult play by Romulus Finney directed by Frank Dunlop. With David Essex as Lord Byron. Young Vic, The Cut, SE1. July 15.

Blue Dot Disease. Summer revue by Richard Sparks, with John Webb & Peter Wilson. Lyric Studio, King St, W6. July 15-Aug 1.

How I Got That Story. Comedy by Amlin Gray with Robert Lindsay & Ron Cook. Hampstead Theatre Club, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3. July 14.

To Come Home to This. Black comedy by Carol Bunyan. *Royal Court Upstairs*, *Sloane Sq*, *SW1*. July 20.

Chinese Acrobats. Troupe of 60 acrobats from the People's Republic of China. *Dominion*, Tottenham Court Rd, W1. July 20-Aug 4.

Restoration. Edward Bond directs the world première of his first musical. With Simon Callow. Royal Court, Sloane Sq. SW1. July 21.

Underneath the Arches. Musical tribute to Bud Flanagan & the Crazy Gang, written by Patrick Garland & Brian Glanville. With Roy Hudd, Christopher Timothy & Chesney Allan. Chichester Festival Theatre. July 29.

★ CINEMA★

All Night Long. Comedy about an American businessman demoted to running an all-night drugstore. Directed by Jean-Claude Tramont with Gene Hackman & Barbra Streisand.

Altered States. Director Ken Russell's first American film deals with sensory-deprivation experiments at Harvard University. With William Hurt & Blair Brown.

The Antagonists. Based on the novel by Ernest K. Gann the film tells of the Jews' fight for freedom against Caesar's army. Directed by Boris Sagal with Peter O'Toole, Anthony Quayle, Anthony Valentine, Timothy West & David Warner.

Chariots of Fire. Stirring British film about two athletes, Eric Liddell & Harold Abrahams, striving for excellence in the 1924 Olympics. It says a lot about class, religion & England & is most movingly written by Colin Welland.

A Change of Seasons. Shirley Maclaine, Anthony Hopkins & Bo Derek in a comedy about adultery, directed by Richard Lang.

Clash of the Titans. Enjoyable fantasy adventure for children based on the story of Perseus, directed by Desmond Davis. With Harry Hamlin, Judi Bowker, Siân Phillips, Burgess Meredith & Laurence Olivier.

The Competition. Romance about two former friends meeting again during a piano competition in America. Directed by Joel Oliansky with Richard Dreyfuss, Amy Irving & Lee Remick.

Condorman. Michael Crawford plays the writer of a comic strip who lives out the fantasy world he creates. Directed by Charles Janott, with Oliver Reed & Barbara Carrera.

Death Watch. Bertrand Tavernier's grim account of an Orwellian future world in which TV plugs in to the spectacle of people dying. Romy Schneider & Harvey Keitel are good but the film lacks narrative style.

The Fan. Suspense thriller about an actress terrorized by a psychotic admirer. Directed by Edward Bianchi with Lauren Bacall, James Garner & Maureen Stapleton.

The First Deadly Sin. Thriller about the hunt for a psychopathic killer in the streets of New York. Directed by Brian G. Hutton with Frank Sinatra & Fave Dunaway.

For Your Eyes Only. The latest James Bond film has him searching the Aegean for a sunken British government ship. Directed by John Glen with Roger Moore, Topol & Cassandra Harris.

Green Ice. Ernest Day directs this story about emerald smuggling in South America. With Ryan O'Neal, Anne Archer & Omar Sharif.

Gregory's Girl. Comedy about a teenage girl joining a school football team. Written & directed by Bill Forsyth with Gordon John Sinclair & Dee Hepburn.

The Incredible Shrinking Woman. Comedy about a suburban housewife who finds herself growing smaller day by day. Directed by Joel Schumacher with Lily Tomlin, Charles Grodin, Ned Beatty & Henry Gibson.

It's My Turn. Enjoyable, sprightly, feminist film in



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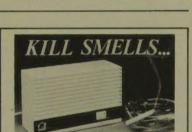
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which the delightful Jill Clayburgh plays a mathematician falling for her future step-brother: intelligent escapism.

The Last Metro. François Truffaut's latest film is set in a theatre in occupied Paris. With Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu & Jean Poiret.

The Long Good Friday. A tough, fast, entertaining film about a London gangster (the splendid Bob Hoskins) grappling with the IRA. The best British movie for some time.

Melvin & Howard. Low-budget, fast-moving account of an amiable loser who gives Howard Hughes a ride & whose life never quite recovers. Sharp observation undermined by a whizz-bang directorial style.

Nighthawks. Two American policemen in pursuit of a hired assassin. Directed by Bruce Malmuth with Sylvester Stallone, Billy Dee Williams, Rutger Hauer & Nigel Davenport.

Popeye. A busy, jolly, cluttered version of the famous strip-cartoon directed by Robert Altman in holiday humour with Robin Williams as the squinting hero.

The Postman Always Rings Twice. Dark, powerful, erotic re-make of James M. Cain's classic tale of Depression-era adultery & murder. Jack Nicholson as a roving stud & Jessica Lange as a sensual café-owner's wife also strike sparks.

Riding High. Ross Cramer directs this film about a young man who wants to become a stunt motorcyclist. With Eddie Kidd, Irene Handl & Murray Salem.

S.O.B. Comedy about the Hollywood film industry, written, produced & directed by Blake Edwards. With Julie Andrews, William Holden, Larry Hagman & Robert Vaughn.

Superman II. Our red-caped hero (Christopher Reeve) outwits a trio of villains from Krypton led by Terence Stamp. A spectacular bore.

Tess. A tame, smooth, even account of Hardy's novel directed by Roman Polanski. Nastassia Kinski is a beautiful Tess, but the film lacks any hint of passion or urgency.

Made in London: an exploration of British cinema. Cup of Kindness, July 2; I Was A Spy, July 7; Jack of All Trades, July 9; The First Gentleman, July 14; Sing as We Go, July 16; Radio Parade of 1935, July 21; Millions Like Us, July 23; 6.10pm. Museum of London, London Wall, EC2.

Premières

Excalibur. John Boorman directs this film based on the legend of King Arthur. With Nicol Williamson, Nigel Terry, Cherie Lunghi & Nicholas Clay. Royal charity première in the presence of Prince & Princess Michael of Kent in aid of the Newsvendors' Benevolent Institution. ABC, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2, July 1.

Raiders of the Lost Ark. Adventure film about an archaeologist's attempts to secure the Ark of the Covenant before the Nazis can. Directed by Steven Spielberg with Harrison Ford, Karen Allen & Denholm Elliot. Gala première. *Empire, Leicester Sq, W1*. July 30.

★ BALLET★

CHINESE ACROBATS, Dominion Theatre, Tottenham Court Rd, W1:

60 acrobats, jugglers, gymnasts, dancers & trick cyclists. July 20-Aug 8.

DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2:

Five London premières include Fokine's Schéhérezade. July 27-Aug 8.

LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET, Festival Hall, South Bank, SE1: La Sylphide, Rosalinda, Coppélia. July 27-Aug

15. NUREYEV FESTIVAL, London Coliseum, St

Martin's Lane, WC2:

With the Boston Ballet, Swan Lake, new designs by Julia Trevelyan Oman. Until July 11.

ROYAL BALLET SCHOOL, Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1:

Les Patineurs, La Fille Mal Gardée, & première of Richard Glasstone's An Afternoon in the Country, music Boyce. July 20-25.

TWYLA THARP DANCE FOUNDATION, Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1: Three programmes. June 23-July 4.

★ OPERA ★

ROYAL OPERA, Covent Garden, WC2: Luisa Miller, conductor Steinberg, with Katia Ricciarelli as Luisa, José Carreras as Rodolfo, Leo Nucci as Miller, Gwynne Howell as Walter, Phyllis Cannan as Federica, Richard Van Allan as Wurm. July 1, 4.

Madama Butterfly, conductor Gardelli, with Raina Kabaivanska as Cio-Cio-San, Dennis O'Neill as Pinkerton, Josephine Veasey as Suzuki, Delme Bryn-Jones as Sharpless. July 2.

Peter Grimes, conductor Barker, with Jon Vickers as Grimes, Heather Harper as Ellen Orford, Norman Bailey as Balstrode. July 3, 7, 10.

Mozart Festival:

Don Giovanni, conductor C. Davis, new production by Peter Wood, designed by William Dudley & David Walker, with Ruggero Raimondi as Don Giovanni, Geraint Evans as Leporello, Gundula Janowitz as Donna Anna, Kiri te Kanawa as Donna Elvira, Stuart Burrows as Don Ottavio, Gwynne Howell as the Commendatore, John Tomlinson as Masetto, Marie McLaughlin as Zerlina. July 6, 8, 11, 15, 18, 22, 25.

Le nozze di Figaro, conductor C. Davis, with Stafford Dean/Geraint Evans (July 23) as Figaro, Helen Donath as Susanna, Thomas Allen as Count Almaviva, Margaret Marshall as the Countess, Margarita Zimmermann as Cherubino. July 13, 16, 20, 23.

Così fan tutte, conductor C. Davis, with Kiri te Kanawa as Fiordiligi, Agnes Baltsa as Dorabella, Stuart Burrows as Ferrando, Thomas Allen as Guglielmo, Daniela Mazzucato as Despina, Richard Van Allan as Don Alfonso. July 14, 17, 21, 24.

GLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL OPERA, Lewes, Sussex:

A Midsummer Night's Dream, conductor Haitink, new production by Peter Hall, designed by John Bury, with Ileana Cotrubas/Lillian Watson (July 10, 12) as Tytania, James Bowman as Oberon, Ryland Davies as Lysander, Dale Duesing as Demetrius, Cynthia Buchan as Hermia, Felicity Lott as Helena, Curt Appelgren as Bottom, Darnien Nash as Puck, July 1, 3, 5, 7, 10, 12.

Il barbiere di Siviglia, conductor Cambreling, new production by John Cox, designed by William Dudley, with John Rawnsley as Figaro, Max-René Cosotti as Count Almaviva, Zehava Gal as Rosina, Claudio Desderi as Bartolo. July 2, 4.

Ariadne auf Naxos, conductor Rattle, with Helena Döse as Ariadne, Maria Ewing as the Composer, Dennis Bailey as Bacchus, Gianna Rolandi as Zerbinetta, Donald Bell as the Music Master. July 8, 11, 15, 17, 19, 24, 28.

Fidelio, conductor Haitink, with Josephine Barstow as Leonore, Anton de Ridder as Florestan, Curt Appelgren as Rocco, Patrick Power as Jaquino, Elizabeth Gale as Marzelline, Malcolm Donnelly as Pizarro. July 16, 18, 20, 22, 25, 27, 29, 31.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA NORTH on tour:

Don Giovanni, The Barber of Seville, Der Freischütz.

Freischütz.

New Theatre, Hull. June 30-July 4.

Theatre Royal, Nottingham. July 7-11.
WELSH NATIONAL OPERA, Everyman
Theatre. Cheltenham:

Rodelinda, The Journey by Metcalf, July 8-10.

★ MUSIC ★

ALBERT HALL, Kensington Gore, SW7:

Beethoven Festival: Royal Philham

Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Dorati; Clifford Curzon, piano. Beethoven, Symphonies Nos 1 & 5, Piano Concerto No 4, July 2; Salvatore Accardo, violin. Beethoven, Violin Concerto, Symphony No 6 (Pastoral), July 4; Hildegard Behrens, soprano. Beethoven, Symphonies Nos 2 & 3 (Eroica), Ah Perfido, July 6; Bruno Leonardo Gelber, piano. Beethoven, Symphony No 4, Piano Concerto No 5 (Emperor), July 8; Yan Pascal Tortelier, violin; Paul Tortelier, cello; Maria de la Pau, piano. Beethoven, Triple Concerto, Symphony No 7, July 10; Brighton Festival Chorus, Heather Harper, soprano; Alfreda Hodgson, contralto; Robert Tear, tenor; Benjamin Luxon, Beethoven, Symphonies Nos 8 & 9 (Choral), July 12; 7.30pm.

87th season of Henry Wood Promenade Concerts. July 17-Sept 12.

All take place at the Albert Hall at-7.30pm unless otherwise stated.

BBC Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, BBC Singers, Southend Boys' Choir, conductor Rozhdestvensky; Eiddwen Harrhy, soprano; Linda Finnie, mezzo-soprano; Robert Tear, tenor. Stravinsky, Le roi des étoiles, The Rite of Spring; Britten, Spring Symphony, July 17.

Britten, Spring Symphony. July 17.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Del Mar; Heather Harper, soprano; Anthony Goldstone, piano. Haydn, Symphony No 93; Beet-

hoven, Piano Concerto No 4; Strauss, Four Last Songs; Kodály, Háry János. July 18.

BBC Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, BBC Singers, conductor Rozhdestvensky; György Pauk, violin; Ralph Kirshbaum, cello; Peter Frankl, piano; Teresa Cahill, soprano; Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano; Robert Tear, tenor, Gwynne Howell, bass. Schubert, Piano Trio in B flat major; Mahler, Das klagende Lied. July 20.

BBC Northern Symphony Orchestra, conductor Downes; Eilene Hannan, soprano; Keith Lewis, tenor. Smalley, Symphony in one movement; Tchaikovsky, Romeo & Juliet duet; Shostakovich, Symphony No 10. July 21.

BBC Symphony Orchestra, conductor Rozhdestvensky; Itzhak Perlman, violin. Maxwell Davies, Symphony No 2; Elgar, Violin Concerto in B minor. July 23.

Hallé Orchestra, conductor Loughran; György Pauk, violin; Nobuko Imai, viola. McCabe, Variations on a theme of Hartmann; Mozart, Sinfonia Concertante in E flat major K364; Dvořák, Symphony No 6. July 24.

BBC Concert Orchestra, London Chorale, London Choral Society, conductor Cleobury; Suzanne Murphy, soprano; Philip Fowke, piano. Ravel, Alborada del gracioso, Concerto in D major for piano & orchestra; Patterson, Voices of Sleep; Gershwin, An American in Paris. July 25.

Electric Phoenix, Elaine Barry, Linda Hirst, Andrew Parrott, Terry Edwards, singers; John Whiting, sound technician. Marsh, Not a soul but ourselves; Pousseur, Agonie; Osborne, Poem without a Hero; Brooks, Madrigals. Round House, Chalk Farm Rd, NW1. July 26, 7.30pm.

Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Atherton; Moray Welsh, cello. Sibelius, Karelia Suite; Wood, Cello Concerto; Tchaikovsky, Variations on a Rococo theme, Symphony No 2. July 28.

BBC Symphony Orchestra, BBC Singers, conductor Rozhdestvensky; Janet Price, soprano; Cynthia Buchan, mezzo-soprano; Philip Langridge, tenor; Michael Rippon, bass-baritone. Stravinsky, Les noces; Mendelssohn, Incidental music to A Midsummer Night's Dream. July 29.

London Sinfonietta, conductor Rattle; Ernst Kovacic, violin; Paul Crossley, piano. Boulez, Rituel: In memorian Maderna; Berg, Chamber Concerto; Messiaen, Et exspecto resurrectionem mortuorum. July 31.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERT BOWL, Crystal Palace Park, SE19:

City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, conductor Georgiadis. Schubert, Symphony No 5; Schönherr, Austrian Peasant Dances; Strauss, Overture, Die Fledermaus, Waltzes, Polkas, Marches; fireworks. July 5, 8pm.

National Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Black. Music from the movies, with fireworks. July 12, 8pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Davison. Sibelius, Karelia Suite; Borodin, Polovtsian Dances; Tchaikovsky, Marche Slave; Massenet, Le Cid; Handel, Music for the Royal

Fireworks with fireworks, July 19, 8pm.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Keeffe.

Railway Gala. Honegger, Elgar, J. Strauss, Goldsmith, Bennett, Sousa, Villa-Lobos, Ellis, Civil, E. Strauss; fireworks. July 26, 8pm.

KENWOOD LAKESIDE, Hampstead Lane, NW3:

National Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Handford. Copland, A Lincoln Portrait; Gershwin, Orchestral Selection; Gould, American Salute; Dvorak, Symphony No 9 (From the New World). July 4, 8pm.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Fistoulari. Mussorgsky, A Night on the Bare Mountain; Rimsky-Korsakov, Spanish Caprice; Tchaikovsky, Symphony No 4. July 11, 8pm.

Wren Orchestra, conductor Snell; James Watson, trumpet. Hummel, Trumpet Concerto in E flat; Beethoven, Battle Symphony, Symphony No 5. July 18, 8pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Del Mar. Strauss, Symphonic Poem from Don Juan; Tchaikovsky, Fantasy Overture to Romeo & Juliet; Chabrier, Marche Joyeuse; Bizet, Carmen Suite; Borodin, Prince Igor Dances; Walton, Crown Imperial (with fireworks). July 25, 8pm.

ST JOHN'S, Smith Sq, SW1: Fiona Dobie, soprano; Martin Nelson, bass; David Mason, piano. Mozart, Schubert, Poulenc, songs & duets. July 2, 1.15pm.

Regent Sinfonia, conductor Vass; Crispian Steele-Perkins, Mortimer Rhind-Tutt, trumpets; Susan Eastop, bassoon. Mozart, Divertimento in F K138; White, Intrada & Variations for two trumpets & strings; Handel, Concerto Grosso in A minor Op 6 No 4; Françaix, Divertissement for bassoon & strings; Vivaldi, Concerto for two trumpets in C RV537. July 5, 7.30pm.

Aeolian String Quartet. Wolf, Italian Serenade;

Aeolian String Quartet. Wolf, Italian Serenade; Schubert, Quartet in D minor D810 (Death & the Maiden). July 6, 1pm.

London Chorale, conductor Coleman. Brahms, Neues Liebeslieder; Delius, Two unaccompanied partsongs, Midsummer Song; Britten, Hymn to St Cecilia; Schubert, Der Gondelfahrer, Jagerchor, Ständchen; Tedesco, Romancero Gitano. July 11, 7.30pm.

Bracha Eden, Alexander Tamir, piano duet. Schumann, Bilder aus Ostern; Brahms, Variations on a theme by Schumann Op 9; Dvorak, Slavonic Dances. July 13, 1pm.

SOUTH BANK, SEL:

(FH=Festival Hall, EH=Queen Elizabeth Hall, PR=Purcell Room)

London Mozart Players, conductor Blech; Henryk Szeryng, violin. Haydn, Symphony No 1; Bach, Violin Concerto in A minor BWV1041; Mozart, Violin Concerto in G K216, Symphony No 41 (Jupiter). July 1, 8 pm. FH.

Sanskritik Festival of the Arts of India: Birenda Shankar, artistic director. July 1-4, 7.45pm; July 5, 7.15pm. EH.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Muti; Radu Lupu, piano. Beethoven, Piano Concerto No 1; Tchaikovsky, Manfred Symphony. July 2, 8pm; Beethoven, Piano Concerto No 3; Schumann, Symphony No 4. July 5, 3.15pm; Beethoven, Piano Concertos Nos 2 & 4. July 7; Mozart, Symphony No 24; Schubert, Symphony No 6; Beethoven, Piano Concerto No 5 (Emperor). July 9, 8pm. FH.

Musicians of London, Goldsmiths' Choral Union, conductor Wright; Eiddwen Harrhy, soprano; Martyn Hill, tenor; Richard van Allan, bass. Haydn, The Seasons. July 3, 7.30pm. FH.

BBC International Festival of Light Music: BBC Concert Orchestra, BBC Symphony Chorus, conductor Lewis. American salute. July 4, 7.30pm. FH.

London Symphony Orchestra, Ambrosian Singers, conductor Previn. Ravel, L'heure espagnole, L'enfant et les sortilèges. July 5, 7, 30pm. FH. Songmakers' Almanac, Jennifer Smith, soprano; Richard Jackson, baritone; Graham Johnson, piano. Toutes les fleurs—a gardener's anthology. July 5, 7pm. PR.

London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, conductor Hickox; Heather Harper, soprano; Yvonne Minton, contralto; Philip Langridge, tenor. Poulenc, Gloria; Brahms, Alto Rhapsody; Britten, Spring Symphony. July 6, 8pm. FH.

London Sinfonietta, conductor Chailly; Ralph Kirshbaum, cello; Paul Crossley, piano. Hindemith, Kammermusik I, II, III; Lloyd, Won't it ever be morning? July 7, 7.45pm. EH.

London Bach Orchestra, conductor Sidwell; Jürgen Hess, Nona Liddell, Perry Hart, violins; David Butt, Averil Williams, flutes; Barbara Hill, harpsichord; Tess Miller, oboe; Michael Laird, trumpet. Bach, The complete Brandenburg Concertos. July 8, 8pm. FH.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Del Mar; Jack Rothstein, violin. Beethoven, Violin Concerto, Symphony No 5. July 10, 8pm. FH.

Academy of London, conductor Stamp; Robert Tear, tenor. Corelli, Concerto Grosso Op 6 No 8; Elgar, Serenade in E minor; Britten, Les illuminations; Tchaikovsky, Serenade in C. July 10, 7.45pm. *EH*.

Sviatoslav Richter, piano. Programme to be announced. July 12, 3.15pm. FH.

Berlin Symphony Orchestra FDR, conductor Bloomfield; Elisha Gilgord, piano; Andrée Black, soprano. Grieg, Piano Concerto; Mahler, Symphony No 4. July 12, 7.30pm. FH.

London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, conductor Chailly; Rafael Orozco, piano. Mozart, Piano Concerto in D K451; Beethoven, Fantasia in C minor for piano, chorus & orchestra; Stravinsky, Symphony of Psalms; Verdi, Te Deum. July 13, 8pm. FH.

Rie Yanagisawa, koto/shamisen; Shozan Kimura, shakuhachi. Japanese traditional music. July 13, 7,30 pm. PR.

WIGMORE HALL, Wigmore St, W1:

John York, piano. Brahms, Fantasien Op 116 Nos 3-7; Ravel, Gaspard de la nuit; Prokofiev, Sonata No 6. July 1, 7.30pm.

György Pauk, violin, George Malcolm, harpsichord, Bach, Sonatas in A BWV 1015, in C minor BWV 1017, in E minor BWV 1023, in G BWV 1019, July 4; Bach, Sonatas in B minor BWV 1014, in F minor BWV 1018, in G BWV 1021, in E BWV 1016, July 8; 7.30pm.

Fitzwilliam String Quartet; Alan Hacker, clarinet;

Lesley Schatzberger, basset horn. Mozart/Druce, Allegro in F K 580b; Mozart, Clarinet Quintet in A K 581; Wolf, Italian Serenade, July 5, 11.30am. George Malcolm, harpsichord. Bach, 15 Two-Part Inventions, English Suite No 3, Five Preludes & Fugues from "The Forty-Eight", Partita No 4. July 11, 7.30pm.

Endymion Ensemble, director Whitfield. Mozart, Serenade in E flat K375; Dvorak, Serenade in D minor Op 44 for 10 wind instruments, cello & double bass. July 12, 11,30am.

Orlando String Quartet. Beethoven, Quartet in G Op 18 No 2; Bartók, Quartet No 6; Brahms, Quartet in A minor Op 51 No 2. July 12, 7.30pm. English Taskin Players; Peter Lloyd, flute; Neil Black, oboe; Charles Tunnell, cello; Elizabeth Werry, harpsichord. Boismortier, C. P. E. Bach, J. S. Bach, Quantz, Vivaldi, Telemann. July 15, 7.30pm.

Allegri String Quartet; Thea King, clarinet. Haydn, Quartet in G Op 33 No 5; Bartók, Quartet No 3; Brahms, Clarinet Quintet in B minor Op 115. July 18, 7.30pm.

Bernard Roberts, piano. Schubert, Sonata in A Op 120 D664; Debussy, Préludes Book 2. July 19, 11.30am.

Music Party, director Hacker. Beethoven, Piano & Wind Quintet in E flat Op 16; Mozart, Serenade in B flat for 13 wind instruments K361. July 23, 7.30pm.

Lucia Popp, soprano; Geoffrey Parsons, piano. Schumann, Frauenliebe und -leben Op 42 & other pieces. July 25, 7,30pm.

★ FESTIVALS ★

Chester Festival, Cheshire. June 27-July 12. International Organ Festival, St Albans, Herts. July 4-11

Festival of the City of London, various venues. July 5-18.

Cheltenham International Festival of Music, Glos. July 5-19.

Chichester 906 Festivities, W Sussex. July 6-18. International Music Eisteddfod, Llangollen, Clwyd. July 7-12.

Ilkley Literature Festival, W Yorks. July 10-19. York Early Music Festival, N Yorks. July 11-26. Haslemere Festival of Early Music, Surrey. July

Capital Jazz Festival, Clapham Common, SW4. July 18, 19, 25, 26.

Cambridge Festival, Cambs. July 18-Aug 2. The Romantics. South Bank, SE1. July 20-24. Southern Cathedrals Festival, Winchester, Hants. July 22-26.

Piccadilly Festival, St James's Church, Piccadilly, W1. July 22-26.

King's Lynn Festival, Norfolk. July 24-Aug 1. Buxton International Festival, Derbys. July 25-Aug 9.

Harrogate International Festival, N Yorks. July 29-Aug 12.

★ EXHIBITIONS ★

Where not stated, readers are advised to check whether exhibitions are open on July 29.

"... Adventure to those faire plantations." The life of Capt John Smith, 17th-century explorer & adventurer & close friend of the John Tradescants. St. Mary-at-Lambeth, Lambeth Rd, SE1. June 24-July 26, daily 11am-6pm. 50p.

All Stations. Journey through 150 years of railway stations. Science Museum, Exhibition Road, SW7. Until Sept 27, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Animals in Persian, Turkish & Mughal art. MSS, miniatures & paintings from 16th & 17th centuries. British Library, British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1. Until Dec. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed July 29.

Art of the Book. MSS, bindings, printing & book illustration from the National Art Library tracing book development from medieval times to the present. *Victoria & Albert Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7. June 24-Sept 30, Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm. Closed July 29.*

The Artist's Eye. Four of the Gallery's paintings selected by David Hockney to hang alongside one of his own works. *National Gallery, Trafalgar Sq.*, *SWI*. July 1-Aug 31, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed July 29.

Artists of Today & Tomorrow. Mixed show of paintings & drawings. New Grafton Gallery, 42 Old Bond St, W1. I, June 24-July 15; II, July 23-Sept 9, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm. Closed July 29.

Robert Bevan, drawings & watercolours. Anthony d'Offay, 9 Dering St, W1. June 28-Aug 15, Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat until 1pm.

British Craft Show. Wembley Conference Centre, Wembley, Middx. July 2-5, Thurs 11am-8pm, Fri-Sun 10am-6pm. £1.70.

Canaletto, paintings, drawings & etchings from the Royal Collection. *Queen's Gallery, Bucking-ham Palace, SW1*. Until end 1981, Tues-Sat 11am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. 75p. July 29 2-5pm.

The Chalon brothers, landscape, the theatre & caricature in the works of 19th-century artists Alfred-Edouard & John James Chalon. *Victoria & Albert Museum*. Until Oct 4.

Children First. Centenary exhibition by the Church of England Children's Society of life in Victorian & Edwardian eras. Chelsea Old Town Hall, King's Rd, SW3. July 9-28, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm.£1.

John Closterman. English baroque portraits including the recently acquired "The third Earl of Shaftesbury & his Brother" & "The Family of John Taylor". National Portrait Gallery, St. Martin's Pl, WC2. July 24-Oct 4, Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Lucienne Day, silk mosaic wall-hangings. National Theatre foyers, South Bank, SE1. June 22-July 18, Mon-Sat 10am-11pm.

Fifty Years of British Design. Celebration of the 50th anniversary of the Society of Industrial Artists & Designers including work by Graham Sutherland, Paul Nash, Robert Heritage, David Mellor, Ken Grange, Mary Quant & Alex Moulton. Design Centre, 28 Haymarket, SW1. July 15-Sept 5, Mon-Sat 9.30am-5.30pm, Weds, Thurs until 9pm.

The Gauls. Major exhibition of Celtic antiquities from France. *British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1*. Until Sept 13, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Group 77 Printmakers. Works by Betty Allen, Sally Brodholt, Jane Gray, Edith Hill, M. Russell-Smith, Dinah Travis, Carol Walklin & Margaret Wilson. Woodlands Gallery, 90 Mycenae Rd, SE3, July 18-Aug 25, Thurs-Tues 10am-7.30pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Happy Ever After. Royal wedding souvenirs from James II to Elizabeth II. Sotheby's Belgravia, 19 Motcomb St, SWI. July 27-Aug 28, Mon-Fri 9.30-4.30pm. Closed July 29.

Hooking, drifting & trawling: five centuries of the fishing industry. *National Maritime Museum*, *Greenwich*, *SE10*. Until Apr 1982, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-5.30pm. Closed July 29.

The Image of Augustus. New permanent exhibition of over 200 representations of the Roman Emperor Augustus (27 BC-AD 14), his family, predecessors & contemporaries. *British Museum*. The Imperial Collection. Over 180 items in replica of royal & imperial jewels from 15 countries on new permanent display. *Central Hall, Westminster*, SW1. Mon-Sat 10am-7pm. £1.60.

David Jones 1895-1974. Drawings, engravings & boxwood carvings from private collections. *Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1*. July 22-Sept 6, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. 60p (also admits to Ceri Richards exhibition).

Landscape: the printmaker's view. 20th-century printmaking & the European landscape tradition. *Tate Gallery*, Until July 26.

Landscapes, sporting scenes & pursuits. 18th-, 19th- and 20th-century paintings & engravings. Ledgowan, 117 Walton St, SW3. Until July 24, Mon-Fri 9.30am-6.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm. Closed 1-2pm.

London delineated. Watercolours from the Museum's collection & the Guildhall Library. Museum of London, London Wall, EC2. June 30-Sept 13, Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

London's architecture & the London fire brigade 1866-1938. The architecture of the city's fire stations. Heinz Gallery, 21 Portman Sq, W1. Until Aug 8, Mon-Fri 11am-5pm, Sat 10am-1pm. Closed July 29.

Richard Long, new work. Anthony d'Offay, 23 Dering St, W1. Until July 8, Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat until 1pm.

Tom Merrifield, sculptures & drawings. Festival Hall foyer, South Bank, SE1. July 17-Sept 5, daily during performance hours.

Musical portraits & fantasies. Portraits & caricatures of musicians by John Minnion. Festival Hall foyer. June 29-July 13.

The Natural World of Britain & Ireland. Kodak exhibition of plant & animal photographs by Heather Angel. Science Museum. Until July 26.

Nature & Temptation, ceramics & abstract watercolours by the Boston Group from Massachussetts. Mall Galleries, The Mall, SW1. July 27-Aug 10, Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 1pm. Closed July 29.

Nature Stored, Nature Studied: collection, curation & research. Centenary exhibition showing the



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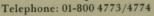
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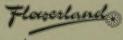
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growth of the Museum's collections. Natural History Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7. Until end 1981, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

New Glass. Modern glass from New York's Corning Museum of Glass demonstrating the wide range of uses of the medium, both in fine art & in practical terms. Victoria & Albert Museum. July 22-Oct 11.£1.

Old & modern masters of photography. Arts Council touring exhibition of photographs from the 1840s to the present including work by Kertesz, Brandt, Cartier-Bresson, Beaton & McCullin. Victoria & Albert Museum. Until Oct 4. Picasso's Picassos. Major exhibition drawn from the collection of the Musée Picasso in Paris of works from the artist's entire career. Hayward Gallery, South Bank, SE1. July 17-Oct 11, Mon-Thurs 10am-8pm, Fri, Sat until 6pm, Sun noon-6pm. £2 (£1 Mon & Tues-Sat 10am-noon). Closed July 29.

Portraits of Today. Contemporary portraits re-cently acquired by the gallery including paintings by Suzi Malin, Bryan Organ, Graham Sutherland, Andy Warhol. National Portrait Gallery. Until

Portraiture of British Royalty, from the House of Stuart to the House of Windsor. 100 historical portrait medals. Sicilian Gallery, 25 Sicilian Ave, WC1. July 15-Aug 5, Mon-Fri 10am-5pm.

Princely paintings from Mughal India, 16th- & 17th-century miniatures depicting life at the Mughal Court. British Museum. Until Sept 6.

Ceri Richards 1903-71. Major exhibition of constructions & paintings. Tate Gallery. July 22-Sept 6. 60p (also admits to David Jones exhibition).

Royal Connections. Original designs & commissions for the royal family, including repairs in progress on George VI's coronation train. Royal School of Needlework, 25 Princes Gate, SW7. July 1-Aug 14, Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Weds until 8pm. £1. Closed July 29.

Royal Wedding Commemoratives approved by the Design Council. Design Centre. July 9-Sept 5. Royal Wedding Dresses. Display of dresses from the Museum's royal collection. Museum of London. July 14-Aug 16.

Royal Westminster, paintings, sculpture, archaeological relics, illuminated MSS, gold & silver objects illustrating 1,000 years of history since the granting of the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors royal charter. RICS House, Parliament Sq. SW1. Until Aug 31, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Thurs until 8pm, Sun noon-6pm. £1.80.

Spotlight: four centuries of ballet costume in tribute to the Royal Ballet, a major exhibition presented by the Theatre Museum. Victoria & Albert Museum. Until July 26. £1.50 (Sat 50p).

Sri Lanka. Major exhibition of cultural heritage & contemporary life. Commonwealth Institute, Kensington High St, W8. July 17-Sept 13, Mon-Sat 10am-4.30pm, Thurs until 8pm, Sun 2-5pm.

Stained Glass 1981. Panels & windows by members of the British Society of Master Glass Painters. Southwark Cathedral, London Bridge, SE1. June 22-Sept 30, daily 9am-6pm.

"Such stuff as dreams are made on". Re membering Denham Studios 1935-51. Pictorial display surveying the birthplace of many British films of the 1930s & 1940s. Museum of London. Until mid-Aug

Summer Exhibition. Royal Academy, Piccadilly, W1. Until Aug 16, daily 10am-6pm. £1.80 (Sun until 1.45pm £1.20). Closed June 23, 24, July 29.

Summer Show I. Selections from the annual open submission. Serpentine Gallery, Kensington Gdns, W2. July 1-Aug 2, daily 10am-6pm.

Treasures for the nation. Friends of the National Libraries jubilee exhibition including books, bookbindings, MSS. British Library, British Museum.

Turner & the sublime. Works from the Turner Bequest & loans from North America tracing the artist's awareness of nature & the universe & man's role in the created world. British Museum. Until Sept 20.

Leonardo da Vinci. 50 landscapes, plant & water studies from the royal collection at Windsor, together with the Codex Leicester. Royal Academy. July 11-Oct 4. £1.80 (£1.20 Suns until

Wildlife paintings & sculpture. Major exhibition by the Society of Wildlife Artists. Mall Galleries.

Antiques Fairs

Antiques fair, The Bull, Olney, Bucks. July 5. Brighton Antiques Fair, Corn Exchange, Brighton, E Sussex. July 7-12. Welsh Antiques Fair, Hotel Metropole, Llandrindod Wells, Powys. July 9-11.

Lincoln Antiques Fair, County Assembly Rooms,

Shepton Mallet Antiques Fair, Bath & West Showground, Shepton Mallet, Somerset. July 28.

★ SALEROOMS ★

The following is a selection of sales taking place in

BONHAM'S, Montpelier St, SW7:

European oil paintings & carved frames. July 2,

English & Continental furniture. July 2, 9, 16, 23,

Wines. July 7, 11am.

Watercolours & drawings. July 8, 22, 11am. Old Master paintings. July 9, 11am. European porcelain. July 10, 11am. Silver & plate. July 14, 28, 11am. European oil paintings. July 16, 23, 30, 11am.

nese ceramics & works of art. July 17, 10 30am

Jewels & objects of vertu. July 24, 11am. Oriental porcelain & works of art. July 24, 11am. Prints. July 28, 11am.

At Royal Commonwealth Society Hall, 18 Northumberland Ave, SW1:

Stamps. July 24, 5.30pm CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON, 85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7:

Scientific instruments. July 2, 2pm.

Dolls. July 3, 17, 2pm.

Quilts, needlework books & tools & embroidered pictures & samplers. July 7, 2pm.

Cameras. July 9, 2pm. Costume & textiles. July 14, 21, 2pm.

Wines, July 14, 11am.

Staffordshire portrait figures, pot lids, fairings & Goss. July 14, 2pm. Lead soldiers. July 16, 2pm.

Golf clubs & associated items. July 20, 2pm. Modern pictures. July 22, 10.30am.

Ethnographica. July 22, 10.30am. Toys. July 23, 2pm.

Bookbinding tools. July 23, 2pm. Objects of vertu. July 28, 2pm

Costumes, militaria & pens. July 28, 2pm. STANLEY GIBBONS, Drury House, Russell St,

Great Britain stamps. July 2, 3, 1.30pm. All-World Stamps. July 16, 17, 1.30pm. PHILLIPS, 7 Blenheim St, W1:

Oriental ceramics & works of art. July 1, 15, 30,

Automobilia, aeronautica & nautica. July 1, noon. Art Nouveau & decorative arts. July 2, 11am.

Books, MSS & maps. July 2, 30, 1.30pm. Silver & plate. July 3, 10, 17, 24, 31, 11am. Furniture, carpets & objects. July 6, 13, 20, 27,

Oil paintings. July 6, 27, 2pm. Furniture, carpets & works of art. July 7, 14, 21,

28, 11am

English & Continental ceramics & glass. July 8,

Lead soldiers & figures. July 8, noon Scripophily & paper money. July 9, 11 am. Costumes, lace & textiles, including the late Princess Alice's collection of fans, July 9, 11am.

Old Master paintings. July 14, 11am. Jewelry. July 14, 28, 1.30pm. Pot lids, fairings, Goss & commemorative china.

July 15, noon.

Arms & armour. July 15, 2pm.

19th- & 20th-century English & Continental pic-

tures. July 20, 11am & 2pm. Sporting items. July 22, noon

Miniatures, fans & icons. July 22, 2pm. Postage stamps. July 23, 11am. Watercolours. July 27, 11am.

Clocks & watches, July 28, 2pm. SOTHEBY'S, 34/35 New Bond St, W1: Impressionist & modern paintings & sculpture.

Impressionist & modern drawings & watercolours. July 1, 2.30pm.

War medals, July 1, 10am & 2pm. Contemporary art. July 2, 11am.

Postage stamps of the world. July 7, 10.30am &

Krug Collection of glass. July 7, 11am. French paperweights. July 7, 2.30pm Old Master pictures. July 8, 11am & 2.30pm.

Works of art. July 9, 11am. Old Master drawings. July 9, 2.30pm.

French furniture. July 10, 11am. Antiquities. July 14, 2.30pm. Western illuminated MSS, single leaves & miniatures, including leaves from the Book of Hours of Etienne Chevalier. July 14, 11am.

English drawings & watercolours. July 16,

Miniatures. July 20, 11am & 2.30pm.

Autograph letters & MSS. July 20, 21, 11am. Silver. July 23, 10.30am.

Chinese works of art. July 28, 10.30am &

Wines. July 29, 10.30am.

SOTHEBY'S BELGRAVIA, 19 Motcomb St,

Art Nouveau & Art Deco. July 3. 11am.

Victorian paintings, drawings & watercolours. July 7, 14, 21, 28, 11am.

Mechanical music & talking machines. July 10,

Commemorative wares & Staffordshire figures. July 27, 11am.

★ LECTURES ★

LYTTELTON THEATRE, South Bank, SE1: "A Month in the Country", E. Braun. July 14,

MUSEUM OF LONDON, London Wall, EC2: Shakespeare & London: Staging Elizabethan theatre today, M Daniels, July 1; Shakespearean theatre costume, V. Cumming, July 8; 1.10pm.

Landmarks in London's architecture: The British Museum & Smirke, G. House, July 3; William Burges's palace of art—Tower House, Kensington, J. Crook, July 10; The London Coliseum, lecturer to be announced, July 17; 1.10pm

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Old Hall, Vincent Sq, SW1:

Flower arrangement demonstration, M. Goulding.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, Cromwell

Royal pageant: Elizabeth I: the triumph of Oriana C. Oakes, July 5; Charles I, "that excellent prince", R. Parkinson, July 12; Le Roi Soleil—Louis XIV, J. Gardiner, July 19; In good King Charles's golden days—Charles II, C. Oakes, July 26; 3.30pm.

★ SPORT ★

ATHLETICS

European Cup semi-final: Great Britain & Northern Ireland v Bulgaria v Denmark v Finland v France v Netherlands v Yugoslavia women's track & field, Meadowbank, Edinburgh. July 5.

Great Britain & Northern Ireland v USSR, men's & women's track & field events & 20km walk, Gateshead, Tyne & Wear. July 17, 18.

WAAA Championships, Crystal Palace. July 24,

England v Scotland v Spain v Hungary, men's track & field, Gateshead. July 26.

Talbot International Games, men's & women's invitation events, Crystal Palace. July 31.

CANOEING

World Slalom & Wildwater Racing Championships, Bala, Gwynedd. July 15-24.

World Racing Championships, Holme Pierrepont, Nottingham. July 28-Aug 2.

CRICKET

(SC=Schweppes Championship, JP=John Player League, NW=NatWest Bank Trophy)

England v Australia, Second Cornhill Test Match, Lord's, July 2-4, 6, 7; Third Cornhill Test Match, Headingley, July 16-18, 20, 21; Fourth Cornhill Test Match, Edgbaston, July 30-Aug 3.

Benson & Hedges Cup: semi-finals, July 8; final, Lord's, July 25.

Eton v Harrow, Lord's. July 11, 12.

Lord's: Middx v Kent (SC), July 15-17; v Wores (SC), July 18, 20, 21; v Worcs (JP), July 19.

The Oval: Surrey v Warwicks (SC), July 11, 13, 14; Surrey v Warwicks (JP), July 12; v Leics (NW), July 22; v Sri Lanka, July 25, 27, 28 (unless Surrey in Benson & Hedges final); v Lancs (JP),

CROQUET

Open Championships, Hurlingham, SW6. July

EQUESTRIANISM

Royal Norfolk Show, Norwich, July 1, 2. Royal Show, NAC, Stoneleigh, Nr Kenilworth, Warwicks. July 6-9.

Scottish Driving Trials, Mellerstain, Nr Kelso, Borders. July 10-12

Royal Welsh Show, Builth Wells, Powys. July 20-

Royal International Horse Show, Wembley Arena, Middx. July 20-25.

Taylor Woodrow Midsummer Medium Dressage Championships, Park Farm, Northwood, Middx.

10

July 21. (Prizewinners display in Wembley Arena

East of England Show, Peterborough, Cambs. July 21-23.

Nation's Cup International Showjumping, Hickstead, W Sussex. July 31-Aug 2. GOLE

British Open Championship, Royal St George's GC, Sandwich, Kent. July 16-19.

English Amateur Championship, Burnham & Berrow GC, Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset. July 27-

Ladies' British Open Championship, Northumberland GC, Gosforth Pk, Newcastle-on-Tyne. July 29-Aug 1

GYMNASTICS

Midland Bank world sports acrobatics display. Wembley Conference Centre, Wembley, Middx.

HORSE RACING

Lancashire Oaks Stakes & Old Newton Cup, Havdock Park. July 4.

Coral Eclipse Stakes, Sandown Park. July 4. Princess of Wales's Stakes, Newmarket. July 7. William Hill July Cup, Newmarket. July 9.

John Smith's Magnet Cup, York, July 11. King George VI & Queen Elizabeth Diamond

Stakes, Ascot. July 25. Spiller's Stewards' Cup, Goodwood. July 28. Sussex Stakes, Goodwood. July 29.

Goodwood Cup, Goodwood. July 30. Extel Handicap, Goodwood. July 31.

Nassau Stakes, Goodwood. Aug 1. MOTOR RACING

British Grand Prix, Silverstone, July 18. POLO

British Open Championship (Cowdray Park Gold Cup), Cowdray Pk, Midhurst, W Sussex. July 2-

Cowdray Challenge Cup, Cowdray Pk. July 23-Aug 2

Imperial International Polo, Windsor Great Park, Berks. July 26.

ROWING

Henley Royal Regatta, Henley, Oxon. July 2-5. Doggett's Coat & Badge, London Bridge, EC4 to Chelsea Bridge, SW3. July 16.

National Championships, Holme Pierrepont, Nottingham. July 17-19.

TENNIS

The Lawn Tennis Championships, All-England LTC, Wimbledon, SW19. June 22-July 4.

East of England Championships, Felixstowe, Suffolk, July 6-11.

YACHTING

Admiral's Cup: RORC Trophy, Solent, Hants, July 29; RYS Trophy, Solent, July 30; Channel Race, Portsmouth, Hants to Cowes, Isle of Wight, 31; Champagne Mumm Trophy, Solent, Aug 4; Fastnet Race, Cowes to Plymouth, Devon, Aug 8.

Tall Ships' Race, start Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, July 29; finish Ostend, Belgium, Aug 1.

★ ROYAL EVENTS★

The Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, opens the exhibition "Treasures in Trust" to mark the Golden Jubilee of the National Trust for Scotland. Royal Scottish Museum, Edinburgh. July 9.

The Prince of Wales opens the Pitlochry Festival Theatre. Perthshire. July 9.

The Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, reviews the Royal British Legion Scotland. Holyrood Park, Edinburgh. July 11.

The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh attend a Rededication Service & Parade to mark the Diamond Jubilee of the Royal British Legion. Coventry Cathedral, W Midlands. July 12.

The Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, opens the Sri Lanka exhibition. Commonwealth Institute, Kensington High St, W8. July 16.

The Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, opens the new Humber Bridge. Hull, Humberside. July 17.

The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh attend a performance of the Royal Tournament. Earl's Court, SW5. July 22.

The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh give a Garden Party to mark the International Year of Disabled People. Buckingham Palace, SW1. July 23. Princess Margaret, as President of the Girl Guides' Association, visits their Training Centre. Waddow Hall, Clitheroe, Lancs. July 23

The Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, takes The Queen's Review. Royal Air Force College, Cranwell, Nr Grantham, Lincs.

The Prince of Wales takes the Salute at Ceremonial Divisions &, as Patron, meets members of the HMS Kelly Reunion Association. HMS Mercury, East Meon, Petersfield, Hants. July 25. Wedding of the Prince of Wales and Lady Diana Spencer, St Paul's Cathedral, EC4, July 29

★OTHER EVENTS★

Great charity picnic, Windsor Great Park. July 4. Flying evening, Shuttleworth Collection, Warden Aerodrome, Biggleswade, Beds. July 4.

"Thames Heritage", theatrical, water-borne event. The Brocas, Eton, Berks. July 8-11. (Tickets from PO Box 35, Staines, Middx.)

Well-dressing, Buxton, Derbys. July 8-11.

Royal Windsor Rose & Horticultural Show, Windsor Castle grounds. July 10, 11.

RHS Flower Show, New Hall, Grevcoat St. SW1.

Regency fête champêtre, Petworth Park, Nr Guildford, Surrey. July 15-18. (Tickets from PO Box 73, Guildford, Surrey.)

Royal Tournament, Earl's Court, SW5, July 15-Aug 1.

18th-century fête champêtre, Stourhead Garden, Nr Mere, Wilts. July 22-25. (Tickets from The Small House, Zeals, Warminster, Wilts.)

Metropolitan Police Horse Show & Tournament, Imber Court, East Molesley, Surrey. July 24, 25. Military Air Pageant, Shuttleworth Collection. July 26

Royal Wedding Festivities, various venues in the City of London. July 27-29.

★ GARDENS ★

BEDFORDSHIRE

Luton Hoo (The Wernher family), Luton. Mon, Wed, Thurs, Sat, 11am-6pm; Sun, 2-6pm. BERKSHIRE

Blorenge House (Mr & Mrs K.A. Evans), Ashampstead, Nr Yattendon, Newbury. July 5, 2-

Bradfield Gardens: The Coach House (Mr & Mrs G.F. Harrison), Mariners (Mr & Mrs W.N. Ritchie), Potash (Mr & Mrs J.W.C. Mooney), Nr

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

Great Barfield (Mr Richard Nutt), Bradenham, Nr High Wycombe. July 12, 2-6pm.

Wexham Springs (Cement & Concrete Association), Framewood Rd, Wexham, Nr Slough. July 5, 2.30-6pm.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE

Duxford Mill (Mr & Mrs Robert Lea), Duxford, Nr Cambridge. July 4, 5, 2-7pm.

Docwra's Manor (Mrs John Raven), Shepreth, Nr Cambridge. Wed, 10am-5pm or by appointment. CHESHIRE

Milnegate (Mr & Mrs Roger Wood), Castle Hill,

Prestbury, Nr Macclesfield. July 5, 2-7pm.

Whirley Hall (Sir William & Lady Mather), Whirley, Nr Macclesfield. July 5, 2-7.30pm. CLWYD

Nandys (Mr & Mrs A.D.H. Pennant), Tremeirchion, Nr Denbigh. July 4, 2-7pm.

Plas-yn-Cefn (Maj David Williams-Wynn), Nr Wigfair, St Asaph. July 12, 2-6pm.

CORNWALL

Penheale Manor (Mrs Norman Colville), Egloskerry, Nr Launceston. July 26, 2.30-

CUMBRIA

Rigmaden (Mr G.E. Wilson), Nr Kirkby Lonsdale on Underley Hall Rd. July 18, 2-5pm.

Stagshaw (National Trust), Nr Ambleside. July 2,

DERBYSHIRE

Locko Park (Capt P.J.B. Drury Lowe), Spondon,

Nr Derby. July 5, 2-6pm. **Tissington Hall** (Sir John FitzHerbert, Bt), Nr Ashbourne. July 11, 2-6.30pm.

Bidlake Mill (Mrs Wollocombe), Combebow Bridge, between Bridestowe & Lewdown. Wed, 11am-5pm or by appointment.

Leigh Cottage (Mrs N. A. Granger), Kennerleigh,

Nr Crediton. Sun to July 26, 2.30-5.30pm.

Floreat Garden (Mr & Mrs D.C. Morss), Parkstone, Poole. Wed, Thurs, Fri, Sat, 10am-5pm.

Mapperton (Mr Victor Montagu), Nr Beaminster. Mon, Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri, 2-6pm.

Auckland Castle (Rt Rev Lord Bishop of Durham & Mrs Habgood), Bishop Auckland. July 19, 2-

Merrybent Gardens: Haddon Chase (Mrs D.J. Hunter), Whitesmocks (Mrs F. Wright), The

Avon (Mr & Mrs J. Watson), Mallards (Mr & Mrs J. Hopps), 66 Merrybent (Miss A. Palmer), Nr Darlington. July 5, 2-6pm.

ESSEX

Beth Chatto Gardens (Mrs Beth Chatto), Elmstead Market, Nr Colchester, Daily except Sun 9am-5nm

Saling Hall (Mr & Mrs Hugh Johnson), Gt Saling, Nr Braintree, Wed-Fri, 2-5pm.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE

Beverston Castle (Maj & Mrs L. Rook), Nr Tetbury. July 5, 6, 2-6pm.

Dean Lodge (Mr & Mrs Godfrey Cook), Iron Acton, Nr Chipping Sodbury. July 19, 20, 1-6pm or by appointment.

Bryngwyn Manor (Mr & Mrs S. Inglefield), Nr Raglan. July 12, 2-7pm.

Great Killough (Mr & Mrs John F. Ingledew), Llantilio Crosseny, Nr Abergavenny. July 26, 2-

Vaynol (Mr Andrew Tennant), Nr Portdinorwic.

HAMPSHIRE

Bentworth Lodge (Mrs H.K. Andreae), Nr Alton. July 5, 12, 2-6pm.

Macpennys (Mr Tim Lowndes), Bransgore, Nr Burley. Daily: Mon-Fri, 8am-12.30pm, 1.30-5pm; Sat, 9am-12noon, 2-5pm; Sun, 2-5pm. HEREFORDSHIRE

Brampton Bryan Hall (Mr & Mrs Christopher Harley), Bucknell, Nr Knighton. July 12, 2-7pm. HERTFORDSHIRE

Arkley Manor (Dr W.E. Shewell-Cooper), Arkley, Nr Barnet. July 4, 25, 2.30-6pm.

St Pauls Walden Bury (Hon Lady Bowes Lyon & Mr & Mrs Simon Bowes Lyon), Whitwell, Nr Hitchin. July 18, 2-7pm.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Park View (Mr & Mrs Pearce), Wroxall, Nr Ventnor. July 26, 2-5.30pm.

KENT

Bog Farm (Mr & Mrs K.J. Hewett), Brabourne Lees, Nr Ashford. July 15, 2-7pm.

Rock Farm (Mr & Mrs P.A. Corfe), Nettlestead, Nr Maidstone. July 1, 4, 11, 15, 22, 11am-5pm. LANCASHIRE

Windle Hall (Lord & Lady Pilkington), north of East Lancs Rd, Nr St Helens. July 5, 2-6pm. LEICESTERSHIRE

Prestwold Hall (Mr Simon Packe-Drury-Lowe), Nr Loughborough. July 19, 2-7pm. LINCOLNSHIRE

Stragglethorpe Hall (Maj Alan Rook), Brant Broughton, Nr Newark. July 5, 2-6pm.

LONDON

6 Greville Place (Sir Anthony & Lady Burney), St John's Wood, NW6, July 5, 2-7pm.

10 Wildwood Rd (Dr J.W. McLean), Hampstead,

NW11. July 5, 2-7pm.

NORFOLK

The Cottage (Miss E.M. Lonsdale), Dereham Rd, Hingham. July 19, 2-6pm.

Quarles House (Mr Bryan & Lady Carey Basset), Quarles, Nr Wells-on-Sea. July 23, 2-6pm.

OXFORDSHIRE

Brook Cottage (Mr & Mrs David Hodges), Alkerton, Nr Banbury. July 11, 12, 2-7pm.

Old Mill House (S/Ldr & Mrs Rome), Stanfordin-the-Vale, Nr Faringdon. July 12, 2-6pm.

SHROPSHIRE

Astley Abbotts House (Mr H.E. Hodgson), Nr Bridgnorth. Daily, July 12-17 inclusive, 2-6.30pm. SOMERSET

Crabb Cottage (Mr Peter Parker-Smith). Tellisford, Nr Bath. July 5, 26, 2-6pm.

Southhill House (Mrs R.B. & Mrs D.R. Horsfield), Cranmore, Nr Shepton Mallet. July 19, 2-5.30pm.

SURREY

Chilworth Manor (Sir Lionel & Lady Heald), Chilworth, Nr Guildford. July 11-15 inclusive, 2-7pm or by appointment.

St Mary's Homes (St Mary's Homes), Godstone, Nr Redhill. July 19, 2-7pm.

Coates Manor (Mr & Mrs G.H. Thorp), Nr Fittleworth. July 5, 6, 7, 11am-6.30pm.

The Garden House (Sir Geoffrey & Lady Hardy-Roberts), Nr Fittleworth. July 5, 6, 7, 2-7pm.

WILTSHIRE

Middlehill House (Miss K. Harper), Nr Box. July 18, 19, 2-7.30pm. Stanton House (Sir Anthony & Lady Tritton),

Stanton Fitzwarren, Nr Swindon. July 19, 2-7pm. WORCESTERSHIRE

The Orchard Farm (Misses M. & S. Barrie), Broadway, July 19, 2-6pm.

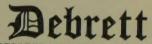


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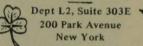
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Number 6996 Volume 269 July 1981

The cloud that hangs over the Middle East



The world has reacted with understandable alarm to the bombing by Israeli aircraft of the Osirak nuclear plant in Iraq, for this aggressive action not only increased the tension in this volatile area but also gave the international community a glimpse of the way in which another war might be started. The Israeli raid, which was carried out by American-supplied F15 and F16 jets with the Israeli Air Force's customary speed and precision on Sunday, June 7, seems to have put back the construction of Iraq's nuclear plant, which was nearing completion, by about five years, and it clearly took the Iraqi defence forces, preoccupied with the unfinished conflict with Iran, completely by surprise.

The Israeli government declared that it had carried out the attack because it had learnt from sources "whose reliability was beyond doubt" that the reactor, which it believed would become operational by September of this year at the latest, was designed to produce atomic bombs. and that the target for such bombs would be Israel. Other countries were quick to condemn the raid. The US State Department confirmed that it had not received advance warning and condemned what it described as the unprecedented air strike, and said it would seriously add to the already tense situation in the Middle East. A consignment of four American military aircraft due for delivery to Israel was being held up while the details of the incident were examined to see whether Israel had violated laws under which the equipment was supplied. In the House of Commons the British Prime Minister, Mrs Margaret Thatcher, also condemned the raid in unequivocal terms, declaring that it was a grave breach of international law and could not be justified.

The Israeli government remains unrepentant.

It has been suggested that the timing of the raid was not unconnected with the fact that Mr Menachem Begin, the Prime Minister, was in the throes of a general election campaign, and perhaps this firm action will have helped him win the election on June 30. But Israelis believe he had no choice, and within the country there have been few voices raised in protest at the act itself. This is explained by the fact that Israel sees itself surrounded by states committed to its destruction, and that taking out Iraq's nuclear potential was a simple act of self-defence. Mr Begin put his country's case most vividly when he said that the reactor Iraq was building would have enabled this old enemy of Israel to manufacture between three and five "Hiroshima-type bombs" capable of killing 600,000 Israelis. He estimated that in proportion in terms of the population of Egypt this would mean eight million deaths and of the United States 44 million deaths. "Where is the country which would tolerate such a danger knocking at its door?" he asked. It is also reasonable to ask, and the question has been asked not only by Israel, why Iraq, which is not short of oil, needs atomic power.

At present the only country in the Middle East that is believed to have atomic bombs is Israel, and its possession of these should be a sufficient deterrent against the attempted use of such weapons by other countries against Israel. The Israeli government clearly does not believe this to be so and is evidently determined, in spite of international condemnation, to use force to keep the bomb out of neighbouring Arab territories. In doing so it may force the world to face again the difficulties of controlling nuclear proliferation. The tasks of building a nuclear reactor for peaceful purposes and of making an atomic bomb are

different, but once the peaceful reactor is under way it is not difficult to cheat and to produce the plutonium required for the manufacture of bombs. Israel suspected that Iraq, although a signatory of the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty and thus open to inspection by the International Atomic Energy Agency, was engaged, or was preparing to engage, in such activity, and there is some evidence to support the suspicion. By dealing with nations which have not signed the treaty, as Iraq has been, and by carefully disguising or hiding some technical processes, the peaceful reactor can lead to the production of bombs.

The present system of international control is ineffective, and becomes more so as the list of countries with the knowledge and equipment to move their nuclear energy programmes from peace to war grows longer. In the developing countries more than 60 nuclear reactors are currently being built, or have been built, and not all of them have been inspected by the IAEA. The nuclear nations who have refused to sign the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty and to submit to IAEA inspection include France, China, Israel, South Africa, India and Pakistan. India exploded its first nuclear device in 1974, Pakistan is believed to be capable of following suit, and these two countries have been at war with each other within the last decade. In the Middle East Iraq is not the only Arab country with nuclear potential. Iran and Egypt have research reactors in operation, Libya has one under construction. Israel cannot in the end expect to contain this situation by pre-emptive strikes such as those carried out against Osirak without provoking retaliation. The danger is obvious, and is becoming more acute, for the Middle East conflict is now on the nuclear threshold.

Monday, May 11

The British Government announced that the lead content of petrol would be reduced by about two-thirds by 1985.

Production of British Leyland's Metro and Ford's Escort was halted, with nearly 17,000 workers on strike at Longbridge and Halewood. The dispute was over the acceptance of higher production targets. The following day BL announced that the TR7 would not be produced after the end of August; 5,000 workers would lose their jobs as a result. On May 14 Ford's management stopped all van and car production, representing 75 per cent of its operations and leaving 21,000 workers laid off or on strike.

Tuesday, May 12

Francis Hughes, 25, the IRA terrorist, who had been involved in more than 20 murders, died in the Maze Prison, Belfast, having refused food for 59 days.

A collection of drawings, watercolours and sketches by Charles Tunnicliffe, valued at over £1 million, was bought by Anglesey Borough Council for £400,000 from the executors of the artist's estate.

Wednesday, May 13

Pope John Paul II was shot and seriously wounded in St Peter's Square, Rome, by a Turkish gunman, Mehmet Ali Agca, 23, who had escaped from prison after a political murder in Turkey. Two women in the crowd were also injured.

The new left-wing chairman of the arts and recreation committee of the Greater London Council, Tony Banks, announced that the remaining 25 per cent of the GLC's grant towards the Royal Opera House's £9 million building fund would be withdrawn. The outstanding sum amounted to £275,000.

The jury at the inquiry into the Deptford fire in which 13 young black people died brought in an open verdict.

The editor of Sir James Goldsmith's French weekly news magazine L'Express, Olivier Todd, was dismissed over an "inappropriate" cover depicting Valery Giscard d'Estaing and François Mitterrand. Jean-François Revel, director of the magazine, resigned in sympathy and so did many of the writers.

Thursday, May 14

Tottenham Hotspur beat Manchester City 3-2 in the FA Cup Final replay at Wembley

Friday, May 15

Princess Anne gave birth to an 8lb loz daughter at St Mary's Hospital, Paddington. The baby, the second child of the Princess and Captain Mark Phillips, was to be called Zara Anne Elizabeth.

The armed forces were to be given a per cent increase, it was announced, though increases for senior public servants, doctors, dentists and judges were to be restricted to 6.7 per cent. MPs were to receive an overall 18.7 increase, two-thirds of which was the final part of a package agreed in 1979; MPs' basic salary would be £13,950 a year.

Monday, May 18

British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher dismissed the Under-Secretary of Defence for the Navy, Keith Speed, over projected cuts of £8,000 million in defence spending over the next 10 years. Mr Speed had spoken against "downgrading" the Navy in a speech at Tenterden, Kent, on May 15, saying cuts would endanger national safety.

Barclay's Bank announced it would charge customers of other banks 50p to cash a cheque at its branches from

Workers at British Leyland's Longbridge plant returned to work on production of the Metro, having agreed to

abide by normal disputes procedures over new production targets.

Nairobi University was closed and more than 2,000 students sent home after clashes between students and riot police following three days of dem-

Italy voted overwhelmingly in favour of keeping the law permitting abortion in the first three months of pregnancy if the woman's physical or mental health was threatened.

William Saroyan, the American writer and dramatist, died aged 72.

Tuesday, May 19

Five soldiers from the Royal Green Jackets were killed when a landmine exploded and destroyed the Saracen armoured car in which they were travelling on a country road near Newry, South Armagh.

Timothy Renton resigned as Parlia mentary Private Secretary to Trade Secretary John Biffen in protest at the Government's imposition of a windfall tax on bank profits.

After a two-year drought Somalia was reported suffering from the worst floods in recent memory.

Wednesday, May 20

The Ministry of Defence announced plans for a massive construction programme on the Clyde, to enlarge the Coulport submarine complex on Loch Long, to house the Trident nuclear missile submarines.

The treasurer of the Labour Party, Norman Atkinson, announced that the Party had sold off all its assets and finished last year with a £175,000 overdraft. Strict cash limits on spending were to be imposed and a fund-raising campaign to attract another £3 million before the next general election was planned.

Leyland South Africa dismissed 1,900 non-white workers at its Blackheath and Elsies River plants near Cape Town and announced it would employ new labour. The workers had been on strike for higher wages than the 32 per cent increase agreed last year.

Thursday, May 21

A third and a fourth hunger striker in the Maze Prison, Belfast, Raymond McCreesh, 24, and Patrick O'Hara, 24, died after refusing food for 61 days.

The strike at Ford's, which had cost the company £57 million in lost production, was ended when the management agreed to withdraw the disciplinary code, introduced last November, in return for better trade union discipline to reduce unofficial strikes.

Friday, May 22

Peter Sutcliffe, known as the Yorkshire Ripper, was sentenced at the Central Criminal Court to life imprisonment having been found guilty on 13 counts of murder by a majority verdict of 10 to

In the Northern Ireland local elections the Reverend Ian Paisley's Unionist candidates made substantial gains; Gerald Fitt, Independent MP for Belfast West, lost the seat on Belfast City Council which he had held for 23 years

Saturday, May 23

Right-wing terrorists took more than 200 people hostage after having seized a bank in Barcelona. The siege ended when police stormed the bank and released the hostages after 24 hours. One gunman was killed.

John Silkin, Shadow Leader of the Commons and a member of the Transport and General Workers' Union, declared his intention to stand for the deputy party leadership against Denis Healey, elected unopposed last year, and Anthony Wedgwood Benn.

Sunday, May 24

President Jaime Roldos of Ecuador and his wife and seven other people were killed when the presidential aircraft crashed in southern Ecuador near the Peruvian border.

Monday, May 25

Jack Warner, star of Dixon of Dock Green television series, died aged 84. Tuesday, May 26

The Italian Prime Minister, Arnaldo Forlani, resigned, and the coalition government collapsed following scandals concerning the alleged activities of the Masonic Lodge P2.

After a meeting of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries in Geneva, it was agreed that there would be no change in oil prices for the time

Wednesday, May 27

An electronic warfare aircraft crashed into the flight deck of the US nuclear carrier Nimitz, killing 14 people. The carrier was on a training mission 60 miles off the Florida coast.

Liverpool won the European Cup final when they beat Real Madrid 1-0

Thursday, May 28

Margaret Thatcher, the Prime Minister, visited Northern Ireland. In speeches in Belfast she reiterated the Government's determination not to compromise over political status for Republican terrorist prisoners.

Courtauld's announced losses of £114 million in the year to March 31.

Adult unemployment in Britain rose by 62,000 to pass 2.5 million.



France's new Socialist government under François Mitterrand cancelled plans to build the country's biggest nuclear power complex at Plogoff

More than 70 people were arrested when protesting at celebrations of the 20th anniversary of the foundation of the republic of South Africa.



Cardinal Wyszynski, Roman Catholic Primate of Poland, died in Warsaw

Friday, May 29

The Prime Minister abolished the posts of three parliamentary private secretaries representing the three services and replaced them with two Ministers of State

Nine Republican prisoners Northern Ireland, including the four hunger strikers in the Maze, announced they would stand as candidates in the Irish Republic's general election on June 11.

Saturday, May 30

President Zia ur-Rahman of Bangladesh was assassinated by army rebels in Chittagong in an abortive coup. They were under the command of Major General Manzur Ahmed who was himself later shot.

Sunday, May 31

The People's March for Jobs, which set off from Liverpool on May 1, ended in Trafalgar Square. About 500 had completed the 280 mile journey.

A police reservist was shot dead while guarding a patient at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Belfast, and a British soldier was killed by an IRA booby trap bomb while examining a car near

Monday, June 1

The Palestine Liberation Organization's representative in Brussels, Naim Khader, was shot dead by an unidentified gunman.

Tuesday, June 2

Secretary Environment Michael Heseltine announced new government grant reductions totalling £450 million for local authorities which fail to meet the reductions in spending required, and gave them until the end of July to revise their spending plans.

A series of attacks by Moscow on the Polish Communist party continued with accusations in Pravda that the party had lost control of events and that traditional Marxist-Leninist values had been abandoned.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother launched the anti-sumbarine carrier Ark Royal on Tyneside.

Wednesday, June 3

Michael Foot, leader of the Opposition, challenged Anthony Wedgwood Benn to stand against him for the Labour Party leadership because of Benn's recent attacks on Shadow Cabinet decisions. Mr Benn declined the challenge and said he would continue to campaign for the deputy leadership. Later he was admitted to hospital for tests and on June 11 was declared to be suffering from a form of polyneuritis, a disease that causes muscular weakness. It would keep him out of action for several weeks.

The Pope was discharged from hospital, three weeks after the attempt on his life on May 13.

Stores and offices in central Athens were severely damaged by fires be-lieved to have been caused by leftist terrorists. Two sisters were later charged.

The odds-on favourite, Shergar, by 19-year-old Swinburn, won the Derby at Epsom by 10 lengths. Glint of Gold, ridden by J. Matthias, was second and Scintillating Air, ridden by G. Baxter, third.

Thursday, June 4 The pound fell to \$1.94.

At a summit meeting at Ofira in Sinai President Sadat of Egypt and Prime Minister Begin of Israel named President Assad of Syria and the Soviet Union as being responsible for the crisis in Lebanon.

Friday, June 5

Britain cut the price of North Sea oil by \$2 a barrel following the fall in sterling. Saturday, June 6

Many hundreds of passengers were drowned in a rail crash in the northeastern state of-Bihar, India, when seven coaches of a crowded train plunged off a bridge into the swollen river Bagmati, 50 miles north-west of Calcutta.

Sunday, June 7

Israeli jets bombed a nuclear plant being built in Iraq about 15 miles east of Baghdad. American-built aircraft were used in the attack and the United States was among countries strongly

condemning the raid.

In Iran President Bani-Sadr's newspaper, Islamic Revolution, and five other publications were banned by the Revolutionary Prosecutor's office. On June 10 Ayatollah Khomeini dismissed Bani-Sadr as commander-in-chief of Iran's armed forces.

Civil servants broadened their industrial action following the breakdown of talks with Lord Soames to try to improve on the 7 per cent increase offered.

King Khalid of Saudi Arabia arrived in London for a three-day state visit.

Lydia Lopokova, the Russian ballerina, died aged 88.

Tuesday, June 9

British Petroleum announced the withdrawal of company subsidies to urban garages amounting to £1 million a week. This would result in price increases of between 6p and 10p on a gallon of petrol. Other leading oil companies later followed suit.

Wednesday, June 10
Eight remanded IRA terrorists escaped from Crumlin Road jail, Belfast, after a gun battle.

Sebastian Coe broke his own 800 metre world record by more than half a second at an international track meeting in Florence. His time was 41.72 seconds.

Thursday, June 11

The general election in the Irish Republic resulted in a hung parliament, with six independent MPs holding the balance of power between Charles Haughey's Fianna Fail Party and the combined forces of Fine Gael and the Labour Party. Two terrorists held in the Maze Prison were elected.

An earthquake registering 6.8 on the Richter scale devastated a large area of the Kerman province of Iran. More

than 3,000 people were feared dead.

President Babrak Karmal of Afghanistan resigned the premiership and appointed one of his deputies, Sultan Ali Kishtmand, to lead the govern-

Roy Jenkins was officially adopted as the Social Democrat Party candidate for the Warrington by-election.

Friday, June 12



The Queen's birthday honours list included a knighthood for former Goon Harry Secombe.

Saturday, June 13

Six blanks were fired at the Queen as she rode from Buckingham Palace to Horse Guards Parade for the Trooping the Colour ceremony. She was startled but unhurt. Marcus Simon Sarjeant, 17, was held and charged under the Treason Act, 1842.

Sunday, June 14

François Mitterrand's Socialist Party scored a landslide victory in the first ballot of the parliamentary elections, with the highest percentage of votes cast for one party in the history of the Fifth Republic.

Attack on the Queen: A 17-year-old youth, Marcus Simon Sarjeant, fired six blank shots at the Queen at the corner of St James's Park as she rode along the Mall to Horse Guards Parade for the Trooping the Colour ceremony. The Queen was not hurt and managed to retain control of her horse. The youth was immediately overpowered by a guardsman and police and was later charged under the Treason Act, 1842.









Visitor from the Middle East: The Queen and the Duchess of Kent were among members of the royal family at Victoria Station to greet King Khalid of Saudi Arabia as he arrived for a three-day state visit. Talks with the Prime Minister and a visit to the National Stud at Newmarket were among his engagements.



New for the Navy: Britain's 16,000 tonne, £220 million anti-submarine carrier Ark + Royal was launched on Tyneside by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother.



March on London: The People's March for Jobs, which set off from Liverpool on May 1, ended in Trafalgar Square on May 31. About 500 unemployed had completed the 280-mile journey, but about 100,000 people gathered in Trafalgar Square to hear addresses by Michael Foot, Anthony Wedgwood Benn and others.



Indian rail disaster: A death toll of many hundreds resulted from a rail crash 50 miles north-west of Calcutta, when a crowded train plunged off a bridge into the swollen river Bagmati, submerging seven coaches. After three days 125 bodies had been recovered but many more were feared to have been swept away by the river.



New for Britain: The first British-built airliner for 20 years, British Aerospace's 146, designed for short-distance routes and small airports, was rolled out at Hatfield.



Favourite wins: Odds-on favourite *Shergar*, ridden by 19-year-old Walter Swinburn, won the Derby by 10 lengths, the widest margin recorded in this century.



Under way: More than 100 yachts left Plymouth in near-gale force winds at the start of the 3,000 mile *Observer*/Europe 1 Transatlantic Race to Newport, Rhode Island.



A royal birth: Princess Anne leaving St Mary's Hospital, Paddington, with her three-day-old daughter who weighed 8lb 1oz. The baby, named Zara Anne Elizabeth, is a sister for Peter, the Princess and Captain Mark Phillips's first child.



Together at Windsor: Lady Diana Spencer was at Windsor Great Park to watch her fiance, the Prince of Wales, taking part in a training polo match.



Members of the wedding: Present at the marriage of Nicholas Soames and Catherine Weatherall at St Margaret's Church, Westminster, were Lady Diana Spencer, the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and Prince Charles, who was best man.

Rome shooting: Pope John Paul II made a surprisingly swift recovery from the attempt on his life. Three weeks after entering hospital in a serious condition he was discharged and five days later he was well enough to make a public appearance. The Pope was shot at 5.19 pm on May 13 when he was greeting the crowds at his weekly audience in St Peter's Square. The gunman who opened fire on him, also injuring two American tourists, one seriously, was immediately seized by the crowd. The Pope was rushed to Rome's Gemelli clinic where surgeons performed a five-hour abdominal operation to repair the damage caused by the bullets. He was then moved to the intensive care unit where, three days later, he recorded a message which was broadcast over Vatican Radio pardoning his assailant and dedicating his suffering to the world. On May 18, his 61st birthday, a solemn mass for his recovery was celebrated in St Peter's Square amid emotional scenes. Mehmet Ali Agca, a 23-year-old Turkish terrorist, was arrested and accused of attempting to kill the Pope. He had escaped from an Istanbul prison where he was to stand trial for murder.



Seconds after the shooting in the arms of his aides.



As the crowd looks to the Pope for a blessing the assassin takes aim.



The gunman—Mehmet Ali Agca of Turkey.



On the road to recovery in the Gemelli clinic.



The Pope salutes the faithful in St Peter's Square before giving the noon blessing from his Vatican apartment in his first public appearance since the attempt on his life.

The dilemma of the SDP

by Sir Angus Maude

Roy Jenkins wants to launch the electoral career of the Social Democratic Party by contesting the Warrington by election. He seems unlikely to win it, which raises the question why he and his colleagues have chosen to risk a fiasco. Yet their dilemma is plain. They have to contest a by-election sooner or later, if they are to substantiate their claim to have attracted significant public support: only thus can they begin to look like a viable political force in time for the next general election.

Obviously Warrington is pretty unpromising ground on which to try their strength. It is a solid Labour stronghold, with only negligible Liberal strength to support the SDP. Yet they would certainly have been accused of cowardice if they had let this opportunity pass.

Clearly the ideal site for an SDP/Liberal triumph would be a suburban Tory constituency in which the Liberal came a good second in 1979. Given these conditions, they would probably win a byelection in mid term. However, the Liberals would be equally likely to win it on their own; even if a Liberal candidate were prepared to stand down in favour of, say, Shirley Williams, the Liberals would be the real victors and the SDP would be no further forward.

Besides, the SDP for all the talk of its being a "third force", rightly insists that it is a left-of-centre socialist party which aims to provide a moderate alternative to the Labour Party. So it cannot afford to shirk an opportunity to try its strength against Labour, or to appear to be waiting for the easier option of gathering protest votes against an unpopular Tory Government.

Warrington, then, it had to be; and when Mrs Williams decided that discretion was the better part of valour, it had to be Mr Jenkins. He is not self-evidently the most suitable candidate to woo the working-class voters of Warrington from their traditional Labour loyalties; and indeed he may find it easier to win defectors from among disgruntled Tory voters, which will do the official Labour candidate no harm at all. Mr Jenkins gets full marks for courage and enterprise, but he will find it hard to win a triumph. He will, however, secure publicity for the SDP and its policies, and that is the object of the exercise.

The real interest of the contest lies in discovering what those policies are going to be. So far the SDP leaders do not seem to have found it easy to agree on anything that distinguishes them clearly from both the two major parties. The MPs say—as of course they must—that they stand by the Labour Party's 1979 Election Manifesto, on which they were themselves elected. As this was decisively rejected, along with Mrs Williams, by the electorate in 1979,

it hardly seems a strong platform. However, they are stuck with it, and maintain that it is only what has happened to the Labour Party in the last two years that caused them to leave it. It will be interesting to see how close Mr Jenkins, who did not fight on it, will stick to the details of the 1979 Manifesto.

He will have no difficulty in attacking the Government-about unemployment, for example. But when it comes to proposing practical solutions the difficulties begin. Does he propose to reflate the demand side of the economy by increasing public expenditure? So does the Labour Party. There may not be much mileage in a proposal to increase it by rather less than Labour would. He will, no doubt, talk largely about the need to channel North Sea oil revenues into productive industrial investment; but he will have to do rather better than Labour spokesmen in explaining how he would set about it without cutting public expenditure and which industries he would benefit.

Mr Jenkins is bound to talk a lot about Europe. But there are few votes at present to be gained by championing the Community, even if he could sound different from the Government.

There are no "populist" causes which the SDP is in any position to espouse. On immigration and capital punishment, for example, its views are as far opposed to those of the majority of electors as are the Labour Party's.

It is certainly easy enough for third parties to propose "radical" solutions at by-elections, when they are after protest votes and run no risk of ever having to put their proposals into practice. But the SDP's difficulty is plain. It cannot diverge too far from Labour's policies without sounding too like the Toriesand vice versa. In addition, the SDP is not a centre party. It is a socialist party, and nearly all its leaders were closely identified with the policies and failures of the last Labour government. They are stuck with those, and this limits both their freedom of manoeuvre and their scope for originality.

This is not a difficulty which will quickly disappear. However well the SDP may figure in mid-term opinion polls, I cannot see it doing well at the next general election, when practical solutions for real problems are called for and must sound distinctively different.

The SDP faces, too, the practical difficulties of organization and finance. It can gain subscriptions now on a modest scale, but it takes a great deal of money to fight a general election on a national scale. It seems to me doubtful whether any party of the left can hope to succeed without the support and financial aid of at least some big trade unions. And at present the SDP is a long way from securing that.

Sir Angus Maude is Conservative MP for Stratford-on-Avon.

WASHINGTON

Governing by hypothesis

by Sam Smith

Economist Lester Thurow estimates that, even allowing for inflation, the Reagan military build-up over the next few years will exceed that which occurred during the Vietnam War. Meanwhile Budget Director David Stockman is marching through the New Deal and its successive programmes like General Sherman through Georgia, the Republican Senate majority is cheering as he sets the torch and the Democratic House of Representatives majority is hiding under the ideological table, hoping no one notices it did not come up with the idea first.

There is at least a plausible argument that such a bifurcated policy of billions for defence and as little as possible for tribulation is neither kind nor necessary. The cynic would say that Reagan and his supporters really hate the poor and the weak more than they hate an overdraft and that they love the military-industrial complex far more than they fear the Russians.

But the fact is that from a political point of view it seems to be working. And one of the reasons it is working is because of a little-noticed change in the nature of American politics involving a substantial growth of government by hypothesis. Given the choice between dealing with a real problem or a possible one, more and more politicians will choose the latter. And given a choice between programmes that confront a problem directly and those that approach it tangentially, crammed with trickle-down or spin-off effects, the indirect approach has become the favourite.

For example, interest rates are allowed to rise to extraordinary levels and tax policy is emphasized in order to produce changes in the economy which theoretically will ensue—despite little empirical evidence that they will. Meanwhile, a host of real problems are given short shrift, such as a frightening increase in business bankruptcies, a serious depression in the housing industry and chronic unemployment.

A massive increase in military spending is justified by the hypothetical requirements of American power and finds a strong constituency—despite its clear redundancy, wastefulness and inefficiency. This is true even when the money for support of this hypothesis is coming out of social programmes.

Cities continue to spend money on questionable projects like convention centres and other subsidies to downtown business interests to "improve the tax base", while at the same time cutting back on classroom teachers and ambulances—despite the fact that most cities expect to end the year in the red.

Of course, some advocates of government by hypothesis have been around for a long time—prime among them economists and the foreign policy

lobby. But successful politicians were once careful to avoid their jargon even while they might accept their ideas. Today the language of the theoretician has become the language of politics and every third-rate Congress member waves abstractions and projections around as earlier politicians waved the flag. Even atavistic Reaganites have their "Laffer curves" and "supply side" economics.

Curiously, the public goes along with it all. The American constituency, long identified by its pragmatism, is now remarkably complacent as theories are put into practice with observable effects it once would not have tolerated. Perhaps the most startling examples of late have been the general acquiescence in the face of rising interest rates and the revolution in the way people pay for housing. Only a few years ago interest rates in excess of 20 per cent would have been unthinkable. Back further, they would have been an invitation to rebellion. In those days the poor and middle class had a keener understanding of the fact that the interests of corporate and fiscal America were not theirs. Out of this understanding came movements like those of the populists, the Progressives and the New Deal.

But today few Democrats or Republicans have lifted a finger against high interest rates and the public seems to accept the questionable assumption that they will control inflation. Similarly, the recent large-scale introduction of floating interest rates for home mortgages—the biggest change in housing policy in decades—has met with little outcry from Press or public.

The decline in the public's comprehension of its own self-interest is due in part to a growing fatalism in the face of the complexity and seeming intractability of national problems. But it is also due to media which find that parroting a theory is easier than testing it (we get the batting averages of our baseball players but not of our experts) and which tend to mishandle stories involving economics or news unattached to an easily covered event.

Further, there has been a substantial change in the type of person who rises in American politics. The new politicians have the physical patina of a model for a cigarette ad, and their rhetoric is as two-dimensional and plastic. The plain-speaking, here's-what-I'm-gonnado-for-you approach of older politicians has given way to legislators who try to sound like Milton Friedman and John Kenneth Galbraith. The public, not having independent information, inevitably accepts the illusion.

Together these factors have brought the disintegration of old-style politics, which were implicitly based on the slogan of the State of Missouri, "Show Me". In their place have come the politics of abstractions, estimates and projections—politics that are neither comforting nor reliable.

Ruling the waves

by Sir Arthur Bryant

"It may be said now to England, 'Martha, Martha, thou art busy about many things, but one thing is necessary. To the question, What shall we do to be saved in this world? there is no other answer but this, Look to your moat. The first article of an Englishman's political creed must be that he believeth in the sea...'

"We are in an Island, confined to it by God Almighty, not as a penalty but as a grace, and one of the greatest that can be given to mankind. Happy confinement that hath made us free, rich and quiet: a fair portion in this world, and very well worth the preserving."

With these words, written when command of the English Channel had been challenged under the cliffs of Beachy Head by the great land-power of Louis XIV's France, then bidding fair with its invincible armies to dominate the whole of western Europe, George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, in his A Rough Draft of A New Model at Sea defined as the first charge on the nation's efforts and finances that permanent Royal Navy establishment, rule and discipline for which the great administrator, Samuel Pepys, had been contending all his life.

During the centuries that followed the publication of Halifax's inspired pamphlet our ancestors made many mistakes but, unlike us, never forgot the lesson that our safety and liberties depended on command of the seasnot only our own liberties but those of others. Three times-against Napoleon, against Kaiser William's Germany, and against Hitler-that jealously preserved freedom of the seas, ensured by the Royal Navy, enabled us to put a ring of salt water round a tyrant conqueror who had overrun Europe and hold him, as in a cage, until we and others were strong enough to enter that cage and throttle him. By doing so we secured the continuance of that conception of political liberty and the balance and limitation of power which has always been the dominating principle of our foreign policy.

In the 19th century, following the defeat of Napoleon, we waxed rich as a result of the peace and freedom of the seas we had won. Many hard things have been said against the libertarian pursuit of individual wealth and Victorian Britain's industrial revolution and commercial empire—the greed, sloth and stupidity-and some of them are true. Yet this is a comparative world and, when one compares that commercial conception with the cruel and brutal totalitarian tyrannies against which we have had to fight and with which we still must contend, one can see how much good there was in it.

Wherever the flag of Britain sailed it carried with it some breath of freedom and kindly, civilized living, blowing

away dusty cobwebs of outworn tyranny and obscurantism. It spread a belief that human growth and progress depended on leaving human beings and States free to develop in their own way—not on forcing them to conform to a single uniform pattern. A Pole of genius, Joseph Conrad, who served for many years in the British Merchant Navy, in a passage in his novel, *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, epitomized both the good and the evil in Victorian Britain's synthesis of sea-power and liberty. In it he described a ship coming up the Channel in the last days of sail.

"At night the headlands retreated, the bays advanced into one unbroken line of gloom. The lights of the earth mingled with the lights of heaven; and above the tossing lanterns of a trawling fleet a great lighthouse shone steadily, such as an enormous riding light burning above a vessel of fabulous dimensions. Below its steady glow, the coast, stretching away straight and black, resembled the high side of an indestructible craft riding motionless upon the immortal and unresting sea. The dark land lay alone in the midst of waters, like a mighty ship bestarred with vigilant lights—a ship carrying the burden of millions of lives-a ship freighted with dross and with jewels, with gold and with steel. She towered up immense and strong, guarding priceless traditions and untold suffering, sheltering glorious memories and base forgetfulness, ignoble virtues and splendid transgressions. A great ship! For ages had the ocean battered in vain her enduring sides; she was there when the world was vaster and darker, when the sea was great and mysterious. and ready to surrender the prize of fame to audacious men. A ship mother of fleets and nations! The great flagship of the race; stronger than the storms and anchored in the open sea.'

And there still, with all her faults and follies, she was in 1940. It was well for

the world, and very well for the conception of human liberty that she was.

"The nations not so blest as thee Must in their turn to tyrants fall, But thou shalt flourish great and free, The pride and envy of them all."

So sang our Hanoverian forebears in their favourite song, "Rule Britannia", with its chorus,

"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves; Britons never will be slaves."

This is not a boast, as has often been supposed, but an imperative coupled with the implicit warning that so long as Britons take the trouble to rule the waves they will never be slaves—but no longer. Those who came before us forgot many things, but they never forgot that and, for all their mistakes and follies, remained great and free—even in the 1940s. But we today have forgotten.

These reflections were provoked by Press rumours at the time of writing that, in pursuit of necessary financial economies, the already dangerously streamlined strength of our surface Fleet was about to be further reduced, and even that the great historic fighting corps, the Royal Marines, was going, in due course, to be disbanded. Whether there was any truth in such rumours time can alone show, but they at least suggest that as a nation we are again up against our old friend-or, rather, enemy—the question, "Can we afford it?" For there are some things that, in terms of true national wealth and not mere monetarist or accountancy wealth, we cannot afford not to afford. One of them, both history and common sense suggest, is the strength at sea, and over the sea, that is essential to our safety and survival in face of the immense and evergrowing naval might of the expansionist and totalitarian Russian empire. And if accountancy figures and monetarist formulae suggest that we cannot afford such safety and survival, the only hope for us is to question the validity of those figures and formulae.

For there is, I am convinced, something wrong with the system of national accountancy which is bedevilling our Government's otherwise realistic and courageous thinking. And it is surely unrealistic, both economically and politically, to ignore the fact that inflation and deflation-both symptoms of a disease in the national economy-can exist in the body politic simultaneously, and that, in pursuit of a perfectly correct resolve to combat the former, it is selfdefeating and ultimately suicidal to ignore and create the latter. For the theories of monetarist purists have already had the unintended effect of bringing about the very opposite of what our Prime Minister declared was the policy of her Government: to reduce the burden of taxation on productive industry, that is on the production of real wealth. while simultaneously cutting unproductive and wasteful public expenditure.

The remedy is for Government directly to control the money-flow instead of expecting it to control itself in conformity with academic hypotheses and conditions which no longer exist. Why should government, like a private individual, have to borrow at an exorbitant rate of interest currency it is having to spend to ensure the safety and even survival of the State?

If only Margaret Thatcher, with her immense courage and passionate resolve to restore the country to its former moral greatness, could lead us all, including economists and rule-of-thumb bureaucrats, in breaking through the out-dated thought-barrier that is stultifying our financial and industrial system and use the power of governmentwhich already exercises its untrammelled right to withdraw money from circulation by taxation—to create, directly, under strict and adequate safeguards, an exact sufficiency of debtfree currency to relieve, by a corresponding reduction of taxation, the pressure on productive industry and so stimulate the production of essential and needed real, as distinct from mere accountancy, wealth.

The building with unemployed skilled labour of warships essential for our national safety, and the training of part of our youth in the disciplines and morale given by membership of such a great traditional school of manly virtue as the Royal Marines, would not, in such an event, reduce the true wealth of the community but increase it.

By using what Abraham Lincoln defined as the "supreme prerogative of Government", without turning a hair's breadth from her original purpose of taking the inflationary waste out of the economy while simultaneously reducing the burden of taxation on those who create the country's real wealth, she could fulfil the regenerative mandate she won from the electorate and unite an at present divided nation behind her.

100 years ago



United States President James Garfield, who was shot at a Washington railway station by a disappointed office-seeker on July 2, 1881, was shown on the front page of the ILN of August 13 lying wounded in the White House. He died five weeks later.

The dark side of Israel

by Norman Moss

Jung suggested that each of us has a dark side which he called our "shadow", and which he contrasted with the "persona", the character we represent in our everyday behaviour. The shadow contains those aspects of ourselves that we deny, that we hide from the world and from our own sight.

Menachem Begin represents Israel's shadow. He stands for the violence that was contained in Israel's heroic struggle for nationhood, as it is found in every such struggle; for the strain of aggressiveness that is hidden in its decent, patriotism; for the atavistic fears that are entangled with the bitter sorrow in Israelis' identification with the slaughtered Jews of Europe. He has said the things other Israelis only feel, and sometimes acted out their darkest desires.

From the time Israel achieved its independence and normal political life began, Begin was in opposition, so Israelis could say that neither he nor his movement represented Israel, which continued to be governed by the Social Democrats of one kind or another who had led it to nationhood. But four years ago there was an event that staggered Israel and the world: Begin's right-wing coalition, Likud, won the election.

In a sense Begin still represented Israel's shadow, for he won with the votes of Israelis from Arab countries, those Israelis who themselves live in their country's shadow. These now constitute nearly half the population. But the archetypal Israeli, projecting the national image, is always a clean-limbed and distinctly European-looking figure who belongs genetically and culturally to the West. The Establishment is dominated totally by Israelis of European origin. Arabic-speaking Israelis felt themselves to be half-excluded from the national life and, coming from intensely conservative societies, most of them now voted not for the Labour Party but for the conservative Likud.

Begin comes up for election again on June 30. A few weeks ago no one gave him much chance, mostly because Israel was undergoing a hyper-inflation topping 100 per cent a year. Then came the confrontation with Syria, the one Arab country that most Israelis have always felt to be their most vicious and relentless enemy. And Begin has addressed himself to their fears. He has been telling them that one must be firm with the Arabs; that Saudi Arabia is so corrupt and rotten that it need not be taken seriously; that the occupied West Bank of the Jordan is still Judaea and Samaria as it was in Biblical times; and furthermore that Arab nations are not merely anti-Israeli but anti-Jewish as well, and that Germans are still Germans so far as the Jews are concerned.

These last touched profoundly sensitive chords. In his outburst against



Menachem Begin personifies the more aggressive side of Israel's personality.

Chancellor Schmidt's gestures of friendship to some Arab countries Begin linked this to Germany's Nazi past. Like all conservatives, Begin appeals to basic tribal feelings. These feelings embrace comparison between the plight of Israel today and the plight of Jews facing persecution in the past, particularly the last great persecution, the Nazis' genocide. It is all too easy to form this link, and it is understandable that many Israelis should do so, seeing themselves as victims in both situations and feeling some of the same emotions. But cool reason says there is no continuity between the holocaust in Europe and the dangers that face Israel as a nation in the Middle East. They spring from different causes and different feelings, and require a different response.

The holocaust was Begin's background. In this he is unlike other Israeli political leaders, who either came to Israel in their youth as idealistic Zionists or else were born there. Begin's father, mother and sister were all murdered by the Nazis in the town in Poland where they lived, along with all the other Jews of the town, whom the Nazis did not even bother to remove to a concentration camp. This horror did not give birth to his extremism, but it surely reinforced it. For him the survival of his people has always been in question.

He was a Zionist as a teenager in Poland, but already was outside the Zionist mainstream. He belonged to Betar, a militaristic Jewish youth movement which generally supported the Revisionist Party, which was more right-wing than the official Zionist leadership and had a policy of territorial expansion in Palestine.

Freed from a Soviet labour camp to join General Anders's army, the army of Poles that came out of Russia through the Middle East to fight alongside the Western allies, Private Begin got to Palestine and went underground. He did not join the Haganah, the illegal Jewish defence force, but the much smaller Irgun Zvai Leumi, which was then in disarray, and became its commander. He had a sound grasp of tactics, an air of knowing what needed to be done and ruthless determination to carry it through. A Palestine police report at the time described him as "medium height or smaller, with a long hooked nose, bad teeth and hornrimmed spectacles". The description could stand today.

Official Israeli history credits the Haganah with the winning of nation-hood. The Haganah was founded on the democratic and humanistic principles of early Zionism. It defended Jewish settlements against Arab attacks but in theory at least, and usually in practice as well, it rejected counter-attacks against Arab civilians. It fought the British occupation with sabotage and disruption, but did not attack British soldiers.

The Irgun scorned these tactics as half-hearted. It staged terror attacks on Arabs in retaliation for attacks on Jewish civilians, and killed British soldiers. It did this in the face of opposition from most Jews in Palestine and hostility from their representatives.

The Irgun story is relegated to the corners of the tableau of Israeli nationhood. Yet some Israelis may well feel a nagging doubt about whether Israel could have achieved its independence, or at any rate achieved it when it did, without this violence that they deplore. Certainly Begin believes that it could not. Soon after he became Prime Minister, he said in an interview that nothing he did in office could rival in importance his achievements in his Irgun days, helping to create Israel.

The Irgun's most famous *coup* was the dynamiting of the King David Hotel in Jerusalem, then the headquarters of the British Administration, in which 91 people were killed. The official Zionist bodies denounced that as a crime and David Ben-Gurion, Israel's first Prime Minister, declared: "The Irgun is the enemy of the Jewish people."

But Begin tells a different story. He says the bombing was carried out with the encouragement of the Haganah, which wanted the destruction of records of its activities which the British had recently acquired, and that it was hypocritical of the Haganah to wash its hands of the deed afterwards.

Even the Irgun's most notorious atrocity, the massacre of the Arab villagers of Deir Yassin in the early fighting of the War of Independence, may have contributed to Israeli nationhood. The Haganah denounced this deed in tones as bitter as any it used about Arab atrocities, calling it "a premeditated act of murder". (Begin denied the Haganah's account of the event.) Ben-Gurion expressed his sorrow and regret

to King Abdullah and most Israelis were appalled and disgusted by it, as they are to this day.

Yet, despite themselves, the Israelis of the time benefited. Not surprisingly the news of the massacre spread terror among the Arabs living in Palestine, few of whom made the distinction between Haganah and Irgun. It was largely because of this that they fled from hundreds of villages as Israeli soldiers approached. It was largely because of this that 50,000 Arabs fled from Haifa, even though Israeli loudspeaker vans toured the streets promising that no harm would come to them. Building the new nation in the aftermath of that war, and absorbing an influx of immigrants three times the size of the indigenous population, would have been more difficult if all those Arabs had not fled.

These are truths which Israelis do not normally see as a part of their national story. Just as we do not see the lethally cruel exploitation of children in factories and mines as the foundation of the greatness of Victorian England, or most Irishmen accept that the Easter Uprising was ignored or else opposed by most of the Irish population. Every nation has its own story, and every nation leaves out the bits that do not fit.

Begin as Prime Minister has not acted like a fanatic; he has never tried to bend the rules of the parliamentary game. He has shown a human face, and sometimes even a self-effacing charm. He established good personal relationships with a number of other heads of government, including President Sadat. His great achievement, the thing for which he will be remembered by history, whatever he may say about his Irgun days, is the peace treaty with Egypt, even though this was brought to him on a platter by President Sadat with the US government hurrying alongside with the sauce. So far, the terms of the treaty have been carried out according to schedule. This showed a new Menachem Begin-the peacemaker.

The next stage of peacemaking with Egypt must involve the occupied West Bank, an area which is closer to Israel's heartland than Sinai and contains much of its Biblical history. It must involve also the Palestinian inhabitants of this territory. Begin has refused to make any of the concessions that the other side has demanded, and has planted more Israeli settlements in the area, as hostages to fortune.

This issue will remain high on the agenda of the next Israeli government, whatever complexion it turns out to be. The run-up to the election has been a time of confrontation and conflict. At such a time people are less likely to be flexible, and more likely to respond to appeals to instinctive fears. It remains to be seen whether this will bring Begin into office again, and whether, if it does, he will come to represent a different side of the complex character of Israel.

Proms prospects

The influence of this month's royal wedding will even be apparent in the programming of the 87th season of Henry Wood Promenade Concerts, due to open at the Albert Hall on July 18 with a Britten and Stravinsky programme and to continue until September 12. The concert on July 29 will be devoted to two works with nuptial associations: Stravinsky's Les Noces and Mendelssohn's incidental music to A Midsummer Night's Dream.

This year's most adventurous programme, which may well bring a new audience to the Proms as well as opening up new horizons to regular Promenaders, will be an all-night concert of Indian classical music (August 28), based on rags appropriate to the time of night, which will be performed between 11pm and 7am by a group of five musicians led by Usted Vilayat Khan. The cooler hours of the Indian night are more suited to music-making than the daytime-whether the cool of an English summer night will be equally advantageous is a risk that the BBC's Controller of Music, Robert Ponsonby, has doubtless taken into account.

One of his preoccupations in the planning of the season has been to rescue most of the new works lost last year when the first 20 concerts of the season were cancelled due to the musicians' strike. These include Paul Patterson's Voices of Sleep, a work for soprano, chorus and orchestra (July 25) and Harrison Birtwistle's For O, For O, the Hobby Horse is Forgot (August 22), a work written for Les Percussions de Strasbourg with a title from Hamlet.

Three works commissioned by the BBC will receive their first performances during the season: Symphony in one movement by Roger Smalley (July 21), which will be preceded by the first of the Pre-Prom talks given by composers about their works; *Agonie* by

Henri Pousseur (July 26 at the Round House), which will be performed by Electric Phoenix, a vocal quartet plus sound engineer; and *The Theatre of Memory* by John Buller (September 7), to be performed by the BBC Symphony Orchestra, to whom it is dedicated. This last concert will also include the first performance of William Walton's *The First Shoot*, which will be played by the Black Dyke Mills and the Grimethorpe Colliery Bands under Elgar Howarth.

Other new works to be heard are Elisabeth Lutyens's Fleur du Silence (August 2) to be sung by Philip Langridge, for whom it was written; Priaulx Rainier's Concertante for two winds (August 7), to be played by Janet Craxton, oboe, and Thea King, clarinet; and Alan Bush's Two Shakespeare Sonnets for baritone and chamber orchestra (August 5). There will be first UK performances of Peter Maxwell Davies's Symphony No 2, given by the BBC SO under Rozhdestvensky (July 23), and Pierre Boulez's Notations, to be played by the Orchestre de Paris under Barenboim (September 10). Other foreign visitors will be the Chicago Symphony Orchestra which Georg Solti will conduct at two concerts (September 4 and 5) and the Polish Chamber Orchestra under Jerzy Maksymiuk (August 21).

To balance the new music there will be a generous measure of works by Haydn, including six of his symphonies, Mozart and Beethoven.

Four operas will be packed into a nine-day span: La forza del destino (August 8); Richard Strauss's Ariadne auf Naxos (August 13) given by Glyndebourne; The Gypsy Baron by Johann Strauss (August 15); and Lucio Silla, Mozart's early opera, composed when he was 16 (August 17).

The BBC Symphony Orchestra will play at 18 of the 56 concerts, all of which will be broadcast live on Radio 3.

Mermaid reopening

On July 7 a greatly enlarged and redecorated Mermaid Theatre will reopen after nearly three years, presenting the Jacobean comedy Eastward Ho! The theatre closed in September, 1978, for extensive redevelopment of the Puddle Dock site which has involved some 40,000 square feet of office space being built all over and around the Mermaid, with the auditorium at its heart. This is a new lease of life for the theatre that had begun in 1959 as a temporary squatter on the site of a blitzed warehouse. There followed 20 years of solid achievement. Lock Up Your Daughters and Treasure Island, two of the Mermaid's most popular productions, are to be revived during the first new season. Now the Mermaid, with 110 extra seats and a stage doubled in size, will take its place again on the theatrical scene.

Children first

The Church of England Children's Society celebrates 100 years of good works with a remarkable exhibition at the Chelsea Old Town Hall from July 9 to 28.

"Children First", as the exhibition is called, has been created by Ann Tham, a talented Swedish designer, and depicts life in Victorian and Edwardian times. On entering the exhibition your first sight will be of two forlorn little boys tucked up in a bed of straw in a Victorian alley, a reminder of the reason why the Society, originally named the Waifs and Strays, was formed by Edward Rudolf. The Society held its first meeting in the home of Mark Beaufoy, a prosperous vinegar merchant, and a library similar to the one where the members must have gathered is represented. The exhibition is both informative and fun to see. Edward Rudolf would certainly have approved.



Charleston progress

There is good news about Charleston. the Sussex farmhouse near Lewes in which Vanessa Bell and Duncan Grant lived and which formed a centre for the Bloomsbury Group from onwards. The house, with its unique interior decoration by these two and by other artists of their circle, has been bought by the Charleston Trust for £50,000. But Duncan Grant, the last tenant, died three years ago leaving the house in a sad condition and the Trust must as a matter of urgency preserve the fabric and restore the decorations, a task that will cost £190,000. They also need at least £200,000 as a minimum endowment to run the house.

Professor Quentin Bell and Angelica

Garnett have most generously placed at the Charleston Trust's disposal valuable papers and manuscripts relating to the Bloomsbury Group; and Angelica Garnett has given the contents of Charleston, to remain there. Nearby is Berwick Church, decorated by Duncan Grant, Vanessa and Quentin Bell and Angelica Garnett; and Virginia and Leonard Woolf's house is only 4 miles away, at Rodmell. With Charleston, this little corner of east Sussex should prove a lodestone to all students and admirers of the Bloomsbury Group; and surely funds must be forthcoming to secure the future of what Sasha Moorsom described in the ILN as "a unique social, literary and artistic record".

Museum in a hunting lodge

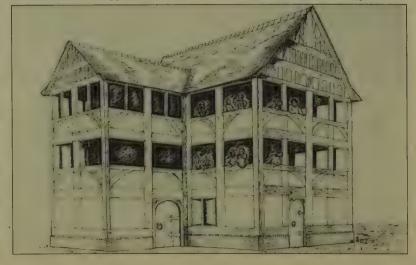
The half-timbered Tudor hunting lodge at Chingford, on the edge of Epping Forest, has been extensively renovated and is once again open as a local museum, housing objects illustrating the natural history and antiquities of the Forest and its immediate surroundings.

The lodge was built in about 1543, 15 years before the Virgin Queen ascended the throne. It was designed as a grandstand or pavilion with open galleries from which royal hunting parties could fire at buck driven towards them by beaters, and packs of deerhounds would probably have been kept there. According to legend, Elizabeth I used to ride up the staircase to the upper gallery on her

white palfrey to demonstrate her equestrian skill.

The lodge was used continuously for hunting up to the 17th century, then as a farmhouse until 1878, when the City of London Corporation took on the job of administering it. By this time the galleries had been filled in and the building was lived in by minor forest officials. There were major structural restorations between 1880 and 1882 and in 1899-1900. It was opened as a museum in 1895.

The recent work has included replastering and a rearrangement and revitalization of the museum displays, to which additions have been made.



Dan's last Tournament

Dan Reade, formally Colonel A. H. N. Reade, MVO, is director and vice-chairman of the Royal Tournament, the Armed Forces' annual account to the nation of their skills, which this month celebrates its 101st year. This show, from July 15 to August 1, will be his last in office and at its end he hopes to be able to hand over a £50,000 cheque to Service charities.

It will hardly seem the same without him—in cavalry blues, sword and crossbelt during the matinee and messkit in the evening—welcoming distinguished visitors, quietly making his direction felt in a tremendous production with a cast of hundreds who will have had only two days in which to rehearse together before appearing before an audience sometimes exceeding 12,000 a performance.

Being director is a job which entails going all over the world to audition likely acts—and by the nature of things they will be big acts—that will attract the British public. Although the Tournament is a British Services show there is always at least one event from overseas.

When Dan took over the job on leaving the Army in 1973 he found, amazingly for such a popular national show, that it got by without a producer or even a control box. "I decided that these were two things we simply must have." He got them. He also insisted that the show must start and end with a bang.

Although he insists he is a simple cavalryman, Dan appears quickly to have acquired the talents of a successful West End impresario. Realizing that apart from the arena itself, Earl's Court has several acres of expensive unused space, he put in static displays, helicopters into which young visitors could be winched, souvenir shops, and the like.

Dan's fondest memory is of last year, when after a matinee the Tournament gave a tea party for Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother to which were invited representatives of every unit of which she is colonel-in-chief, commandant or otherwise connected. "She spoke to every person at that party and there were about 140 present."

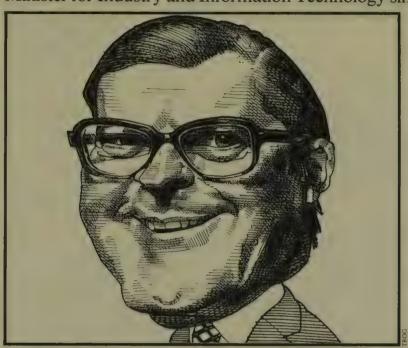
Dan joined the Army in September, 1939, from Oxford, became a trooper in the Royal Tank Regiment, was commissioned into the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, joined the 3rd Hussars in Egypt in 1943 and served in Palestine in that last, dangerous year of the mandate. His career was crowned when he became a Member of the Royal Victorian Order, which reflects the royal family's appreciation of his services, in the New Year's honours list.

What will he do now in his retirement on the Essex-Suffolk borders? "Look after my garden and grandchildren, raise pheasants, take part in the local shoot, I'll be a patriarch." Dan will certainly be an elegant, courteous and efficient one.

The new Tories

by Julian Critchley

The author, who is Conservative MP for Aldershot, profiles Kenneth Baker, the Minister for Industry and Information Technology since January.



Kenneth Baker is the Minister for Industry and Information Technology. This curious and somewhat daunting title disguises one of the most promising of the younger Tories: Ken Baker, who is in his late 40s (politics is the one example of an activity where one is "young" at 50 and "promising" at 60) and has been Minister of State under Sir Keith Joseph since January this year. He is tall, languid and sleek, sports a Jack Buchanan haircut and is heavy with horned-rimmed spectacles.

Until his promotion Ken Baker was a Conservative in exile, a former parliamentary private secretary to Edward Heath at the time of Mr Heath's defeat by Mrs Thatcher in the "Peasant's Revolt" of 1975 when the backbenchers of the party revenged themselves on the front bench. From 1975 until the beginning of this year he was passed over, despite a junior post in the Civil Service Department in the early 70s. But then Mr Baker is one of the party's "wets".

Mr Baker's origins may be workingclass but his politics are High Tory. He describes himself as a "pragmatist" which in today's Conservative Party can be translated as being somewhat less than enthusiastic about monetarism and all its works. He is not one of those who believe that true Conservatism began in 1979. In his view, "Every Tory leader who crosses the threshold of No 10 Downing Street must have been elected by a minority: their task is to start forging a majority."

Ken Baker was born in 1934, the son of a middle-ranking civil servant and the grandson of a docker's union leader who was once offered a seat in the House by Keir Hardie. Baker's grandfather refused the seat and died a High

Tory. Baker went to St Paul's, "an achievement-oriented school for the sons of merchants", where he was very happy. After school he did his national service as a gunner and was for a time seconded to the Libyan army as a mortar expert. He was commissioned. Having done his bit for King Idris he went up to Magdalen College, Oxford, to read history under the guidance of A. J. P. Taylor and K. B. McFarlane. He was elected chairman of the Oxford Conservatives and of the Blue Ribbon Club, and Secretary of the Oxford Union. He came down with a secondclass degree.

The Conservative Party in the Commons has more than its share of lawvers, merchant bankers and company directors; there are even scrapmerchants and a few sprigs of the old nobility, but there are no dons and noone (save for Baker) who understands the new technology, the computer, the micro-chip, Prestel, Textel and Videotext. As Minister for Information Technology he is that rare bird—a Minister of the Crown who is a round peg in a round hole. Baker's sense of fun belies a certain earnestness in that he sees his role at the Department of Industry as being a "missionary" of the new technology. But he is a professional in what is still a party of amateurs.

When he came down from Oxford in 1958 Baker worked first for Shell and then as a manager for the Minster Trust. His wife, Mary (they have two daughters), is a graduate of St Andrew's University and has since become a director of Thames Television and chairman of the London Tourist Board. He has a house in Pimlico and another in a village near Glyndebourne in

Sussex. After ten years in business he dipped his toe in the political pond in 1964, standing against Ian Mikardo in Poplar with the inevitable result. Two years later he was adopted as Conservative candidate for Acton, on the other side of London, following the suicide of the Labour MP, Bernard' Floud. He won the by-election only to be defeated at the general election when the seat returned to its old allegiance. But later in 1970 he was picked as candidate for yet another by-election, this time in St Marylebone following Quintin Hogg's return to the House of Lords and appointment as Lord Chancellor. In the final of the selection he beat Douglas Hurd, now a Minister of State at the Foreign and Commonwealth office. Baker may hold something of a record in that he has allowed his name to go forward to only three seats-Poplar, Acton and St Marylebone-and each time he has been chosen. Most Tories tread a weary path from constituency to constituency before winning adoption.

Baker brings a touch of style to a Government many of whose members are pretty pedestrian. He is an achiever in a Government which can do little save wait for things to improve. His return to office was widely approved of, for he has always been popular among Conservative backbenchers who have in the past elected him to the executive of the 1922 Committee. His responsibilities at the Department of Industry go beyond computers and their technology: he is responsible for the Post Office and for the private sector, in particular for the problems of the engineering, paper, textile and chemical industries. The future of ICL, the only Britishowned computer company, which is heavily in debt, will depend largely on what recommendation he makes to the Prime Minister. If Baker has his way the money will be forthcoming.

Kenneth Baker is a modern man whose Conservatism is that of Harold Macmillan and R. A. Butler. Like those two great men he is a romantic, seeking not to invigorate but to heal, not to divide but to reunite. "The Tories are in a remarkable sense a classless party. What we can do together is more important than what we can do separately." The House remembers his speech when he seconded the debate on the Address after the party's victory. He pointed to the difficulty of being in power for the government backbencher ever obliged "to tread the narrow path between sycophancy and rebellion". He has published an anthology of verse. At the moment he is largely unknown. But his skills, stamina and sense of style promise before long to bring him into national prominence

Letter from Warsaw

by Gordon Bowker

The latest joke circulating in Warsaw goes like this: "Which is the luckier country—Poland or Israel?" Answer: "Israel." "Why?" Answer: "Because they are surrounded by enemies!" But these days there are fewer jokes than usual going around this grim, grey city sitting astride the Vistula. There is too much happening; the joke-makers are otherwise engaged.

On the other hand, people are talking, talking openly and freely. One bright media man I met on my first evening in Poland talked about the present crisis. "We know we can't expect any help from the West," he said cynically. "We didn't get it in 1939 or in 1944. Why should we expect to get it now? We know we're on our own." However much you try to change the subject the conversation invariably returns to politics. That is Poland today.

Next day an equally sardonic fellow gave me his scenario for the months ahead. Of course the "external powers" would invade. "They're already here, large forces of them deployed around the country. They'll send half a million of us to Siberia—the potential leaders—then they'll stop the food and say, 'Behave yourself and you can eat.' People will have to go to work. They have families to keep." He shrugged and made a face. "In six months the world will have forgotten. The Russians will say to the West, 'If you want your debts repaid, keep your noses out!"

If I said that Warsaw was grim and grey that has to be qualified. First of all the people shine. They are warm, colourful, open, generous beyond belief and impressively courageous. Then there is the old city, rebuilt after the war but based on 18th-century paintings. This left bank of the Vistula was the scene of the 1944 Warsaw Uprising. Here vast areas were pulverized by Nazi shot, shell and flame-thrower as the Russians sat just a river's width off and waited. It was in the ruins here that Andrzej Wajda shot the film Kanal, exploding the Stalinist myth that the Polish Home Army were cowards and traitors.

Now the ancient beauty of the old city has been restored—cobbled streets, decorated façades, tiny shops and a multitude of churches, Franciscan, Dominican, Academic, Jesuit and Pauline. At the heart of things, and reminding us that Poland is 90 per cent Roman Catholic, stands the Cathedral of St John at number 10 in a narrow street called Swietojanskiego. On a notice-board outside is a large photograph of Poland's most famous living son, Karol Wojtyla, Pope John Paul II.

On Easter Saturday morning the old city was swarming. It was like a scene from my childhood when everyone turned out once a week in their "Sunday best". The men seemed to favour the flat cap or the beret, though there was a sprinkling of those peculiar angular-

brimmed trilbies one used to see in old movies of espionage in Eastern Europe. There were also more women's hats here than you would ever find in London and Paris put together. Long lines of the faithful were bringing baskets of food to church to be blessed, and staying to kneel in silent devotion at one of many shrines decorated for the occasion. Outside one in large luminous letters a sign read *Witaj Maryo* (Mary Will Come). "Mary," someone told me later, "is the Queen of Poland."

At the Dominican Church I joined the line and filed inside. People of all ages came, kneeled, prayed, offered their lace-lined food baskets containing painted eggs, some meat or sausage carefully stored up for the occasion, then left in silence. This token offering would stand at the centre of the table throughout Easter as a symbol of thanksgiving. It was all very moving, not least because Poland is threatened with starvation and only the blackmarketeers (Poland's underground capitalists) grow fat.

It was not long before I met one such roving baron of free enterprise. In a square called Rynek Nowego Miasta an unshaven youth clutched my arm. He had spotted me as a foreigner. Did I want to change any money on the black market? I told him I had only Polish money and he lost interest. In fact at that stage I still had 2,600 zlotys, the \$15 per day for six days I was required to purchase when obtaining my visa. The official rate of exchange is 30 to the dollar; the black market rate is 150.

At the end of the square I wandered into a vegetable shop. All there was on show were a dozen cases of apples, a rotting cabbage and some stacks of tinned mushrooms. Down Ulica Freta, a narrow street leading back towards the cathedral, there was a flurry of people round a meat shop. Inside were hanging a few sausages and one beef carcase and the customers all clutched ration tickets. The monthly meat ration is 40 decagrams (about 1 lb) of first-class meat and 40 of sausage, 85 decagrams of second-class meat and the same of second-class sausage, plus one chicken. Meat which costs 70 zlotys in the shops costs 270 zlotys on the black market.

I met friends in Plac Zamkowy, a cobbled triangle dominated by a statue of King Zigismund who first made Warsaw Poland's capital, and they said, "Want to see a dairy?" Inside the dairy the counters and shelves were bare. "Why do they stay open?" I asked. My friends smiled wryly. "It's the rules. They have to keep official hours."

We wound up at the Szanghai restaurant on Marzalkowska, one of the city's main thoroughfares, close to a bizarre wedding-cake of a building, The Palace of Culture, built by Stakhanovite Russian labour in the late 1940s. There was only sweet and sour pork, rice and

China tea. My friends told me that the state of food at the Szanghai is said always to reflect the state of relations between Poland and China. They must have been at an all-time low.

One friend gave me his analysis of the economic crisis. Since 1970, he told me, there had been an attempt to discredit Poland's 60-per-cent-private farmers. They had been starved of fertilizers. tractor spare parts, concrete for barns and milk refrigerators. But the plan had backfired. Another amateur economist gave me his assessment: Poland was subsidizing the Soviet space programme and the Warsaw Pact, and had been forced to supply food for the Olympic Games. "That," he concluded, "is why we're so poor. That's how the Russians keep us economically dependent." So what, I asked, was the solution? "Here the people are owned by the government. Now, through Solidarity and its 10 million members, we're trying to create a society where the government is owned by the people. That's democracy." "That's what we want," said the other, "not less socialism but more democracy." And if the "external powers" intervened would the Polish Army fight? My friends laughed. "What with? The Russians have all the ammunition."

On Easter Monday I headed for a slightly dingy but likeable hotel called the Europeiski. I still had over 2,000 zlotys to spend and a good Polish blowout seemed one agreeable way to do so. The Europejski is something out of that old espionage movie with a spacious dining-room flanked by red-uniformed waiters. I consulted the menu. It looked promising. I could unload 700 zlotys on a plate of black caviar alone and there were many other exotic offerings. Unfortunately, most things were off, but the wild duck in caper sauce which did finally turn up gave a taste of what the old Europejski could do in better times. A waiter, knowing I was English, whispered that he could change money on the black market. But what would I do with more zlotys?

That evening I visited more friends and the topic was movies. In 1976 Andrzej Wajda made a film about the old régimes, called *Man Of Marble*. Last year he went to Gdansk and met the shipyard workers whose strike last June helped to initiate Solidarity. They said, "Make a film about us and call it *Man Of Iron*." The film, which won the Golden Palm at Cannes, is I am told a symbol of how the grass roots are leading the intellectuals.

On television Lech Walesa was interviewed. He spoke of the necessity of keeping heads clear and thoughts orderly. It was what we would call a moderate, restraining speech. In Moscow they probably have another name for it. Then it was the turn of Rakowski, former editor of the liberal paper,

Politika, now Vice-Premier negotiating with Solidarity. A politician being interviewed on TV is new to the Poles. He performed well. "Do you have food rationing tickets?" asked the Robin Day figure. "Yes, I stand in line with everyone else. When I told people in Cracow they were amazed." He looked cheerful enough, but my friends told me that this avuncular man has become embittered. The old liberal has been overtaken by events and now finds himself having to hold the most eagerly radical lemmings back from the brink. "He believes," said my friends, "that his line is the most the system can swallow."

It was on my last full day in Warsaw that I was taken to the headquarters of Solidarity. It is at 5, Ulica Szpitalna, just off Plac Powstanco Warszawy, a broad, bustling square in the cold, grey concrete centre of town. Into a courtyard, past pea-green painted walls and one floor up worn wooden stairs, is the union's nerve centre. Here everything was bustle and talk. People came and went, telephones rang, committees trooped in and out, delegations and organizers held urgent conversations. A man looking like Trotsky came out of a room, was introduced to a girl, stooped and kissed her hand. Plus ça change...

We lunched with a girl from the secretariat who told us the story of the union from its beginning. She was a committed fatalist. The Russians would invade, she told us, and it would be the cause of the Third World War. Despite this she seemed extremely cheerful and recommended a Hungarian red wine. It was off. Luckily half of the rest of the menu was intact and I shipped another 700 zlotys, noting that I must order that deep shelter as soon as I got back home.

Outside on the streets of the city the most popular car is the Fiat Polski. It costs 120,000 zlotys, that is 30 months' salary for someone on the bottom rung of the pay scale, 4,000 zlotys a month. Black marketeers, said my friends, can earn up to 200,000. Petrol, by the way, is 18 zlotys a litre, which I make over £2 a gallon, but buses are cheap, though they all seem to try to beat the Guinness Record for the number of people you can cram into something on wheels.

On my last night in town a sad lady told me her life story. "In September, 1939, I sat with my suitcases at Warsaw station waiting to be evacuated as the German bombers came over. My mother said, 'Don't worry. It'll all be over in six weeks.' I said, 'No, it won't be over for years.' I was right. My mother was shot in 1944. I have the same feeling today that I had then. I am a witch."

At the airport I still had a couple of hundred of those zlotys to dispose of. I splurged it on a wooden cigarette box, a packet of Polish fags and a copy of the only English newspaper on sale, *The Morning Star*. I started with a joke. It seemed appropriate to end with one

Museum of the Year

Photographs by Ian Howes

The National Tractor and Farm Museum at Newton, near Stocksfield, Northumberland, has been selected as Museum of the Year for 1981. The museum receives a cash prize of £2,000 and The Illustrated London News Trophy, a porcelain sculpture by Henry Moore. An award of £1,500, put up by Imperial Tobacco, for small museums of limited means has been given to Broadfield House Glass Museum at Kingswinford, West Midlands, which houses the Brierley Hill and Stourbridge collections. The Sotheby Award of £1,000 for a fine art museum has been given to the Cecil Higgins Museum in Bedford, and the judges have presented a special award of £500 to the Camden Works Museum at Bath. The £750 award for the best exhibition or exhibitions, sponsored by James Bourlet & Co, has been won by the Royal Academy in London for an impressive list which included Post-Impressionism, the Horses of San Marco, the Burlington Fair and the Summer Exhibition. The chairman of the judges, Sir Hugh Casson, who is President of the Royal Academy, took no part in the judging of this award.









The National Tractor and Farm Museum was started as a small collection some 15 years ago by John Moffitt, a dairy farmer. It has developed into a comprehensive collection of historical agricultural tractors and other mechanical farm implements, many of them rescued from the scrap heap and beautifully restored.

hen the news of the Royal Engagement reached Reims, the anglophile Charles Heidsieck family were unanimous in naming a

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British eccentrics past and present

by Andrew Moncur











Britain in the past has been fertile ground for eccentrics. The author has been out in search of characters of today to prove that the tradition lives on.

Lieutenant-commander Bill Boaks, champion of lost causes, will not allow the hijacking of his armoured bicycle to prevent him from riding out to do battle for democracy again this year. His decision to stand for election to the Greater London Council this summer, with or without his bike, made a refreshing change. Previously much of his unflagging energy has been devoted to fighting—and losing—contests for parliamentary seats.

He has stood for Parliament 21 times since 1951, when he first put up as an independent candidate. On that occasion he contested Walthamstow East as "Captain Bill Boaks, the sailor with the navy blue eyes", secured 174 of the 40,041 votes cast, lost the day and, of course, his borrowed deposit of £150.

Bill Boaks, now aged 77, has been more or less in the running ever since, popping up in a variety of constituencies across the country on a variety of singularly independent platforms. By fighting—and consistently losing parliamentary elections he has become rather better known than many MPs with healthy majorities and long, unimpeachable careers in the House of Commons. So far Boaks has failed even to save a deposit. On the other hand, he has exercised his democratic right and demonstrated that the British eccentric is alive and well and, in this case, living in Wimbledon. As often as not he has trundled into the fray aboard his 140lb armoured bicycle, hung with campaign posters and road safety slogans. These conceal an iron bedframe which provides all-round protection for the rider.

Boaks, an energetic campaigner in the cause of road safety and a champion of the pedestrian, tends to patrol busy streets on this formidable machine. When, from time to time, the cruising Boaks (who weighs 160lb) has a brush with some passing motorist it is usually the other vehicle that suffers more. The bicycle accompanies him on campaign.

It was there at Southend East last year when in a by-election Boaks came seventh, and last, with 23 votes out of a total of 35,637. Later it was hijacked from Euston station where it had been left overnight tied to a fence. "It was lost for two or three months. Some wag had put it in a goods van and sent it off on its travels. It ended up at Aberystwyth," says Boaks, who was eventually reunited with a damaged bike which he may, or may not, ride again.

The Public Safety Democratic Monarchist White Resident candidate will continue to stand up and fight, showing not the slightest dejection about the outcome of his parliamentary election campaigns. "I have never bothered about votes. The thing which matters is to give people the chance to vote. It is a matter of complete indifference to me how they vote as long as they have the choice. It is a democratic right not only to vote but to seek election," he says. And hang the expense. "I have gone on borrowing and losing. It is a lot of money. There are three things most people spend their money on-baccy, beer and betting. I don't use any of them.'

Sometimes Bill Boaks, who lives at a house he calls Beggar's Roost Airstation, has been unable to attract the funds needed for an election deposit. On at least 40 occasions he has been nominated for seats but has failed to raise the necessary money. His usual plan of campaign is to cycle into town and to collect nominations from some handy block of flats. "I go to the top and say, 'Madam, do you support public safety? Will you support me?'," he explains. Having gathered the 10 signatures required he refrains from troubling anybody further by canvassing.

It is the sort of bold approach you might expect from a man of action. He did, after all, join the Royal Navy as a 16-year-old and spend 30 years in the service. It was an eventful career which

included, at one extreme, pilot's flying training and, at the other, submarine and deep sea diving duties. He won the DSC at Dunkirk, serving aboard a destroyer which was sunk by air attack, and, as a gunnery officer aboard HMS Rodney, witnessed the sinking of the Bismarck.

Now his battles are fought on home ground. He is a ferocious letter writer and thorn in the flesh of officialdom who is able, with experience gained as a civil servant and local government officer before his retirement, to baffle local authorities. "Do I need permission to dig a hole in my back garden?" an innocent Boaks asks the local council. "Of course not," says the man at the town hall. "Right," says Boaks, "in that case I will get on with excavating an underground helicopter base."

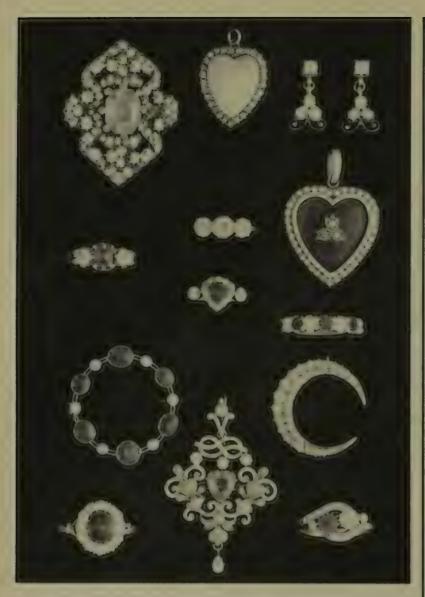
He has campaigned for a central London airport, consisting of a chain of helicopter landing platforms anchored in the Thames. He is founder and first secretary of the Ark Royal Preservation Trust, which has enjoyed precisely as much success as the Battleship Vanguard Preservation Trust, which he also launched and which has now sunk without trace.

It is an eccentric occupation, an enthusiasm which hurts nobody. And in Britain the eccentric tradition is an honourable one. There has never been a shortage of men and women of character, prepared to go their own sweet way without feeling obliged to do quite as England expects. Certainly, the British eccentric does not yet appear to have had his day, although his position in society may have shifted. Possibly the upper crust eccentric has less leisure and wealth to expend on his highly individual interests and follies—or possibly he has just become a little more discreet.

It does, after all, take a certain amount of wealth and indiscretion to conduct your life in the manner chosen by Lytton Strachey's eminently Victorian uncle William. He visited Calcutta in his youth and became convinced that the clocks in that city were the only reliable timepieces in the world. He lived out the remaining 56 years of his life in London and Somerset on Calcutta time, breakfasting at teatime and spending his waking hours largely by candlelight. He also wore antique clothes and, whatever the weather, galoshes. Finally he left his nephew a legacy solely of unworn underwear.

grandfather, Strachey, once joined up with the historian and Indian adminstrator Mountstuart Elphinstone on a memorable journey from Calcutta to Poona. They were accompanied by 150 servants, 11 camels, 10 bullocks, eight elephants, four horses and an immense mobile library. The outing lasted for more than a year. It was the sort of eccentric jaunt that would have appealed to the colourful yeomen who flourished during George III's long (and sometimes eccentric) reign. James Hirst, a Yorkshireman, saddled and rode to hounds a bull named Jupiter. He once replied to the King, who had commanded his presence at court, that he was rather busy teaching an otter to swim. He eventually showed up wearing a lambskin hat 9 feet in diameter, patchwork breeches and a waistcoat of feathers.

The King himself startled his court when on the road to Windsor he stopped his carriage, approached an oak tree, shook it warmly by the branch and struck up a conversation about Continental politics. It transpired that he believed it to be the King of Prussia, a confusion which marked the onset of a condition which soon had to be accepted as something more than royal eccentricity. In happier times he enjoyed more robust recreations. The diarist Fanny Burney noted at Weymouth: "The King bathes and with great success; a machine follows ... into the sea, filled with fiddlers who play 'God save the



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British eccentrics past and present

George Mytton, a 19th-century Shropshire landowner, rode into dinner astride a bear which promptly bit his leg. Francis Egerton, eighth Earl of Bridgewater gave dinner parties for

King' as his Majesty takes his plunge."

fashionably dressed dogs. He wore each pair of his shoes only once and kept them so that the mounting collection might

mark the passage of time.

The country house was always a suitable setting for eccentric behaviour. A French observer in 1872 noted a letter written to friends by Lord Hertford: "I have a castle in Wales. I have never seen it, but I am told it is very beautiful. Every day 12 places are laid for dinner and the carriage is ready at the front door in case I might arrive. Do go and

stay there—it won't cost me a penny."

Scottish castles were no less colourful. At Inverary the Dukes of Argyll expected their guests to join a strange procession after breakfast. "There might be 20 male guests. Over each a footman carried an umbrella. They marched to a spacious privy under the bridge where they sat facing each other ten in a row," the author James Lees-Milne recounts. He also attempted to visit in 1943 the Lincolnshire home of Frank Dymoke, then 32nd hereditary King's Champion and Standard Bearer of England. He found that Mr Dymoke had not been seen by his staff for some years. But he was still in residence. It turned out that "... the lodge keeper delivered parcels of food to the man who lived in the gatehouse, and he in turn put them into a basket which was let down from a first-floor window of the big house. .

Today it is difficult for anybody with





Richard Booth became self-crowned king of Hay-on-Wye in 1977 and defends his 1,500 subjects against bureaucracy. Bill Boakes, top, who has fought elections on a variety of independent platforms, is a champion of the pedestrian among other causes.

a colourful enthusiasm to avoid being seen, even in a crowd. Every road leading to Twickenham is a sea of red and white as the Welsh, struggling with the aspirate, descend on "Haitch-Q" of the Rugby Football Union for the annual battle against England. It is hard to detect an Englishman in the crowd. It is a flood of Welsh hats, Welsh scarfs, Welsh dragon flags draped over the shoulders to soak up the misty rain while Welshmen soak up pints served in squashy plastic tumbiers.

Then, bobbing through the crush, comes England's reply. A lean figure dressed in a grey top hat, decorated with a Union Jack and a red ribbon; a pink tail coat with white lapels; a Union Jack waistcoat; a red, white and blue bow-tie; black trousers with a military red stripe; black patent shoes and white gloves; carrying the flag of St George. Ken Baily has arrived to see-and be seen at—his 129th international sporting event. A year later he is on the touchline again, in the same costume, at Cardiff Arms Park to witness his 142nd international: the return match, Wales v England. His presence confirms that this is a big game and the sporting calendar has completed another full circle.

Mr Baily is the keenly patriotic gentleman the British public has come to expect to see on the touchline at all major sporting events. He is the nearest thing we have yet to that most unlikely of sports personalities, the supporter as superstar. He is at home in a crowd, gaining some of the attention that eluded him as a modest player. He has been following English and British teams since the heady days of the 1966 World Cup, an occupation which has taken him to 28 countries and set him back something in the order of £10,000. And he would not have missed it for the world. "I am a fervent patriot. I believe that this is the only way that an ordinary person can inspire others to be patriotic. It does an awful lot of good," he says. Mr Baily has a speech impediment and he is pleased to allow his actions to speak for him, from the heart.

Mr Baily loves sport. And the sporting public loves Mr Baily. He is at least as well known and widely recognized as many of the international players he has come to support. At rugby internationals he signs autographs and then walks around the ground, waving at the crowd, on his personal lap of honour. If he can hear what the Welsh supporters are shouting he shows no sign of it. It is not a bad reception for a 69-year-old retired income tax inspector, Dorset county councillor and vice-president of Bournemouth Rugby Club whose most memorable athletic achievement was playing a quarter part in a relay of 997 miles, run in four and a half days around the deck of a liner bound from Southampton to New York.

He also has the unusual distinction of having in his youth run 100 yards for Somerset in a county championship and rather farther in the Boston marathon championship in 1946. "I didn't do very well; I got round," he recalls. He also reckons that he has clocked up more



than 171,750 miles in a lifetime of running, under less heady circumstances, which he continues to this day. He still jogs down to the beach every morning in his red track-suit with the Somerset badge and goes for a swim. Each evening he runs another 5 miles and braces himself to withstand an unlikely hazard along the way. "I have been twice attacked by owls. They go for the eyes, you know, and flap their wings in your face. It is very frightening," he says.

The only recorded international

The only recorded international organized by Richard Booth's independent kingdom of Hay-on-Wye was a darts match. Otherwise this Welsh border town, home of 1,500 people, the badger-faced sheep, the Cusop Dingle snail and something over a million second-hand books, likes to make sport of British bureaucrats. One day in 1977, as an elaborate public protest against what he sees as



Top, Ken Baily shows the flag for his country at a major sporting event. The 69-year-old former tax inspector, who reckons he has himself clocked up 171,750 miles of running, is England's superstar supporter. Above, Alan Stewart, dubbed The Birdman, with a model of his latest flying machine which will have four wings and will be called Zamba.

PHIL SAYE

British eccentrics past and present

central government misrule. King Richard I raised the flag of free Hay. He assumed the throne (he does, after all, own the castle and many of the bookshops which dominate the town) and decreed that passports be issued.

Dukedoms were offered for sale, in the manner of Charles II, at a princely £25 a time. Knighthoods were retailed at £1.50, complete with a heraldic scroll (they are now £2, which indicates that the new kingdom is not immune from inflation). The monarch nominated as prime minister his horse, Waterton, named after an 18th-century squire who in a busy life of exploration and taxidermy discovered how to stuff a toucan without losing the delicate natural colour of its beak. He also stuffed monkeys to look like politicians whose views he found objectionable, a proceeding that Mr Booth would approve.

At the first meeting of the kingdom's newly formed cabinet the minister for Scottish affairs explained that he had come to the town in the first place only to erase the lettering on 18 lorry-loads of second-hand Aberdeen granite gravestones. Hay cast around for its heritage and found that it possessed a rare breed of snail. It immediately adopted the threatened badger-faced sheep, for good measure. Since then Hay-on-Wye, in the person of its self-appointed king, has been locked in a border war with the armies of bureaucrats who Mr Booth sees as a threat to the life of the town in particular and rural life in general. Abolish the Wales Tourist Board, thunders one of his latest pamphlets, part of the stream of invective he directs at a variety of institutions. He is planning a mounted crusade to Cardiff to demand abolition of the board.

Independence day is celebrated annually and a Hay Patriotic Machine has been installed. Visitors are invited to kneel on a red cushion, insert 10p and peep at an animated display, featuring Hay troopers surrounding a bureaucrat. Flags wave. A cannon fires. Mr Booth is in favour of rural crafts and industries and opposed to the many government bodies that he sees strangling them. He deplores especially the tide of highly qualified academics who come to tell hard-pressed, practical working people what they should do, "If you are running a small business the last thing you want is advice," he says. "The first thing you want is someone to sweep the floor.

His own rural industry has been particularly successful. Nearly 20 years ago he bought his first job lot of 50 books for £3. He now has five shops scattered around the town, where hundreds of thousands of books are stocked on more than 8 miles of shelving. Other shops, seeing that the king is on to a good thing, have sprung up in the town. Mr Booth estimates that he is directly responsible for creating 110 jobs in Hay. From that regal position he feels able to lay down the law about councils, committees and advisory services telling



Ann Atkin with some of the 1,500 gnomes that inhabit her 4 acre Gnome Reserve in North Devon. She says that they "represent a very real force in nature".

the people what to do and how to do it. "I am the revival of the rural blimp," he says candidly. He detects pressures on the countryman from all sides. "The talented guy is told, 'Don't work on your farm, don't work on your land.' Education is designed to make every dairy farmer's son work for the Milk Marketing Board," he says. Clearly Hayon-Wye's flag of independence will be kept flying high.

Alan Stewart's attempts at manpowered flight have taken him, at best, on short hops inches above the ground. Yet they call him, somewhat generously, the Birdman. Now he is planning to try again with a new flying machine which probably will not waft him very much farther. This time, if there is any justice, they will call him the Stick Insect Man.

His fourth and latest ornithopter is inspired not like its predecessors by the flying technique of a bird but by the four wings of an insect (which, presumably, makes it an entomonopter). It is taking shape at his home on the edge of the village of South Reston, near Louth, Lincolnshire. The indefatigable Mr Stewart will lovingly translate his working model into a full-scale contrivance of carbon fibre, titanium, wood, resin, glass fibre, chiffon, nylon, lace and the coiled springs from a chest expander. He will call it Zamba and its creation will cost something in the region of £900. Then he will take it out on to some deserted runway, stand on the rocking platform and start furiously to work the treadle that makes the propeller turn and the pink, white and blue wings flap up and down. On previous outings with previous machines the exertion has taken him nowhere very remarkable. Often he has ended up sitting in a tangle of broken wings.

At that point on each occasion he has been seen to pick himself up, dust himself down and start all over again. Mr Stewart, aged 50, who works on the maintenance staff of a local chalet park, is a cheerful, hopeful man who refuses to be disappointed. He did not even allow himself to be too upset by the news that the American man-powered dragonfly, Gossamer Albatross, had crossed the English Channel while his own current flying machine, called Coppélia, was lying in pieces at home in the garage.

He takes the generous view that the Americans' success has brought manpowered flight to the point of development that powered flight achieved with
Louis Blériot's memorable hop. There is
still much to be done, not only in terms
of new achievements in distance and
endurance but also in terms of making
do-it-yourself flying available to those
without massive resources. "It would be
a tremendous achievement to see man
flying under his own power. Although
people joke about it I think people want
to see it—especially something like a
giant pterodactyl," says Mr Stewart.

He really enjoys himself making and attempting to coax his machines off the ground. And he likes to talk about his previous trials, too. "Eventually I got used to the creaks and the groans. It is like a sailing ship. It is as though they are alive. They have a spirit of their own—

and then, suddenly, there is a noise which shouldn't be there. It is something taking the strain. . . ." One day, he hopes, the source of that strain will be his 5 feet 9 inches, 9 stone 3 lb frame being lifted up and away by a machine with a 20 foot wingspan and all the fragility of an insect.

Mrs Ann Atkin has 1,500 gnomes at the bottom of her garden and elsewhere at home in North Devon. That goes a long way towards explaining why in the course of a year 8,000 or more people find their way to the old rectory at West Putford, tramp through the gates and self-consciously put on pixie hats before having a good look around.

Mrs Atkin likes her guests to dress the part when they visit her Gnome Reserve. And she likes them to meet plenty of gnomes. Those in the 4 acre reserve range in size from concrete giants weighing well over 1 cwt to little ceramic specimens that would sit in an egg cup (and probably do). Half of them lurk in the small copse that occupies part of the garden. There are reclining gnomes, fishing gnomes, reading gnomes, gardening gnomes, mining gnomes, musical gnomes, gnomes on sticks, gnomes with lizards, even a gnome in a mini-kilt. They are distributed among the beech roots and amid the moss and (real) toadstools.

Many of them are made by Mrs Atkin, an artist who trained at the Royal Academy schools, who sends about 200 to the kiln every fortnight. She is founder of the Gnome Club of Great Britain and Gnome International. As well, she edits Gnome News, published three times a year. She is, in short, a sort of spokesman for gnomes in a doubting world. She has been playing that role for three years and she, for one, has no doubt about the source of the inspiration that impelled her to take on the job in the first place. Mrs Atkin not only believes in gnomes, she also believes in their ability to do good. In a statement explaining her happy commitment she says: "Gnomes represent a very real force in nature. Little children naturally imagine and can become a part of the world of gnomes and fairies, but as they get older the pressures of the outer technological world crowd in so that it can become difficult for them to retain their vision into adult life. It makes me happy if I can bring little glimpses of the land of gnomes, presented in a tangible form, to share with children and adults."

Mrs Atkin makes no charge for visitors who want to glimpse that land. And she certainly gains pleasure from their company. "You can be as serious as you like about gnomes but gnomes themselves are always funny," she says. "I hear people laughing all day long. How many jobs do you get where you can hear people laughing?" Mrs Atkin, who was wearing a white blouse with red spots, a black corduroy waistcoat, a flowered skirt and black stockings and shoes, does not, understandably, invite guests to laugh at her. "I am really quite practical," she insists, anxiously, as though somebody might suggest that the whole enterprise seems eccentric



Morris's dream houses

by Sasha Moorsom

William Morris, master craftsman, designer, poet and apostle of socialism, left his mark on the houses in which he lived. The author describes four which survive.

"If I were asked to say what is at once the most important production of Art, and the thing most to be longed for, I should answer, a beautiful House; and if I were further asked to name the production next in importance and the thing next to be longed for, I should answer, a beautiful Book. To enjoy good houses and good books in self respect and decent comfort, seems to me to be the pleasurable end towards which all societies of human beings ought now to struggle."

So said William Morris, who only at the end of his life turned to the making of beautiful books, though he had been writing for most of it. But the making of beautiful houses-his own and other people's-was his lifelong passion. To the general Victorian public he was usually known as the author of The Earthly Paradise, a dream-like verse fantasy of medieval romance. He preferred to be called simply "William Morris, designer" and the great revival of interest in his work in recent years focuses on his two main preoccupations—design and socialism. The two sit queerly together and point to the unresolved paradox of his life, of which he was well aware. His inherited wealth enabled him to pursue his passionate interest in artistic and social reform but only the rich could afford his firm's products.

The house in which he was born in 1834 no longer exists, but the fourposter bed does. He gave it to his wife, Jane, when he acquired a more magnificent Elizabethan example for himself. Both can now be seen at their Oxfordshire home, Kelmscott Manor. The bed is an indication of the solidly respectable family into which Morris was born in Walthamstow. "My father was a businessman in the city, and wellto-do, and we lived in the ordinary bourgeois style of comfort." Six years later they moved into more than ordinarily comfortable surroundings when his father's successful speculation in the Devon Great Consuls copper mine enabled him to install his family in Woodford Hall, now vanished, a Palladian mansion whose 50 acres of park adjoined Epping Forest. There William could ride about dressed in a tiny suit of armour and give free rein both to his pony and to the creative imagination that led him into a life-long obsession with medieval art and romance, fostered by the magnificence of the forest and the fine Essex churches near by.

By the time of his father's death in 1848 the 272 shares in Devon Great Consuls had risen to 800 times their original £1 value. The family was left rich but his mother decided to move back to Walthamstow to a more modest Georgian place. Water House, the first



of Morris's homes that can be visited today, is now far too big for private use and has been turned into a William Morris Gallery. The Morris family, no doubt, travelled about by carriage. Now you can take the Victoria Line to Walthamstow and walk or catch a bus to the door. Any atmosphere of domesticity has long vanished, though you can see the window seat in the upper gallery where Morris is said to have spent whole days reading and looking out on to the moat which gave the house its name.

The London Borough of Waltham Forest is in the process of refurbishing Water House and will open it again to the public in September. It houses a magnificent collection of the work Morris and his associates embroidery, stained glass, weaving, paintings, furniture, a library with the first editions of all his books and the productions of the Kelmscott Press and, of especial interest, cartoons and original designs for much of his decorative work. These illustrate, for instance, the various stages through which a wallpaper had to go. Sixteen separate blocks had to be cut to achieve the subtle colour gradations of "Acanthus". Morris was always a perfectionist. Here you can see the famous "Woodpecker" tapestry woven on the high-warp loom that had almost fallen into disuse until he revived it. This is the best place to trace his development as a craftsman and to see the incredible range of techniques he mastered.

It was not enough for him to invent patterns as a painter might. He had to know exactly how a visual idea could be embodied in its appropriate medium. In this he was following Ruskin's precept, "It would be well if all of us were good handicraftsmen in some kind, and the dishonour of manual labour done away with altogether. In each several profession, no master should be too proud to do its hardest work." Morris delighted in hard manual work-even as a schoolboy one of his contemporaries remarked on his restless fingers that had always to be handling something-the first and finest exponent of the Do-It-Yourself philosophy.

Morris was driven towards his ideal of the medieval guild craftsman by his disgust with the products of the new industrial age. He called them "encumbering gew-gaws" and said, "Shoddy is king. From the statesman to the shoemaker, all is shoddy." Walter Crane, in his reminiscences, characterized the aims of Morris and his firm as "a revival of the medieval spirit (not the letter) in design; a return to sim-

plicity, to sincerity; to good materials and sound workmanship; to rich and suggestive surface decoration, and simple constructive forms". These are indeed the qualities that give Morris's work such appeal today. Crane has an amusing description of the prevailing Frenchified taste of the period that so disgusted Morris: "the vapid splendours of imperial saloons"; "furniture afflicted with curvature of the spine, dreary lumps of bronze and ormulu reposing on marble slabs at every opportunity . . while every species of design debauchery is indulged in upon carpets, curtains, chintzes and wallpapers".

Morris's first opportunity to create a house entirely to his own taste came with his marriage in 1859 to Jane Burden. The idea of creating a house from scratch, inside and out, had immense appeal. Here he could try out his ideas about simplicity and good craftsmanship with the help of his close friends Philip Webb, Burne-Jones and Rossetti. Red House, at Upton in Kent, is the only modern house Morris ever lived in. His contemporaries, unused to raw, red brick without a covering of stucco, saw it as startlingly, even weirdly, modern. To our eyes its traditional aspect is striking with its steep-tiled roofs and the decorative use of brick harking back to

3





Above left, the White Room, Kelsmcott Manor. Morris revived the taste for white-painted walls and decorative tiled fire-places. Above right, the Tapestry Room at Kelmscott Manor still contains the old, faded tapestries that Morris came upon when he first visited the Elizabethan manor house, his "heaven on earth", near Lechlade in Oxfordshire in 1871.



Left, William Morris's first married home the Red House, Upton in Kent, was built for him by Philip Webb in 1859. Its simple, solid exterior, considered weirdly modern by his contempories unused to the sight of raw, red brick, concealed an ornate interior, richly decorated by Morris, Webb, Burne-Jones and Rossetti. Above, *The blue silk dress*. William Morris's wife, Jane, was 26 and deeply involved with Rossetti when he painted this portrait of her.

the old farmhouse style. Morris and Webb were consciously trying to recreate a true English vernacular. Red House was Webb's first independent commission as an architect and he left the firm of G. E. Street to work on it. The original drawings are now in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Can we hold Morris and Webb responsible for all the red-brick suburban villas that sprang up over the next half-century? The suburb of Bexleyheath which now surrounds Red House is full of them, quite covering over the open countryside which had attracted Morris to build there, but Red House itself, unlike its derivatives, has a charmingly medieval flavour, a solid, well-proportioned house, slightly churchy, with appealing romantic touches

such as the weather vane bearing Morris's initials and a horse's head from the family coat of arms; the conical-roofed well in the courtyard; the tiled porch with his motto *Si je puis* now sadly faded; and the small glass panes in the corridor painted with delightful birds and flowers.

The house is privately owned but Mr and Mrs Hollamby allow people to visit by appointment during the first weekend in every month. Write to them enclosing a stamped addressed envelope. They have tried to restore the house wherever possible to its original state and some of Morris's massive settles are still there. Morris wanted the upstairs drawing room to be the most beautiful in England, but even when he left in 1865 the decoration was still unfinished. Only three of Burne-Jones's tempera frescoes remain-scenes from a medieval romance, with Jane and William as the chief characters-but the richness and delicacy of their colouring show how extraordinary the room must have been.

One of the most surprising features of Red House is the arched roof over the staircase, entirely painted in a blue and green scalloped design. Friends lovingly contributed to the back-breaking work of painting these ceilings, into whose plaster Morris had pricked out the design for the benefit of the less skilled. "O the joy of those Saturdays to Mondays at Red House", one of these friends wrote, "the getting out at Abbey Wood Station and smelling the sweet air, and then the scrambling, swinging drive of 3 miles or so to the house; and the beautiful roomy place where we seemed to be coming home . . . No protestations—only the certainty of contentment in each other's society. We laughed because we were happy.'

Why in the midst of all this happiness did Morris leave Red House? A combination of misfortunes forced the decision.

He had been seriously ill with rheumatic fever and could no longer travel easily up and down to his work place in Red Lion Square, Bloomsbury, Burne-Jones, who had been planning to build a wing on to the house for his own family, decided against it, also for reasons of health. When he heard this Morris wrote, "As to our palace of art, I confess your letter was a blow to me at first, though hardly an unexpected one: in short I cried ... "The final decision to sell was an agonizing one. He had to abandon much of the furniture, which was too large to move, and, of course, all the wall paintings. But, even more, he had to abandon a romantic ideal and move away from what, in retrospect, turned out to have been the happiest time of his married life. He left in the autumn of 1865 and never set eyes on Red House again. To go back would have been too painful.

Red House is a landmark in the history of interior design because it was the experience of working on it that gave Morris the idea of starting a firm. Besides, the income from Devon Great Consuls was going down. Morris, Marshall, Faulkner & Co, later to become Morris & Co, was founded in 1861 and it was from that date that Morris's ideas on decoration began to influence public taste. The National Trust owns two superb Victorian houses, Wightwick Manor near Wolverhampton and Standen near Haywards Heath in Sussex, where the work of the firm at its most sumptuous can be seen. In 1887 Morris's reputation was such that he was asked to design a wallpaper for Balmoral Castle. Ironically, this accolade from the Establishment came at the time of his deep involvement with socialism. While his firm was pandering to what he called "the swinish luxury of the rich", he was lecturing about the importance of art for

the people, denouncing capitalism in such talks as "Art, Wealth and Riches", and being arrested for his part in demonstrations. "Apart from my desire to produce beautiful things," he said, "the leading passion of my life is hatred of modern civilization." He wrote about his deal society most eloquently in News from Nowhere and its frontispiece shows the house to which, after the loss of Red House, he gave his affection, Kelmscott Manor near Lechlade, in Oxfordshire.

When he gave up Red House it seemed sensible to move to premises in central London large enough to house both family and work. He chose Queen Square, Bloomsbury, again a house that has since been demolished. But the strain of living over the shop all year round became too much for Jane and by 1871 he wrote to a friend, "I have been looking about for a house for the wife and kids, and whither do you guess my eye is turned now? Kelmscott ... a heaven on earth." It had belonged to the same family since it was built 300 years before in the traditional style he admired most. "The roofs are covered with the beautiful stone slates of the district, the most lovely covering which a roof can have especially when they are 'sized down', the smaller ones to the top and the bigger ones towards the eaves, which gives one the same sort of pleasure in their orderly beauty as a fish's scales or a bird's feathers.'

He immediately took Jane to see it, together with Rossetti with whom she was by then deeply entangled. One of his motives in renting the house on a joint tenancy may have been to make their involvement less of a strain. Rossetti's health was suffering. In his attitude to marriage, as to so much else. Morris was far ahead of his time in regarding husband and wife as "free people". He followed his principles



Morris's dream houses

with nobility, trying to continue his friendship with Rossetti in spite of the pain he was causing him. Their styles of life were incompatible: Rossetti, the victim of laudanum, self-obsessed, unhealthy, getting up late; Morris energetic and ebullient, rising at 6 am. For a while Rossetti spoilt Kelmscott Manor for him. "Rossetti has set himself down at Kelmscott as if he never meant to go away," he wrote to one of his confidants, "and not only does that keep me away from that harbour of refuge (because it is really a farce our meeting when we can help it) but also he has all sorts of ways so unsympathetic with the sweet simple old place, that I feel his presence there as a kind of slur on it . . . O how I long to keep the world from narrowing on me, and to look at things, bigly and kindly." Only when Rossetti finally stopped going there did Kelmscott become his haven.

Never a comfortable place to live in-cold, draughty, sometimes flooded, with one cold water tap and an outside lavatory-to Morris it was enchanting and it remains so today, remarkably unchanged. From the windows you look out on to the old stone walls of the garden, overhung with roses as it was in his time. The day I went there elderflowers dotted the fields beyond and in the misty rain by the river willows were blowing in the wind. He described it in News from Nowhere as "a house that I love; with a reasonable love I think: for though my words may give you no idea of any special charm about it, yet I assure you that the charm is there; so much has the old house grown up out of the soil and the lives of those that live on it."

The Society of Antiquaries, who own it, have lovingly restored the fabric, inside and out. It is open on the first Wednesday in the months from April to September or by special appointment with the curator. I wish it could be opened all through the year. Though the furnishings are not exactly the same as when Morris lived there it is full of things associated with him and his family: the old faded tapestries he found when he first came to the house; the blue serge hangings from Red House-Jane's first attempts at embroidery which Morris and she taught themselves by unpicking old work to see how it was done; her exquisite jewel casket painted by Rossetti and Lizzie Siddall. Wilfred Scawen Blunt, the explorer and writer, Jane's lover long after Rossetti, describes how she slept alone at the end of a short passage at the head of the staircase with Morris's bedroom across the landing. The floorboards creaked but "to me such midnight perils have always been attractive". Rossetti, dead for seven vears, seemed to Blunt a constant presence "for it was there that he and Janey had had their time of love some 14 years before and I came to identify myself with him as his admirer and successor."

The rooms are filled with fascinating

things, culminating in the delicate pencil sketch by Charles Fairfax-Murray of Morris on his death bed. The contents of the house will form the basis of a major exhibition to be mounted by the Surrey College of Art and Design at Farnham from November 4 to December 4 with the idea of making them accessible to a wider public, since the house itself can hold only a limited number of people.

The future of Kelmscott Manor seems now to be secure. That of Kelmscott House, his last London home on the Upper Mall at Hammersmith, is not. The William Morris Society, to whom it was left, want to make it a centre for Morris studies. With their world-wide membership and their programme of meetings, talks and exhibitions based on the ever-increasing interest in Morris both as designer and thinker they badly need such a place. But the Trustees who administer it are considering selling a 50 year lease to a private buyer who would repair the building. This drastic step might result in the severance of the last links the house has with Morris, so the Society are urgently looking for a tenant for the upper floors only while making an appeal for funds to restore the house. Meanwhile it cannot be visited.

Though he was not over-enthusiastic about it at first, Morris saw that he could make the long drawing room on the first floor into one of the prettiest in London and he grew to love it. He built a tapestry loom in his bedroom so that he could weave early in the morning and in the adjoining coach house some of the beautiful Hammersmith rugs were made, weavers later giving way to the meetings of the Hammersmith Socialists to which Bernard Shaw went. In his recollections of Morris he writes about "the extraordinary discrimination at work in this magical house".- Here Morris put into practice his own prescription for perfection: "Have nothing in your houses that you do not know to be useful or believe to be beautiful." His daughter, May, described his own study as "almost frugally bare; no carpets, no curtains; his writing table a plain deal board and trestles, the walls nearly lined with books."

It was here that Morris died in 1896 at the age of 62. "I have no hesitation in saying that he died a victim to his enthusiasm for spreading the principles of Socialism," said one doctor. But another disagreed. "The disease is simply being William Morris, and having done more work than most 10 men." He is the nearest we have to an English Leonardo da Vinci. Almost his last words were "I want to get mumbojumbo out of the world." Unfortunately many of the things he so hated about his own time are still with us-gimcrack gew-gaws galore, alienated, meaningless work for many people, exploitation. The economic basis of our society is still the same. Morris's utopia was unattainable in his own time, perhaps in any, but he gives us a fine vision through his art and his writing of what it might be, and to visit the houses that celebrate his genius is an inspiration we need in these utilitarian times

THE COUNTIES

Frank Keating's

GLOUCESTERSHIRE

Photographs by Lucinda Lambton



I daresay each of us has a particular place with a remembered "feel" so vivid that it stirs the very beginnings of our consciousness. It is a remembrance that never goes away. It does not have to be a sumptuous secret garden; it could be a copse where you first heard the scrunch of boots on leaves, or a hillock out of which grew your first rainbow, or a deserted, tumbledown building which you felt, and still insist, nobody living knew but you. Whatever it is, it is the place to which, for no explicable reason, your adult mind darts back when you think of your first seasons of childhood.

Mine is a weatherbeaten, bottomshined, thin-slatted iron bench that stands under an unfamous oak tree in which Charles II never hid. It is threequarters of the way up a nondescript hill above Stonehouse in Gloucestershire. A family walk for us (unless the cowslips were waving in the water meadows down by the old neglected, green-slimed canal where we caught tiddlers in muslin flour bags and where sad, mad, old ladies committed suicide in Sunday

Stanway House, in the Cotswold village of the same name, has Elizabethan origins.

hats) was invariably up the sharpest side of Doverow Hill. The bench was no more than a half-way house to pant for a minute or two, to exalt in the steepness of the climb. There was no dedication attached to the seat from either patron or parish council. It never occurred to me to ask who put it there, but somebody must have, an unknowing genius.

Well past our bedtime it was the place where lovers learned their ropes, where knees were first touched and lips first puckered ("Gerroff! Or I'll tell our Mum!"). For us it was the saloon outside which we tied our imaginary horses after playing the sheriff's posse; or the place to examine, blue-fingered, which of us that day had basketed the most blackberries to sell to the Severn Valley Jam Factory; or to hold up in triumph and with nail-bitten, filthy fingers the most delicate bird's egg. In winter you pushed off from the bench with your gumboots to get a decent toboggan start. On Sundays it was the place to watch with wonder the Home Guard run around with rifles and with hedgerows in their helmets like Macduff's Birnam braves. It was the place to sit and smoke our illicit Craven A ("For Your Throat's Sake"!) for from that vantage we could see a grown-up coming.

The last time I was there a small, trim housing estate had encroached on the nursery slopes. But the bench was still there. Now, in middling age, eyes are wide-angled, horizons broader: the world, ah! dearie me, is confined no more inside just the rim of this small hill. Now I realize that had we children needed to look up as we gambolled we could have seen two-thirds of all Gloucestershire. And more. Dead ahead, far beyond the lovingly restored Stroudwater canal, is plump May Hill, topped with its little toothbrush moustache of trees, and beyond it lie the orange soil and steers of Hereford. To the left, the glinting slash of Severn winks in the sunlight in front of the Forest dark of Dean, and behind those Grimm, but much loved, woods, the blue-Black Mountains of Wales scrawl across the skyline.

On a clear day we could have seen forever—well almost; and farther south-west, through that gap between Frocester and ancient Uley Bury, squats Dursley, and beyond it, Bristol, which some men in suits and collars and ties say is not in Gloucestershire now but in Avon. How daft can you get! Why, it's still where "Glorse" plays cricket, innit? An' that's good enough for I.

It was from this iron seat of learning up Doverow Hill that our next-door neighbour, Jean Pearce, swore blind and crossed her heart that she had seen Bristol burn one night in the wartime blitz when all the rest of England was wearing blackout blinds. Swing back to the right today and a friendly city haze of smoke umbrellas over Gloucester, and right in the middle there pokes up the Norman tower of mellow perfection made of Painswick stone; eyes farther round and you can see the even

Gloucestershire

more ancient, sea-monster humps of the Malvern Hills of Worcestershire.

you nut a tracing of a Union Jack on a map of Gloucestershire, the very crossroads of St George-from, say, Tewkesbury in the north to Chipping Sodbury and from St Briavels in the west to Lechlade-meet, as near as dammit, on my old bench on Doverow. The very heart of Gloucestershire!

Behind, eastwards up the hill and on the same ancient track where homesick deadpan, past cringing, sack-clothed miles through Randwick and into Stroud, a jaunty jumble of a hillside town, once noted as England's centre of the broadcloth industry. In the last century there were over 150 mill factories here. Now they make green baize for billiard tables and white baize for tennis soring a thousand-and-one other tiny industries from combs to knitting needles.

Stroud parish has a census population of only 20,000, but it serves as social centre to 34,000 other folk who live in warm, employed content in the villages speckled around the sides of its five glorious valleys. (Take the Britrail rattler from Swindon one day to get just saw my first film (Henry V). Its Cadena job was on the old Stroud News and I left when it was swallowed by up a Murdoch-like empire from Dursley, career-75 not out for the Stroud Stragglers v Painswick, Stroud, I think,

Apart from Stroud and its valleys, which some see anyway as a minor flowers here. "No peaks of power"

tinct Gloucestershires. You can see two dreamed of home from his prisoner-ofof them from my Doverow eyrie, which itself is plonked on the very foothills of "I will go climb my little hills to see the third. Deep in the west is The Forest. the Severn and the Wve; a place, we No Everest is here, no peaks of power used to be told, where adders slunk in Astonish men. But on the winding bluebell woods and witches brewed and giants bellowed; a place unvisited, but White in the frost time, blinding in serenely loved by those who live there; a place where, it is said, men can still and mine their own coal and ore. In Village and quarry, taverns and 1001 the county of Gloucester became a "shire" in the Kingdom of Mercia, and That saw Armada beacons set alight," drovers, the path rolls down a couple of the Forest of Dean "the King's hunting years of village life had just been topsyground for Royal chases"

At once, eastwards over the wide Severn, lies the plain where ancient And even in my two score years this Berkeley Castle guards the rich, lush vale of meadows and blossoms and growth in the various shades of greens and browns and vellows that take the the county's new local radio station). balls, and purple cloth for cardinals and farmers' fancy as the seasons come and New cottages are built, still in the lovely go and come again. Then the clay gives mellow stone of centuries, but where way to limestone and in a line as straight and strict as parading soldiers stand erect the proud hills with my dear and garage door. Once it was the adventure modest little Doverow kneeling bash- of a year to go to Gloucester to windowfully in the front row

The great rolling glories of the Cotswolds (which tip their hat occasionally to Oxford and Wiltshire, shepherds still whistle, don't choirs still Warwickshire and Worcester) are very have choir outings? Don't vicars still much Gloucestershire's. They can be bleak all right in the coffin-like days of midwinter when hedgerows are as stiff cafe was where I first took a girl to tea as corpses and only snowdrops smile. In Ah, the smell of a singeing hoof! I (and sandwiches, 9d extra). My first a dreamy summer's haze they can be remember that from boyhood when the perfection-though even then, most say, not quite as perfect as when spring Woolpack Inn in Stonehouse. They is silver-fresh or autumn gold.

> asked me the way to the Cotswold the Co-op bread van, Last year, walking Mountains! They are nothing to do with no yoghurt-fed Heidis picking wild-

> county on its own, there are three dis- wrote the poet Ivor Gurney when he

Severn and Malverns, May Hill's

many a tower

When I was born, by chance 1,000 turvey changed-when the infernal Musak and Newsak are piped almost into the very plumbing (Severn Sound is once a trellis-bower was made for roses. have accounts at London's Harrods.

Yet has it all totally vanished? Don't bowl lobs after tea, and doesn't the squire still stand upright at slip? And aren't there quite a few blacksmiths left? village smithy did his stuff behind the old were great, patient, plodding Dobbins An American in Cheltenham once with hairy ankles and they used to pull

mountains; no men with ropes or picks. Right, the stables of Berkelev Castle. where Edward II was murdered in 1327, Below, Toddington church.









Lodge Park, Sherborne was built in the 17th century as a grandstand for watching deer-coursing. Above left, in the grounds of Stanway House is a pyramid from which a waterfall flowed. Left, the spire of St Mary's, Painswick and some of its 99 clipped yews.

near Chipping Sodbury (we Stroudites ever referred to it as Soddin' Chipbury) I was led by the nose when I got the whiff again and, wearing the grin of a Bisto kid, I watched three smiths at work alongside three flanks, and each astride

the fetlock of a sleek, liveried hunter. That is horsey country. Sodbury is near Badminton, the Duke of Beaufort's sensational Palladian pile. In a little over 30 years Badminton has become as much a proper noun as the name of the game which was "invented" one wet afternoon in the 1860s by two great aunts of the present Duke in the mansion's entrance hall. Badminton means the Three-Day horse Event which, typically British, actually lasts four 1949, when Uncle John and I cycled to it up the long hill from Nailsworth. The jamboree had been dreamed up by the present Duke (who is now over 80 and has been called simply "Master" in these parts since he was a boy) during the showjumping at the 1948 Olympic Games, His friend, Colonel Trevor Horn, helped to organize. His first "office" was the piano top in the music room. The owner of the village shop typed the first entry forms. The Colonel spent the previous winter riding over ploughed fields with a mileometer on his bike. Within a year they had set up an institution. Many folk the world over, with straw in their hair and bow legs in jodhnurs, may not have a clue where Gloucestershire is but they all know what Badminton means.

Horse. She has not missed many Badmintons. Her son-in-law is the present champion. Gloucestershire could ***



Gloucestershire

indeed almost be called a County By Royal Appointment these days. Princess Anne and her husband farm and breed horses at Gatcombe Park, near Minchinhampton, only a brisk morning's gallop from the mansion her brother recently bought for his bride.

The first monarch to enjoy regularly the charms of Gloucestershire—apart from Canute in the Forest's royal hunting grounds, or Edward III who granted separate county status to Bristol in 1373—was "Farmer" George III, who made his first summer visit to take the waters at Cheltenham in 1788, organizing first an Act of Parliament "to pave and make more commodious the London road from Northleach".

Before 1716 Cheltenham had been a small market town with a population of about 1.500. Then it was noticed that pigeons were pecking at the saline deposits from a mineral spring. By the end of that century the town had mushroomed into one of the grandest spas in Europe, with the waters "especially rewarding for sufferers of liver and digestive complaint." On the King's first "walkabout" down Well Walk on July 12, 1788, the local wag remarked, "the people took their hats off as he passed and how surprised were folk to see that the King was only a man".

George loved Stroud and Painswick, and he stayed nights at Rodborough and Woodchester. One evening he went to Tewkesbury to see one of his son's lovers, Mrs Jordan, act in *She Would And She Would Not* at the theatre there. He was, apparently, not unimpressed by her charms himself. He attended the Three Choirs festival in Gloucester Cathedral, an annual choral binge held, in turn, also at Worcester and Hereford.

Another horseman, however, did not take to Gloucestershire at all. William Cobbett, rural rider and writer, went to the Three Choirs festival at Gloucester 34 years after King George. Listen to this: "Scandalous and beastly . . . those who founded the Cathedrals never dreamed that they would have been put to such uses as this ... made use of as opera houses! ... these assemblages of player-folks, half-rogues and halffools..." The scribbling jockey quite liked Tewkesbury, "a good, substantial town", but, dearie me, Cheltenham's watering hole he found "a place to which East India plunderers, West India floggers, English tax gorgers, together with gluttons, drunkards and debauchees of all description, female as well as male, resort, at the suggestion of silently laughing quacks, in the hope of getting rid of the bodily consequence of their manifold sins ... When I enter a place like this, I always feel disposed to squeeze up my nose with my fingers".

Gloucester is now a sprawling, even ugly, workaday city, a plain fact which makes its jewel shine out more brightly from Cathedral Close. To me as a sacrilegious schoolboy, the "real" cathedral was at Kingsholm, the rugby union ground where the cherry-and-whites played. There are not many places



Gloucestershire
Area
652,247 acres

Population 497,100

Main towns

Gloucester, Cheltenham, Stroud, Tewkesbury, Cirencester

Main industries

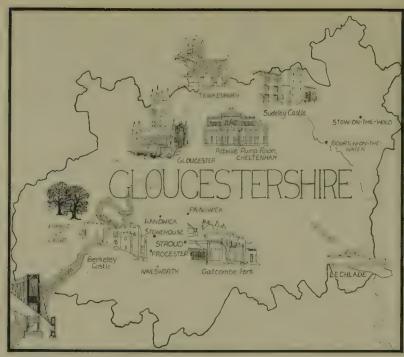
Engineering, food production, brewing, agriculture, tourism.



Suffolk Square is typical of Regency building in the spa town of Cheltenham.

round the world that match the atmosphere in the city on the day of a big match. The burr and buzz of it represents my first memory in sport, my small hand enveloped in my father's as the auctioneers at the old Saturday morning cattle market (it is the bus station now) gabbled at even more than nineteen-to-the-dozen so as to shut up shop in time for "the game" at Kingsholm. Bill Hook was my first rugby hero, a full-back who played for England. He had a Brylcreemed middle parting, crisp white slicing jet black hair, as if it had been painted on each morning by a meticulous sign writer. One winter in the early 1950s I would spend hours staring at him through the window of his sports shop. But when England played Wales the whole county did not know where to look for weeks because Bill twice missed the flying scarlet sprinter, Jones, at Twickenham.

Cheltenham is still a spa town. It has high spires and is wide and handsome. It fancies itself (or rather, its Public Relations Officer does) as the Queen of the Cotswolds, but that to me will always be Cirencester of the warm and



cosy, untrying elegance and the glorious medieval parish church. Cheltenham to me was always "the cricket". Three times a year Bristol used to allow the county to play on the college ground in August. What summers! We would catch the Western National from Stonehouse soon after dawn. A queue outside Woolworth's for Cheltenham bus, then over the top past Painswick's 99 yews and mystery churchyard. At Prinknash we would crane to see if the monks were making pots and wonder how they were doing at building their own great abbey church. Then we would roll down the hill to Chelt, clutching our mum's sandwiches in greaseproof paper and forecasting what deeds would be done that day by our litany of saints: Tom Goddard, who kept a furniture shop in Gloucester, and only four men in the history of the game took more than his 2,979 wickets; his shy apprentice in wiles and guiles, Sam Cook, the Tetbury plumber; the "Siren" fishmonger, Charlie Barnett, who could hit like fury; George Emmett, with the feet of Astaire and the whipcord wrists; his solemn partner, Jack Crapp, a left-handed Buster Keaton; Andy Wilson, tiny-tot stumper who became the Farmers' Union organizer out towards the Forest; George Lambert, sleek of hair and action; and his new-ball mucker, Scott, a great trier who used to work at the Co-op; Graveney, the nonpareil; and our bestest favourite, a tubby ball of fun who was a Gloucester printing apprentice, the one and only Bomber Wells.

New urchins have their heroes now, to be sure, but somehow I know they can only love them with such youthful fibres as we did if they pretend, say, that Proctor comes from Painswick, Sadiq from Stroud, and Zaheer from, well, Zoirencester. It cannot be the same when you know that your men come from Natal, Karachi and Lahore!

One of our bats in those days was the dependable Billy Neale, a farmer from Thornbury way. Apparently, he was the only one to understand the moods and depressions of the Emperor Wally

Hammond. They had been pals at Cirencester grammar school. Wally would mooch and brood around Billy's orchards at Breadstone Farm. That was not far away from the orchard where, a century before, Mrs Grace, a doctor's wife, taught cricket to her sons and one became the very colossus of the game and, though ever a Downend country doctor, introduced it to the world.

Another eminent Victorian left his mark on Gloucestershire. Isambard Kingdom Brunel opened up the west when he built his famous "billiard table" railway line from London (it is, to all intents, dead level for 85 miles from Paddington). The great terminus at Bristol Temple Meads and the magnificently zany Clifton Suspension Bridge remain monuments to his memory. Everything overlaps. When Brunel died in 1859, W. G. Grace was 11. The other day I came across a letter from Brunel written in the last year of his life. He was trying to persuade a Mr C. Richardson to become his engineer on his final project, the line north from Bristol through Ashley Down and Patchway. He offered £300 a year, rising to £450, and he wrote as bait: "... the country immediately north of the city I should think a delightful one to live inbeautiful country-good society near Bristol, Clifton etc-I can't vouch for any cricketing, but I should think it highly probable...

It was. He took the job and the 11year-old WG more than likely watched Mr Richardson build his line; when he was not cricketing in his orchard, that is.

Only a mile or two away now is that breathtaking modern span of which Brunel would have mightily approved, the wondrous Severn Bridge. Mr Richardson's railway line runs on to Gloucester and just outside Stonehouse it is joined by the line from Stroud and Swindon. And alongside that railway now, in a kaleidoscope of sprayed-on colours, cars and lorries skim by on the great M5 motorway conveyor belt to north and south—and everywhere.

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and capturing their many moods and poses.

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Hot spots of the deep

by Keith Hindley

On the ice-cold floor of the Pacific Ocean communities of strange creatures, nourished by geysers of mineral-rich hot water issuing from beneath the Earth's crust, have been discovered by a team of American scientists.



The giant Pacific tube worm is strangely adapted to its environment. It lives in a tough but flexible tube made from a series of chambers, has no eyes, mouth or gut but a mass of red tentacles on its long, soft body that absorb food and oxygen.

A mile and a half below the surface of the Pacific Ocean a bizarre sea-bed environment has been created by heat leaking up through the sea's network of mid-ocean ridges. This dark, ice-cold world, rich in poisonous sulphur compounds, should be inimical to life. Yet last year, in the most significant deep-sea discoveries since the 1960s, an international team of scientists found unknown and strange living creatures bathing there in the warmth of hot geysers while all around mounds of rich mineral deposits blanketed the sea-floor.

The discoveries were made by teams aboard the three-man submersible Alvin, operated by the Wood's Hole Oceanographic Institution from the United States. The expeditions were designed to examine the heat flow from mid-ocean ridges and look for hot spots where the newly created hot volcanic rocks come close to the surface. Alvin carried a professional pilot and two scientists on its 10-hour dives, during which about eight hours were actually spent probing about over the ocean ridge. A mile to either side of each ridge is normal sea-floor covered with mud and sand but this layer thins towards the ridge itself. There the spotlights from Alvin revealed only bare volcanic lavas in jumbled mounds of yard-wide pillows, flat sheets and ropey slabs. This thinning confirms that rock is slowly being extruded at the ridge and is spreading outwards to either side, gaining a sandy coating as the years pass. The spreading rate is small, usually an inch or two a year, but the movement is inexorable. It provides the driving force which makes continents drift, creates mountain ranges as continents collide, and shapes the surface of the Earth.

Dives near the Galapagos Islands in 1977 and 1978 had revealed small vents of luke-warm water, the first signs of hot-spot activity, but none of the scientists was prepared for the sight which confronted them last year at a ridge 250 miles off the coast of Mexico. There the normally bleak lava land-scape was interrupted by a long sequence of "chimneys", 6 to 15 feet high, throwing out huge plumes of what appeared to be black smoke. The overall impression was of a smoky industrial scene of the 1930s. The plumes rose for more than 50 feet before settling on to 70 foot high mounds of dust around the chimneys.

Geologist Robert Ballard of the Institution, one of the scientists on board, immediately recognized the plumes as fountains of mineral-rich hot water, but on a scale never imagined. As this hot water chilled on mixing with the surrounding ice-cold sea-water, its load of minerals was dumped to form the fine dusty plumes. The accumulated mineral mounds showed intermixed areas and layers of dark green, yellow, orange, red and brown metal sulphides. The Alvin crew had come face to face with what no geologist had ever seen before—the birth of the Earth's mineral wealth.

The water near the "black smokers", as the *Alvin* crew christened the hot geysers, is much warmer than the normally

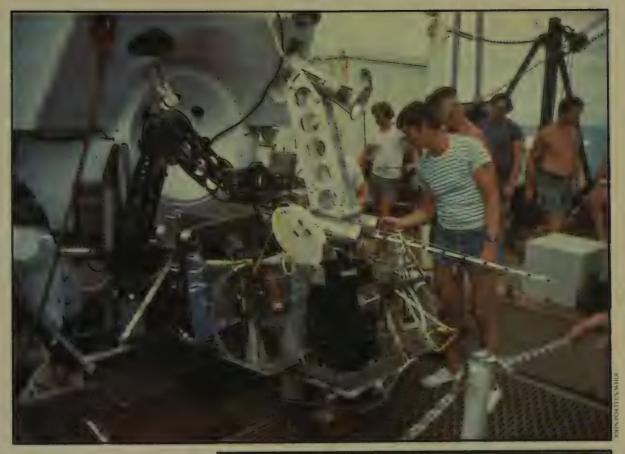
ice-cold bottom water and this warm zone provided a second shock. Around the plumes, bathing in their warmth, were incredibly densely packed communities of living creatures. On the normally unpopulated deep sea-floor, at a pressure of nearly 20 tonnes per square foot, a complex chain of life luxuriates. Rocks are crammed with limpets, mussels and clams, interspersed with worms ranging in size from small serpulids to long spaghetti-like acorn worms and huge fields of giant tube worms swaying gently in the current from Alvin's manoeuvring fans. Closer inspection revealed sea cucumbers and incredible dandelion-like creatures never seen before. This swarming population is topped off with several species of crab and fish.

The creatures in these communities more closely resemble shallow-water rather than deep-sea species but they are all weirdly adapted to their strange environment, especially the tube-worms. According to Dr Meredith Jones, a staff zoologist at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, DC, "These giant worms are without any precedent in the whole animal kingdom. The adjectives 'simple' and 'normal' drop out of your vocabulary when you look at these beasts. They have a long, soft, pink body topped with brilliant red tentacles and have no eyes, mouth or gut. They live inside circular tubes rather like plastic detergent bottles which can grow to a length of 10 feet or more. The tube is flexible but tough and is made from a series of chambers. The worm inhabits only the newer portions, sealing off the older ones behind it.'

The tentacles carried by these giants are a remarkably efficient system for gathering food and oxygen. They carry blood with a haemoglobin moleculethe oxygen-carrying system—which is 50 times larger than that in man. This huge structure may well double as both oxygen carrier and sulphur detoxifier. Just as fascinating are the delicate sea "dandelions" found around several sulphur-poor vents. These disintegrate at a touch and only after many tries did the diving teams manage to get a reasonably intact specimen to the laboratory on board Alvin's mother ship Lulu. Study there showed the creature to be a colonial jellyfish, a community of individuals filtering unknown food.

The shellfish all show characteristics which are tantalizingly similar to some known species but with sufficient differences to defy easy classification. No sunlight reaches the geyser communities so body pigmentation offers no camouflage advantage and eyes become quite redundant. As a result the crabs and fish lack eyes and their white shells and pink flesh stood out starkly under Alvin's spotlights.

The massed creatures extend only just as far as the warming influence of the hot geysers; a few feet beyond is normal, cold, lifeless sea-bed. But what does this complex food chain live on? How is such a varied group of life-forms nourished? The answer comes from the geyser water itself. Around the vents the



Top, preparing Alvin for a Pacific ridge dive; attached to the nose of the three-man submersible are stereo cameras, spotlights and a temperature probe. Right, on the normally unpopulated sea floor, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles down, a new form of sea cucumber shares rock space with clams and worms. Below, lava boulders strewn with large acorn worms.

water is a cloudy blue and the geologists expected it to be rich in fine sulphur powder. But the cloudiness is due not to sulphur but to a living soup thick with up to 10 million million bacteria in each gallon of water. Only two domestic baths-full would yield an incredible solid pound of bacteria.

The organisms get their energy from the dissolved hydrogen sulphide gas in the geyser water. They are of half a dozen different types, some with thin metallic or mineral shells, some without, some which grow only in the presence of oxygen, others only in its absence. All grow vigorously, deep within many of the hot vents. The biologists are delighted with these strange new cells. "It's one of the major finds of the decade," says John Baross of Oregon State University. "Here we have a unique group of bacteria that will keep scientists busy for years—the potential for new discovery is incredible. The most important find is that the bacteria reproduce in the vents at high temperatures. Many cannot grow at all in cold water.

Back in the laboratory at normal atmospheric pressure the bacteria can grow at up to 65°C and stay viable right up to just below the boiling point of water, 99°C. This ability to withstand heat is fascinating scientists.

An application for one bacterium has already been suggested. It could be used to mop up the waste hydrogen





Hot spots of the deep

sulphide produced in industrial processes, notably the refining of sulphurrich crude oil. The bacteria could then be fed to the clams and the clams could provide a useful human food source. One fascinating aspect of the bacteria is their likely similarity to the first primitive organisms that must have developed on Earth when the atmosphere lacked oxygen.

Many of the deep-sea life-forms feed directly on bacteria but are themselves eaten in turn by higher species, with the fish and crabs scavenging for decaying tissue and waste products. The remarkable thing is that these communities live on heat and chemical energy from within the Earth. They are the only selfcontained food-chains known to science which are not dependent on the Sun for either heat or light. Their existence raises the clear possibility that bacterial life could develop deep inside the giant planets such as Jupiter and Saturn at levels where internal heat could supply energy and chemical food. The vents and their communities have a brief lifespan of perhaps a decade or two. The Alvin explorations found many dead sites with clamshells slowly dissolving in the sea. Spores and eggs must be carried by bed currents to colonize new geyser sites as they arise and replace old sites which die out.

Early attempts to measure the temperature of the black smoker plumes resulted in melted probes. More resistant probes revealed temperatures of 310-370°C. The origin of this violent flow is the interaction between sea-water and molten magma a mile or two below the ocean ridge. The newly formed volcanic rocks are porous and the heated sea-water percolating downwards becomes very corrosive. It leaches out any soluble metals from the rocks and gushes to the surface to produce the geysers. The mounds of deposited mineral sulphides are rich in copper, cadmium, silver, zinc, iron, lead and

The scale of this mineralization has astonished geologists. From the areas of mid-ocean ridge studied so far, they estimate that well over 100,000 million gallons of sea-water are circulated daily through hot rocks in the Earth's mid-ocean ridges. This means that the equivalent of the world's oceans passes through geysers in just under eight million years or, put another way, the oceans have been circulated 500 times since they first formed on Earth.

For 25 years there have been theories that this kind of interaction between seawater and hot rocks probably produced nearly all the world's mineral deposits. Now *Alvin* has at last provided the direct proof that it really does happen. Eventually, as the sea-floor spreads away from the mid-ocean ridge, the vents clog up and mineral fall-out ceases. The deposits become covered in sediments. Under the action of pressure and heat over millions of years these are



Top, blistering hot mineralized water gushes out of a rift chimney producing a plume of metal sulphide dust at one of the east Pacific rise sites. Above, on the dusty seabed by a geyser serpulid worms, mussels, albino crabs and fish are nourished by bacteria.

turned into rocks with rich veins which may well become incorporated into one of the continents. After millions of years of movement, reheating and weathering they emerge at the Earth's surface.

The sea-floor deposits have explained some features of surface ore deposits that have puzzled geologists for decades. "For example," explains John Edmond of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, "at the bottom of sulphide deposits you often find big zones of exotic black ore with strange compositions. People have proposed all kinds of hypotheses about what these things are. But we've actually seen them on the Pacific floor from Alvin: they're toppled geyser chimneys. They grow

upwards until they become unstable or an earthquake topples them over."

These discoveries imply that the seabed is rich in buried powdered minerals—a new resource for the future if the deposits are large enough and can be found easily and equipment can be designed to work at these depths.

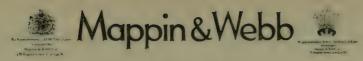
The mineral geysers have also solved a major problem in ocean chemistry. In the past it was assumed that river runoff was responsible for the chemical content of the seas. Unfortunately in the past 20 years, as measurements have become more accurate, the sums have simply failed to add up. John Edmond again explains: "The oceans have far too much manganese, for example, but not enough magnesium, to fit the total from river water. Discrepancies like this had become a real headache. Then the geysers were found. This new mineral source contains the right proportions of the various elements exactly to make up the difference. The sums all add up now. It's worth the years of research when the numbers finally come out exactly right."

These major new discoveries are the crowning achievement of 16 years of deep-sea research by *Alvin*. During this time the boat has made over 1,000 dives and carried hundreds of scientists on a trip of a lifetime—a chance to see in close-up the deep ocean world they have studied for years from the surface.

Alvin is owned by the US Navy, although its running costs are shared by the US National Science Foundation and the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration. The pilots are certified by the Navy and are the only repair men aboard during a trip. They have to be expert at dealing with any problems that arise. The boat carries a mass of sophisticated electronics which can, for example, locate the craft on the surface of the Earth to within a few

yards. If a major new site of interest is found, a different crew can easily return to the exact spot. The two scientists on each trip are trained in what to do if something should happen to the pilot. They undergo a pre-dive check, a 40minute familiarization period inside the submersible with the pilot before the dive. They learn where everything is, when to keep out of the pilot's way and how to operate the safety equipment. This also provides a chance to look for sweaty palms and sidelong glances at the hatch. "That's when we sort out the claustrophobics," says Jack Donnelly, the Alvin team manager. "We've never had to abort a dive because of nerves but we have had a few scientists decide during the pre-dive that their diving careers were going to end right there.

Currently Alvin is studying sediments in the Atlantic and Caribbean but a major new investigation of the Pacific ridge geysers and their strange communities is being planned for 1981 and 1982. Meanwhile, Robert Ballard has received an invitation to join a French expedition which is examining other areas of the ridge near Easter Island this year. They are using their own submersible, Cyana, and the new sites offer exciting possibilities. There seems to be a clear correlation between the rate at which the sea-floor spreads away from a ridge and the activity of mineral vents. Ballard comments, "At the Pacific Galapagos ridge, where the spreading rate is only 1 inch a year, we found luke-warm springs and small communities. At the east Pacific rise, which spreads at 2½ inches a year, we found chimneys, huge geysers of scalding water and large communities of life. This time, we dive over a part of the ridge which is spreading at over 7 inches a year and I for one can't wait to see what's happening there."



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could relish such pleasures.
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Open assessment

by Chris Plumridge

The author analyses the games and temperaments of the three golfers who, in his opinion, have the best chances of winning the British Open at Royal St George's, Kent, later this month.

Since Willie Park won the first British Open Championship in 1860 from an entry of eight, the event has evolved into the blue riband of world golf. No matter how many other championships he has won, a player cannot regard his record as complete until he has nailed the banner of "Open Champion" to his mast. In its 121-year history, the Open has produced many winners but only a scattering of them could be regarded as truly great champions and such are the quirks of fate that many of these revered players found themselves competing with each other in the same era. Thus it was that around the turn of the century three players, Harry Vardon, J. H. Taylor and James Braid, virtually took it in turns to win the Open. In the period 1894-1914 they won the title 16 times with Vardon winning on six occasions and Taylor and Braid five times apiece, such domination earning them the sobriquet of the Great Triumvirate.

When Vardon won his sixth title in 1914 the entry for the Championship had grown to 194 and it seemed unlikely that any other three players would ever enjoy such a protracted run of success. The next era, however, in the years 1920-39, saw another three players, Walter Hagen, Bobby Jones and Henry Cotton, win the title nine times between them although Cotton's two victories in 1934 and 1937 were well after the peaks of Hagen and Jones who won their seven between 1922 and 1930. Following the Second World War, Cotton added another victory in 1948 but this heralded in the Commonwealth era of Bobby Locke and Peter Thomson who in the years 1949 to 1958 won the Open four times each, with Thomson gaining three consecutive victories from 1954 to 1956. The year 1959 saw the first thrust from the next threesome as Gary Player took his first Open title, and as the golf explosion was detonated by Arnold Palmer in the early 1960s, these two were joined by Jack Nicklaus to be collectively billed as the Big Three, winning five Opens between them from 1959 to 1968. Now, with the entry for this year's Open at over 1,100 players, the Championship is firmly in the grip of what could be termed the Modern Triumvirate of Nicklaus, Lee Trevino and Tom Watson. Since 1970 these three have taken the Championship jug back to America seven times in 11 years, a remarkable spell of dominance considering the depth of ability existing not only in America but also throughout the rest of the world.

In assessing the prospects for this year's Open, it is hard to look beyond these three to produce the winner and even harder still to discriminate between them individually. The issue is further







The favourites: top, Jack Nicklaus, who has 17 major championship victories to his name; above, Tom Watson, the youngest of the trio, and Lee Trevino, the golfer the pundits said would never make a champion on account of his individualistic swing.

complicated by the fact that this year's course is one which has not seen an Open since 1949. Royal St George's in the south-east corner of England has the longest Open tradition of any of the English links courses, being the site of the first Open held outside Scotland in 1894. Since 1949, however, the Open grew to such an extent that the access roads to the course became unable to cope with the great influx of traffic. The construction of a new by-pass around the ancient town of Sandwich has alleviated this problem and now the course is ready to return to its former position of glory.

Although none of the Modern Triumvirate has played in an Open at St George's, Nicklaus and Watson both have competitive experience of the humps and hollows of the old links. While still an amateur and a member of the 1959 Walker Cup team, Nicklaus played in and won the St George's Challenge Cup, the club's premier amateur competition. This is hardly significant in the context of a major championship but Watson's performance in the 1977 British PGA Championship over the course has some bearing. Spain's Man-

uel Pinero won that title with a last round of 66 but Watson, having arrived from America the day before the event, started with a jet-lagged 78 and closed with a 66 to haul himself into third place and prove he could handle the alien conditions of British linksland golf.

But it would be unwise to attach too much importance to the course in defining the chances of Nicklaus, Watson and Trevino. All three have demonstrated that they are consummate players of all conditions, all three have shot-making abilities far in excess of the average competitor and all three have shown they have the temperament for the big occasion. In the history of championship golf it is doubtful if any player has the same degree of concentration as Nicklaus. This priceless asset has enabled him to win tournaments when his actual striking of the ball has been below its best.

Furthermore, Nicklaus has been able to bring this ability to bear when the stakes are at their highest, closing his mind to everything except the shot he is about to hit. His record of 17 major championship victories as a professional plus two US Amateur titles speaks for itself and yet, such is the man's grip on the game, when he fails to win another major title for a couple of years the talk soon raises the question "Is Nicklaus finished?". Everytime the vultures have gathered to pick over the corpse of Nicklaus's golf game, the body has shown a marked reluctance to be declared dead. The truth is that Nicklaus relishes the challenge of competition. He enjoyed dethroning Arnold Palmer in the 1960s and subsequently he has enjoyed picking up the gauntlets thrown down by Trevino, Johnny Miller and Watson. Each time he has taken up the challenge, motivated by the desire to show he is unarguably the best golfer in the world and also by his declared intention to set a record which nobody else can remotely approach.

Both Watson and Trevino lag well behind Nicklaus in major championship victories with five apiece, but in Watson Nicklaus has found a challenger who has an equal relish for the chase. Watson is 10 years younger than the other two and in his 10-year professional career has won more money than any other player in the same period. Last year he set a new money record for the American tour by becoming the first man to win over \$500,000 in a single season. More importantly, since Watson won his first major championship when he captured the 1975 Open Championship at Carnoustie, he has found himself in direct confrontation with Nicklaus for three other major victories. In the 1977 US Masters both men battled for the title over the closing holes before Watson drew ahead with a birdie on the 71st hole. Then in the summer of the same year the two of them staged a classic confrontation in the Open at Turnberry. Paired together for the final two rounds, Nicklaus and Watson slugged it out in the manner of two old prize-fighters, first one taking the lead and then the other. Such was the inspiration they gave each other that the third-placed man in the Championship finished 11 strokes behind Watson who again resisted the Nicklaus challenge to win by one stroke.

When two great players are constantly in contention it is always likely they will meet in direct battle for victory, but since 1977 they had avoided each other while adding to their lists of major championships. Nicklaus won the Open at St Andrews in 1978 with Watson well behind. Nicklaus won the US Open and the US PGA in 1980 and Watson was never a real factor in either, and last year Watson won his third Open with Nicklaus well in arrears. This April, though, they were at each other's throats again as they contested the US Masters. Again Watson was triumphant and further emphasized his claim as Nicklaus's natural successor. A psychology graduate of Stanford University, Watson certainly has the mental armour to cope with the pressures and there is a ruthlessness about his game which makes him appear to be clinically dissecting the course. While Nicklaus is motivated by a desire to create an impregnable record, Watson finds his stimulus from the pure striking of a golf ball. He has publicly stated that he would like to win tournaments striking every shot as perfectly as is possible, and although this is an unrealistic ideal it remains Watson's main driving force.

The career of Lee Trevino provides a much more colourful backdrop than those of Nicklaus and Watson. Here is a classic rags-to-riches story of a poor Mexican-American brought up in a shack in Dallas, learning his golf on a public short course and developing into the most gifted shotmaker in the game today. He first came into prominence when he finished fifth in the 1967 US Open, won by Nicklaus, but the pundits, on seeing his highly individualistic swing, ascertained that he would not make a champion. A year later Trevino forced them to eat their words as he won the US Open with four rounds each under 70 and set off on a dazzling career that has seen him win at least one tournament every year since. In one magical spell of 23 days in 1971 he won the Open Championships of America, Canada and Britain, an unparalleled performance.

By now Trevino was news wherever he went. His constant chatter and repartee with the spectators endeared him to the crowds, though not all his playing partners were so impressed, but he also had the ability to switch on the concentration when the stroke had to be played. In 1972 he won the Open again, perpetrating one of the great injustices of the Championships by holing out three times from off the green, the final chip-in coming on the 71st hole when it seemed that he had lost his chance to win and Tony Jacklin was poised to become champion. Trevino won the US PGA in 1974 but the following year, while playing in an event in Chicago, he was struck by lightning and nearly lost his life. As it was, he suffered severe back injuries which plague him to this day but his ability to manoeuvre a golf ball through the air remained unimpaired. Indeed, if anything, Trevino's shotmaking abilities have improved with the years and he now stands supreme as the man who can manipulate the ball in all conditions. This aspect of his game makes him a potential winner on courses where the fairways are narrow and the wind is constantly nagging at the swing—the type of courses where the Open Championship is staged. He has not won a major championship since 1974 but his record is still formidable and last year he enjoyed his most successful season in America, winning three times and earning \$385,000.

What drives Trevino is less easy to define than in the cases of Nicklaus and Watson. On the course Trevino is the

happy-go-lucky guy with a smile and a joke for everyone. These provide him with a diversion from the awful pressures of tournament golf. Once away from the glare of publicity he becomes an intensely private man, shutting himself away in his hotel room, ordering meals to be sent up and not emerging until it is time to prepare for the next round, when he appears once again with the ready quip. The scars of poverty have undoubtedly left their mark on Trevino and although he is now a wealthy man he cannot erase the memories of childhood. Unlike Nicklaus and Watson, whose upbringing was comfortably middle-class. Trevino's origins were as humble as can be imagined. His success may be based in the corny traditions of poor boy makes good but, in his case, they are probably the only valid reason for that success.

Thus the Modern Triumvirate will arrive at Royal St George's as clear favourites to add to their lists of major titles. Favourites, as any punter will tell you, do not always win and should a collective neurosis fall over the three prime contenders, who could step into the forefront? Many eyes will be focused on the dashing Severiano Ballesteros but his record in previous excursions on to Royal St George's is not good, and his dislike of the course may prove to be a psychological barrier he cannot overcome. Another man with an excellent chance is the wily Japanese, Isao Aoki, whose short-game abilities transcend the norm and whose record in the Open has been progressively impressive, culminating in a record 63 at Muirfield last year, a round of perfect symmetry as it contained nine fours and nine threes.

On the home front the main hopes will rest with Sandy Lyle and Nick Faldo. Here are two players with the necessary playing credentials but who have yet to experience the intense pressures of being in the thick of the battle for a major championship. At present Lyle seems unable to lift his game that extra notch that is required when the prize is great but Faldo, having enjoyed considerable success earlier in the year in America, could be a factor. He likes links courses and he likes St George's in particular for there last year he won the PGA Championship in fine style. Other claims to the title could be staked by Johnny Miller, who is enjoying a revival after four years in the wilderness, and Ben Crenshaw, whose record of nearmisses in major championships provides statistics he would love to alter.

Ultimately though, the canny money must go on Nicklaus or Trevino or Watson. They can each be numbered among the truly great Open Champions of this or any other era. The fact they are competing with each other in the same era is something they would not wish to change for it adds piquancy to the contest. It has always been thus and will continue to be so for the Open Championship provides a challenge that is as unique today as it was when it first began more than a century ago



Treasures of the East India trade

by Rex Cowan

In 1740 the Swedish East India Company ship *Svecia*, laden with a cargo of dyewood and Indian textiles, was wrecked off the Orkney island of North Ronaldsay. In 1975 a team of divers located her and have since found several relics of that now rare cargo.

During the 18th century the established East India Companies of England, Holland and France were forced to contend with a number of "cover" companies formed to exploit charters granted by weak or ambitious monarchs for trading with the East enabling them to use the personnel and expertise acquired by the large companies and to compete with them on unfair terms.

The most powerful of these interlopers was the Ostend Company, chartered by the Emperor of Austria in 1721 and run by renegade English, Irish and Scottish Jacobites. The Ostenders, knowing where the large profits were to be made, specialized in trading with China. In 1727, following pressure by the English and Dutch, the charter was suspended and four years later the company was wound up.

Colin Campbell, a wily Scot from Edinburgh, had fled to the Ostend Company from his creditors when the infamous South Sea Bubble in which he had invested burst. He served with the Ostend Company as a supercargo (official merchant) and sailed on voyages to China. Now without a livelihood he discovered the flabby King Frederick of Sweden, anxious to expand his country's Asiatic trade but without sufficient seamen and merchants with skill and experience in that area. Together with a Swede, Nicholas Sahlgren, and others, Campbell obtained a charter from Frederick and the new Swedish Company wasted no time in going to India and the East Indies.

The first journey in 1732 was to Canton to exploit the lucrative trade in tea and porcelain, bought with silver from Spain. Campbell, having become a naturalized Swedish citizen to avoid being arrested in the East by the English East India Company, was aboard the flagship as the first Swedish ambassador to China. The supercargoes were all Englishmen who had invested heavily in the expedition.

Like other small cover companies the Swedish Company had a short life, which ended in 1813. It operated only 38 ships and of 130 journeys started or completed 112 had as their principal destination China and 18 India. Relies of the Swedish East India Company's trade with India, and particularly those from homeward-bound ships, are rarely seen. The discovery of the Svecia,

wrecked on its return from Bengal off the remote Orkney island of North Ronaldsay in 1740, gives historians and archaeologists an opportunity to gather evidence of this little-known era of Swedish trade with Asia.

The Svecia was built near Stockholm in 1736 for the Swedish Company. She had already completed one journey to Canton in 1737-38 and was a ship of approximately 600 tons burthen, 127 feet long with a beam of 31 feet. Moderately well armed, she was pierced for 30 guns but probably carried 28, mainly six- or eight-pounders. She left Bengal during the late spring or early summer of 1740 with every spare inch of her hold filled to capacity with rich goods, the main bulk of her cargo comprising Indian textiles--silks, cottons, muslins and linen-together with several tons of saltpetre for gunpowder, and dyewood. Otherwise known as "Redwood" or "Saunders wood". dyewood is a dense Indian hardwood which when boiled with alcohol makes a rich red or vermilion dye. It was imported from the Coromandel Coast of India. A species of Pterocarpus, it was fashioned into billets about 4 feet long and weighing about 50 lb. Although fragments of this wood have been found in Spanish vessels wrecked off the North American coast, and in the Valentine wrecked off Guernsey in 1779, no complete billet has to my knowledge ever been discovered in a 20th-century shipwreck find.

After an armed clash between Swedish soldiers and the local nawab, the Svecia sailed out of the Bengal river with her First Officer Aget in command, the Captain and several of the crew having died of tropical illness aboard. On the high seas food and water ran short and they were forced to stop at the Portuguese African island of St Thoma off Guinea to reprovision. Disease broke out during the journey and the crew, who disliked the new Captain, were restive and mutinous. By the time the Svecia reached northern waters, having avoided privateers in the Channel by taking the route up the west coast of Britain, 44 of the original complement of 150 were dead.

The route the *Svecia* should have taken would have seen her in the channel between North Ronaldsay and Fair Isle. But she lost her bearings in a south-

westerly gale and found herself caught in a vicious tide rip between North Ronaldsay and the neighbouring island of Sanday. Having lost her anchors she was driven helplessly on to a dangerous line of submerged rocks known as the Reefdyke. There she sprung a leak in the bilge and the Captain ordered her masts to be cut down. For three days she stuck there impaled on the reef while the terrified sailors and passengers set about saving their own skins.

Contemporary letters record simply and without heroics the story of those four days. The longboat and yawl were launched full of men and subsequently swept away by the wind and tides. Only the longboat with 31 men, including the English Fifth Officer, survived, fetched up by some miracle on Fair Isle some 40 miles to the north. The Captain, principal officers, merchants and some crew, 30 in all, fashioned a raft from the wreckage and, heavily overladen with their chests of valuables, set off to make a landing in Linklet Bay, but the tide sucked the frail craft down off Kirk Taing. Island folklore still recounts the story of the raft passing so close to the shore that the islanders could see the sun glinting on the gold buttons of the officers' tunics and hear the cries for help, but "thay couldna help themand they died". The English ship's carpenter, William Brown, constructed another makeshift raft from the quarterdeck and he and 12 others of those who clung to it made the shore alive. Only 44 survived from the original 150 men who set sail.

News of the wreck spread quickly—in Scottish newspapers because of the large number of Scots mercenaries aboard and in the London papers due to the heavy burden of insurance carried by two marine insurance firms, the Royal Exchange Insurance and the London Assurance Company, which had underwritten (according to the records in the archives) substantial cover on the cargo and bottomry.

Attention was focused on salvaging the ship and cargo by the Earl of Morton who, as Admiral of Orkney and Shetland, was entitled to a share in the salvage. By this time the beaches of North Ronaldsay were strewn with bales of cloth and silk handkerchiefs piled as high as the houses, as the cargo was torn out of the battered remains of the vessel by the winter seas. Islanders were engaged to collect and dry the textiles, and divers from London and Shetland arrived with their diving barrels and instruments to "fish" for the ship's remains and cargo.

Meanwhile various agents and officials from the Earl of Morton, Customs, the Swedish Company and the insurers had gathered in Orkney to protect the valuable cargo from pillage. Wrangling, argument and law suits followed and continued at least until 1759.

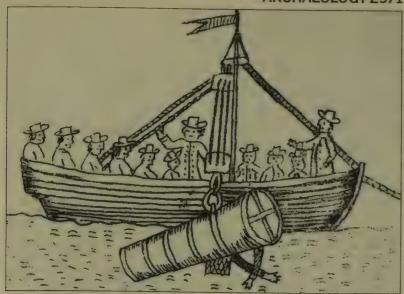
Although more than 200,000 yards of cloth were recovered for the owners and sent to Gothenburg for auction, the early divers, impeded by the strong

northerly tides and the rich growth of kelp, never managed to locate the main sections of the hull. The remains of the Svecia lay undisturbed until 1975, when a team of divers led by me, with Peter McBride as archaeological director, carried out an extensive search of the Reefdyke using a proton magnetometer. We located the wreck completely hidden and covered with 8 feet of kelp in 25 feet of water. In subsequent years, except 1977, teams under the diving leadership of Brian Ranner, an RAF diver, have surveyed, explored and excavated the visible parts of the site.

The seabed where the wreck lies is level and rocky with shallow, sand-filled depressions of an average depth of 2 feet. It is covered overall by boulders and small rubble over which the thick kelp has grown. One overriding factor affecting all work on the site is the prevailing northerly tide stream of up to 5 knots. At times work is possible only if the divers anchor themselves to features on the seabed. Constant vigilance is required from all surface attendants in the safety boat anchored downstream to assist divers who might be swept away.

Once the site was cleared and the covering screen of small rocks removed, the first cannon to be discovered were labelled and numbered and a datum line was laid to coincide with the axes of two large anchors. These lay on a low plateau about 3 feet above the rest of the main area of the site measuring roughly 35 feet square. During the first two years of survey 17 cannon were found and measured underwater by Peter McBride using special techniques of survey developed by him to establish the calibre of submerged cannon. Under the first iron cannon discovered were several billets or fragments of the dyewood cargo. On completion of the first survey 3 metre square rigid excavation grids were positioned, and controlled excavation with on-site recording began. A total of 26 cannon have been discovered to date. They appear from the survey to be three-, six- and eightpounders and to accord roughly with known cannon establishments for the Swedish Company ships of that size of the period. One eight-pounder was descaled in situ to verify the measurements and was found to bear the gunfounder's mark of Cai Borting from Fossum in Norway, an 18th-century gunmaker. The wreck area has been considerably extended by yearly exploration of the perimeters of the original site. The pre-disturbance surveys present a picture of puzzling complexity, evidencing an elaborate spread and break-up of the ship and hinting that many portions of the vessel and its contents remain undiscovered.

Each year the kelp growth returns and several days have to be spent relocating the site and harvesting the kelp. Immense winter storms frequently move surface debris over the site and, shorn of the protective thongs of the kelp, even a large anchor weighing over a ton has been moved several feet. The ARCHAEOLOGY 2971





amount of excavation carried out each year is therefore significantly reduced by the need for relocation and repreparation of the site plus additional exploration. The number of finds is relatively small, but nevertheless important.

Attached to a letter to Lord Morton from his deputy in Kirkwall is a swatch of "Flowr'd musline". Stained by seawater it was recovered contemporaneously from the wreck and is now in the Scottish Record Office. It is a significant archival discovery. Buried deep in the concretion at the centre of the area originally discovered, fragments of cloth have been recovered. These pieces have responded well to cleaning and conservation by the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich and have proved to be samples of the textile cargo-muslin, cotton and linen are present and the pieces are large enough for the colour and weave of the material to be clearly seen. Together with the piece in the archives they constitute a unique set of archaeological examples of the India trade.

Dyewood was cut in the forest of Coromandel in billets and often fashioned with a head or neck for dragging through the forest and storage in the ship's hold. Three complete billets have come up, together with several hundreds of pounds' weight of pieces and fragments. For hundreds of years pieces of dyewood have been washed up on the shores of North Ronaldsay, having rolled over the seabed during turbulent seas. The hardwood, still oozing red colour, can be seen made into plough handles and other tools needing a hardwearing wood. We have sawn some of

Diving barrels like this were used in early searches for the *Svecia*. Left, a Portuguese 20-reis coin from the wreek.

the wood to dust and, mixing it with alcohol (heated) and a mordant, have produced a natural, deep red dye as brilliant as an 18th-century equivalent.

Coins are an aid to dating a wreck, or verifying its origin and sometimes its nationality. Only seven copper coins have been found on the *Svecia*. They are all, with the exception of one Swedish coin, of Portuguese origin, either 10- or 20-reis pieces. One, dated 1693 from the reign of Peter II, was minted in Portuguese Africa—and the *Svecia* stopped at a Portuguese African island. The others carry the apt inscription "Pecunia Totum Circumuit Orbem" (Money encircles the world)—Portuguese money was an international currency. All are dated 1735.

It has been known for some time that from the beginning of Asiatic trading a thriving business existed in Indian Ocean shells. These were used as currency in some parts of the world and as ornaments in others. Many exotic Indian Ocean shells were found in the wreck of the White Lion, a Dutch East Indiaman which blew up off St Helena in 1612 on its homeward journey. One complete, and several fragments of, an Indian Ocean cowrie or Cypraea Linnaeus found on the Svecia suggests the Swedish Company plied this trade, too.

A considerable number of personal items, such as buttons (one gold from a tunic), Chinese blue and white porcelain shards from the early Yung Chêng period (1723-35), an ink-well and navigational dividers have been recovered, together with pieces of the ship's furniture, fittings, tools and fastenings-but these are items commonly found in shipwrecks. The importance of the Svecia's finds lies in the relics of its cargoeveryday commodities in the 18th century but rare items to be discovered in shipwrecks—and the remarkably documented historical connexion between the Scots and the Swedish Company. Further excavations will, it is hoped, reveal more to complete the picture of this backwater of 18th-century history

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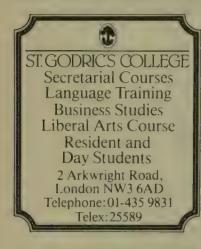
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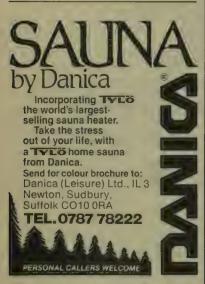


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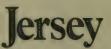


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Herschel commemorative

by Patrick Moore

If you go to Bath you will have no difficulty finding New King Street. Admittedly it lies in one of the less fashionable parts of the city and does not seem to be impressive, but one of the houses in its Georgian terrace—number 19—has an honoured place in the history of science. It was from here on March 13, 1781, that a then unknown amateur astronomer named William Herschel discovered a new planet, so doubling the size of the known Solar System.

Herschel was not looking for a new member of the Sun's family, and did not immediately recognize it even when he found it; he mistook it for a comet. It was only when the orbit was worked out that the immense significance of the new object was appreciated. Today we call it Uranus; it is a giant planet over 30,000 miles in diameter, moving far beyond the path of Saturn, the outermost of the planets known in ancient times. It takes 84 years to complete one journey round the Sun.

Friedrich Wilhelm Herschel was Hanoverian by birth. He came from a musical family and at 14 joined the Hanoverian Foot Guards as a bandsman. The Seven Years' War was raging; young Herschel spent some months in England, then united with Hanover under King George III, but returned to the Continent to take part in active service under the Duke of Cumberland. Military service did not appeal to Herschel; he had been under age when he joined the army and had never been formally enlisted, so he was able to obtain his release.

Herschel came back to England to try his luck at a musical career. He never returned to live in Hanover, and henceforth became "William" instead of Wilhelm. After several posts in the north of England he came to Bath and was appointed organist at the new Octagon Chapel. He also played in the famous Linley orchestra which performed daily in the Pump Room.

The Chapel was opened in 1767 and Herschel was an undoubted success. But already a new interest was beginning: Herschel was fascinated by astronomy. He read books and borrowed a small reflecting telescope; when this did not satisfy him he determined to make telescopes himself.

He had had no scientific training—in fact, he was completely self-taught—and mirror-making is no easy task. Modern mirrors are made of glass coated with a reflecting layer of aluminium, but in those days it was impossible to cast glass mirrors of any size, and the solution was to use an alloy of copper and tin known as speculum metal. By now he was installed at number 7 New King Street and it was here that his first mirrors were cast. His sister Caroline joined him from

Hanover, both to act as his house-keeper and to follow up her own musical career as a singer, but before long she found herself pressed into the role of assistant astronomer. Without her William's life would have been much more difficult. Caroline was devoted to him; she acted as his "recorder", noting down all his observations as he made them, and in her own right discovered no fewer than eight comets. Even William's later marriage caused no more than a temporary coolness.

Herschel did not have instant success. Failure followed failure, but at last he produced a tolerably good mirror 5 inches in diameter, with a focal length of $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet. On March 4, 1774, this new instrument was turned towards the Great Nebula in Orion, and Herschel's real career was well and truly launched.

In the summer of 1774 William and Caroline moved away from number 7, but in September, 1777, they came back to New King Street, this time to number 19. Then, for some reason or other, they went away once more, but returned to number 19 in early March, 1781. William set up his new telescope, which had a mirror of 6.2 inches aperture and a focal length of 7 feet, and continued with what he called his "review of the heavens". On March 13 he came across something which he knew at once could not be a star. It showed a disk, which no star can do, and it moved slowly from one night to another, which again no star can do. Herschel notified the Astronomer Royal, Nevil Maskelyne, and the Reverend T. Hornsby, Radcliffe Observer at Oxford. Confirmation was quick; Maskelyne at least seems to have been convinced almost at once that the object was a planet. An orbit worked out by the Finnish mathematician Anders Lexell put the matter beyond all doubt, and Herschel's name became famous the world over.

King George III, himself keenly interested in astronomy, was anxious to see this fellow-Hanoverian who had added a new member to the Sun's family, and it was this which led to Herschel's eventual departure from Bath to become the King's private astronomer.

Meanwhile, he was anxious to make larger and better mirrors. He set up a workshop in the cellar of number 19 and started work, helped by Caroline and his brother Alexander. A small furnace was built and the materials for a proposed 36 inch mirror were carefully selected. The mirror was to be cast in a mould made of horse dung, after which it could be figured to the correct shape. Unfortunately there were several major hitches. Once there was a leak in the mould; molten metal ran out on to the flagstones, which promptly exploded. Caroline relates that "both my brothers and the caster and his men were obliged to run out at opposite doors, for the stone flooring flew about in all directions as high as the ceiling. My poor brother fell exhausted by heat and exertion on a heap of brickbats."

That, for the moment, put an end to mirror-casting, but already Herschel had become the best telescope-maker of his time, and when he took some of his instruments to the Royal Observatory it was clear that they were better than any previously made. His appointment by the King meant that he had to move nearer Windsor; he and Caroline went first to Datchet and then to Slough, where they installed themselves in their final home—Observatory House.

It was from here that Herschel's finest work was done. He made an excellent 18 inch reflector with a focal length of 20 feet, and went on to construct a real giant, with a 48 inch mirror and a focal length of 40 feet.

It must be said that it never really came up to expectations, mainly because it was so awkward to use, but Herschel did make one discovery with it, that of the two inner satellites of Saturn, Mimas and Enceladus.

His enthusiasm was unquenchable. He discovered hundreds of double stars, clusters and nebulae; he proved that most double stars are physically associated or binary systems, and he was the first to draw up a reasonably accurate picture of the shape of our starsystem or Galaxy. Without doubt he was the greatest observer who has ever lived and before his death in 1822 he had received every honour that the scientific world could bestow. His son, John, followed up his father's work by extending the "review of the heavens" to the southern skies. During the 1830s he took the 20 foot telescope to the Cape of Good Hope and stayed there for some years, so laying the real foundations of southern-hemisphere astronomy.

Caroline returned to Hanover after William's death. The great 40 foot reflector was used for the last time in 1815; later it was dismounted and the giant tube lay in the garden of Observatory House until it was shattered by a falling tree. The surviving section of it is now to be seen in the grounds of the Old Royal Observatory at Greenwich. Observatory House itself was pulled down in 1960, but there is a monument on the site of the 40 foot telescope.

This leaves number 19 New King Street as the only "Herschel house" still standing. For years it was neglected, but in 1976 the first steps were taken to preserve it. The William Herschel Society was founded; the house was acquired through the generosity of Dr and Mrs Leslie Hilliard and it has now been turned into a proper museum.

The William Herschel Society welcomes new members. Those who are interested, and would like to help in maintaining the museum at number 19 New King Street, are asked to contact the president of the Society, Mrs Leslie Hilliard, at Batheaston House, Batheaston, Bath

Voices of the Vic

by J. C. Trewin

It was on a cold, half-sunny morning at Rome Airport that someone with an English paper exclaimed, "The Old Vic is closing." Though not entirely unexpected, the words were a knell. For a moment one forgot spring snow on the Gran Sasso, the frescoes of Pinturicchio, the splendour of Urbino, and thought only of the old building at the corner of Waterloo Road and The Cut and its history in terms of sheer sound—the Shakespearian sound that has lingered in the hearing of so many of us across the years.

To kill the Old Vic, to deny it its grant, is to stifle history. Sitting among the bustle of the airport, I recalled not only countless nights at the Vic, but also what foreign theatre-men had said in honour of a great and apparently permanent institution. True, it has had to compete with the RSC and, on the South Bank, with the National whose tenancy of the Vic was, ironically, the beginning of the end. But nothing should blur our gratitude and our memories of a national and a personal prize.

Up from the West Country on a December evening, I entered the Vic first for the première of Harcourt Williams's revival of A Midsummer Night's Dream with John Gielgud as Oberon, in voice and bearing a shaft of silver. Later, across the decades, I knew the Vic for its Shakespearian revelations, its multiplying voices, the glory of a classical theatre served in its time—the Baylis era and long afterwards—by practically every major classical player. Working in Fleet Street one realized that the Vic was 10 minutes away and that any evening, with decent luck, one could be there at curtain-rise, only a bowshot or two from

I will not name the players, for a selective nominal roll is perilous. Let me say merely that they re-created Shakespeare in a marvellous and unforgotten roll of sound. And do let us remember that it was a Vic company, if not then in its war-struck theatre, which gave during the mid 1940s at the New—now the Albery—what Martin Browne, whose autobiography I have been reading, called simply "the most brilliant series of productions to grace this century".

Eighteen years ago, in writing of the transference to the National, I said: "In closing one phase of our history we know that the Old Vic, our theatre, has built itself 'a forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time, and razure of oblivion'." That looks unhappy today. Let me hope that, in a world of economic doubt and glib excuses, there will be room again for one of the world's most historic theatres.

We came back, alas, to not very much. I had hoped that in *Overheard* (Haymarket) Peter Ustinov would return to the manner of his earlier plays,

pondering, close-wrought dialogue often neo-Shavian in style and cheerfully copious. But there is nothing especially Shavian about the new piece which saves its theatrical sting for the last scene and until then is a rather tepid comedy. True, the setting has promise: "The Winter Garden of a British Embassy somewhere south-east of Berlin, south-west of Moscow, north-east of Athens, and north-west of Damascus." The time is "the future, but only just". Nothing particular happens early in the comedy except the ambassador's bored wife's transient affair with a poetdefector who, for watchers, becomes more than a little tedious.

Things are better when we move to diplomacy: Ian Carmichael, the ambassador, has a speech about small countries that is quite in the old Ustinov vein, and the last curtain is undeniably and boldly theatrical. Still, it has all taken a long time to work up; we have to rest a good deal upon performances which are not invariably satisfying. Though Ian Carmichael must be a light of the diplomatic service, Deborah Kerr does lack the bubble of comedy that would help the wife, and Aharon Ipalé, physically right, has little to say for the poet who is called alarmingly Bozidar Propkov-Prokop, a name that, in repetition, is not too easy for the cast. First-rate performances aid the second half-a pair of Communist politicians presented by Paul Hardwick, in mounting alcoholic incoherence, and by Barry Dennen, arriving at first with a quiet subtlety as the Secretary for Commerce, Initiative, Energy and Recreation.

Down at Chichester we have as the second play of the festival a documentary treatment of the 1895 trials of Oscar Wilde, Feasting With Panthers. Devised and directed by Peter Coe, its title is borrowed from Wilde's decorative phrase in De Profundis: "It was like feasting with panthers; the danger was half the excitement." Maybe; but I am not persuaded that real excitement reaches us from the stage in the exposition of a tale so generally familiar. Though all in Mr Coe's conflation is astutely ordered, and the acting is in key, I would have preferred a fresh portrait of Wilde during the years before his disaster. Certainly I imagine that Tom Baker, the present Chichester Wilde, would have responded with understanding.

House Guest, Francis Durbridge's thriller (Savoy), is thoroughly and crazily acceptable, and Susan Hampshire and Gerald Harper know what to do with it. On the other hand, Outskirts (Warehouse), by Hanif Kureishi, struck me as a careful, innately superfluous study of the friendship between two South London youths—one of them ultimately successful, the other not—seen frequently on a local rubbish dump. No voices this month, I fear, to go with those of the lost Vic

Lust at first sight

by Michael Billington

James M. Cain's story *The Postman Always Rings Twice* is a Depression-era *Thérèse Raquin*: a hot-blooded story of a sexual passion that leads to murder and doom. And Bob Rafelson's new Hollywood version, despite a few narrative flaws, is a very fine piece of cinema: dark, brooding, erotic, violent. In America it was criticized for turning a pulpy novel into art. But that seems to me no mean achievement.

To anyone who follows the movies the story is probably familiar (the last version in 1946 starred John Garfield and Lana Turner). It deals with the stark passion of Frank, a travelling bum, and Cora, wife of the Greek owner of a backwoods southern California restaurant and garage. When they meet it is lust at first sight. An attempted killing of Nick, the husband, is followed by his actual murder with a monkeywrench; by the committal and surprise release of Frank and Cora, though everyone knows they are guilty; and by a fatal accident just as their passion is turning to love.

David Mamet, a Pinteresque Chicagoan dramatist of outstanding talent. has come up with a splendidly terse script: the homage to Pinter is so exact that when Frank keeps talking of having to go to LA one is instantly reminded of the tramp in The Caretaker with his obsessive urge to get to Sidcup. Bob Rafelson and his cameraman, Sven Nykvist, have also complemented the script with a host of impressive images: Frank emerging from darkness at the beginning to thumb a lift, Nick's rainswept roadside café where the antique sign creaks in the night, the murder itself where Frank and Cora are suddenly caught in the red diabolic glow of the car's rear lights. Visually, it is a very dark-toned film; but that helps to give it

But this tale of lust and guilt would be nothing without two strong central performances. Though ideally too old (in the book Frank is 24) Jack Nicholson still gives a very good impression of the peripatetic stud: surly, crafty, sly to begin with, he gradually gains a dumb dignity so that the scene where he learns that Cora is to have his child becomes quite moving. And Jessica Lange, who has made only three films before this, is a real find. Her Cora is not some wayside slut but a browbeaten wife whose sensuality has previously been diverted into cooking. She has a wonderful way of eyeing Nicholson surreptitiously through a tangle of hair and of suggesting a girl caught between moral decency (she has an oldfashioned concern for an ailing mother) and sexual hunger. You could not quite believe Lana Turner had ever been in a kitchen. But Miss Lange's Cora is a beautiful study of a working wife emerging from a world of heat and steam.

Somehow I do not see Jonathan Demme's highly praised Melvin and Howard taking root in quite the same way. It admittedly deals with a strange. fascinating encounter between Melvin Dummar, a likeable, good-hearted loser, and a bearded derelict he picks up in the Nevada desert who turns out to be Howard Hughes. This initial encounter. with Melvin singing his own dreadful song, "Santa's Souped-Up Sleigh", to a recalcitrant Hughes and with the aberrant millionaire finally offering a chorus of "Bye Bye Blackbird", is very touching. But then the film plunges into a helter-skelter account of Melvin's marriage, his inordinate capacity for debt-filled consumerism and the litigious nightmare that ensues when he is apparently left a portion of the vast Hughes estate.

Clearly Demme and his writer, Bo Goldman, are out to give us a quick, glancing, ironic account of Melvin's world and the whole American spirit of optimistic materialism. Good-hearted guys like Melvin, the film suggests, deserve a break; but at the same time Melvin knows deep down that he is never really going to get a sniff of the Hughes millions.

The film is undeniably likeable but few of the sequences have any real weight: indeed many of them are almost edited out of existence. Melvin's wife leaves him, takes the kid, sets up as a Vegas dancer and maybe even sleeps around; but it all happens so fast you are never quite sure what the time-scale is or what emotional impact the events have on the people concerned. Most films are far too long for their contents. This one, at just over an hour and a half. is too short. It also seems to like Melvin. but to dislike the crass, chromium world he inhabits with its appeals to human cupidity that reach their nadir in TV give-away shows. Paul Le Mat's Melvin, Jason Robards's silver-locked Howard Hughes, Mary Steenburgen's happy-go-lucky wife are all fine as far as they go; but in the end I came out feeling I had dined off a banquet of snacks.

Better that, however, than Bertrand Tavernier's glum, futuristic Death Watch in which Romy Schneider goes on the run accompanied by Harvey Keitel as a TV journalist whose brain contains a device for projecting images of her flight from death back to the studio. Clearly the film, set in Glasgow and the Highlands, is saving something about the threat to the individual that is posed by the new technology. But instead of keeping you hooked from moment to moment, the story comes and goes and one has ample time to reflect on what a high-class international cast (including Max Von Sydow and Harry Dean Stanton) is doing in a sci-fi Scotland. It is a promising idea but for me the film goes off at half-Hitchcock @





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Diesel development

by Stuart Marshall

Two Government decisions have greatly improved the diesel car's prospects in Britain. First, the Chancellor yielded to his critics and halved the March Budget increase of 20p a gallon duty on diesel fuel. A week or two later MPs were told that the permitted levels of tetra-ethyl lead additive in petrol would be cut by two-thirds by 1985.

That decision will put another 5p a gallon on petrol and increase the country's oil consumption by about 2 per cent because low-lead petrol is more difficult and costlier to produce. It also has a lower octane value, which means a drop in engine efficiency and fewer mpg.

When the lower rate of duty comes into force on August 5, Derv (diesel) fuel will immediately become cheaper than petrol in Britain for the first time in years. The gap will widen as the restrictions on lead levels make themselves felt first at the refineries and then at the pumps. Derv needs no lead additive.

The net effect of these changes is that the diesel car will become as attractive to the high-mileage motorist in Britain as it has been for years on the Continent, where diesel fuel has always been cheaper than petrol.

Diesel cars, which return from 30 to 50 per cent better fuel consumption than comparable petrol-engined cars, have been gaining popularity by leaps and bounds in western Europe and the United States. This year one car in 10 sold in Italy will be a diesel. Only 6,000 diesel cars were sold in Britain last year-a mere 0.4 per cent of registrations-but the total will probably rise to 10,000 or 11,000 this year. or nearly 1 per cent. And why have we lagged? Partly because Derv has been too expensive, but also because Britain is the only major industrial country in Europe not to manufacture a diesel car of its own; this should be rectified within

At the moment about 20 different types of diesel car are available here. They come mainly from Germany (where Mercedes sold their first diesel car before the Second World War) and France. Ten years ago the typical diesel car could fairly have been described as sluggish, noisy and boring, but that is not the case today. In most of the current crop you are hardly aware that they are not petrol-powered when cruising at highway speeds. It has to be said. though, that a diesel produces less power than a petrol engine of the same size. It is heavier, unable to spin up to such high revolutions, rougher running and noisy for a time after cold starting.

At the same time it has a flatter torque curve—that is, it pulls harder over a wider speed range—and is much more economical, which is why diesels are being installed in cars at an ever increasing rate. The diesel is also long-



The lively but highly economical diesel-engined Volkswagen Golf.

lasting and extremely reliable. It has no ignition system to go wrong; a minute quantity of fuel is injected into the cylinder and ignites spontaneously from the heat created by the compression of air by the piston.

On that appalling Sunday at the end of April when half the country was snowbound I drove a Citroën Safari diesel-engined estate from Kent to Yorkshire and back. The M1 was down to a single lane in places and lav inches deep in wet snow for many miles. Petrolengined cars were breaking down by the score, their ignition drowned by slush and spray. The big Citroën ignored it all. cruising when the weather improved later in the day at a relaxing 70 mph and returning over 35 mpg. Last year I made a round trip to Geneva in a Citroën Pallas diesel saloon at 39 mpg. A Peugeot 305 GLD estate I have in daily use never goes below 43 mpg and, with care, will better 50 mpg.

The secret of getting the best out of a diesel is to drive it with sympathy and a well developed sense of anticipation. Most car diesels pull well at fairly low revolutions; unnecessarily high speeds in the gears are bad for fuel economy and do little for performance. A five-speed manual transmission, with a really high top gear, is the best choice for a diesel car. Fourth will then cope with most traffic driving and is handy for overtaking; fifth provides quiet motorway travel at minimum fuel cost.

Because a diesel does not normally have such urgent acceleration as a comparable petrol engine, the driver should "read" the road farther ahead to avoid the need for sudden braking or the risk of being caught out when trying to overtake unwisely. The caring driver, regardless of his car, does so, too.

At the moment the three smallest-capacity diesels are the best-selling Volkswagen Golf and the Passat—their outstandingly smooth-running engine was developed from a petrol motor—and the Peugeot 305, with an overhead camshaft, purpose-designed diesel. The Passat's bigger brother, the Audi Avant, has a five-cylinder, 2 litre diesel as smooth as the Golf's but even more flexible at low speeds.

Three Citroëns-Pallas, Safari and

Familiale—all have a 2.5 litre, four-cylinder which pulls like a steam engine at low speeds yet allows these big, luxurious cars to cruise at over 90 mph. Ford's Granada has an elderly 2.1 litre, Peugeot-made diesel and is underpowered; the Opel Rekord 2.3D saloon and estate could similarly do with a larger engine though one, expertly driven on the autobahn in weekend traffic last April, achieved 79 mpg at an average speed of 37 mph or 1,156 miles on a single tankful of fuel.

Mercedes offer British buyers fourcylinder and five-cylinder diesel saloons and estates of solid construction and impeccable manners, though not yet the turbocharged 300TD estate, which is available in Germany, or the 3 litre turbo-diesel New S Type saloon.

Peugeot fit a 2.3 litre diesel engine in the 504 and 505 and, with a turbocharger added, in the 604. The 604 Turbo D makes only a subdued mutter at idling speed and is a silken performer on the motorway. The same engine goes into the new Talbot Tagora diesel which may reach Britain later this year.

For several years Renault held back from the diesel market but more than 20 per cent of their R20 hatchbacks are now made with diesel engines. It is an exceptionally good engine: a dieselized, enlarged version of the 2 litre petrol motor used in the Fuego and 20TS. The same engine and five-speed gearbox equip the R18 GLD, which is the best combination of performance, smoothness and value for money. Running it close is the new Toyota Cressida diesel, also with a 2.2 litre engine and power steering at an even lower price.

The cheapest diesel on sale here costs £4,895 (the Peugeot 305GL saloon) and the most expensive, the Mercedes 300TD estate, is £12,215. It is a pity that the British motor industry has ignored the diesel in recent years because it was one of the pioneers. Who remembers the Standard Vanguard with a diesel engine from the little Ferguson tractor 30 years ago? But interest has reawakened, one hopes not too late. Should BL survive as a quality car producer a Jaguar diesel, probably fitted with a turbocharged BMW engine, is planned for the mid 1980s

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Majuba Hill

From I. L. Green

Dear Sir,

While reading the article on the battle of Intaba Majuba (ILN, February), I remembered something an aunt by marriage had told me many years ago. Her father was a member of General Colley's staff and was on the mountain on the morning of the battle. He told his daughter, some years later, that Colley was not shot by the Boers but by one of his own staff officers.

After the fiasco at Laing's Nek, when Colley had ordered his troops to attack an army of sharpshooters sitting on top of an inaccessible cliff, the army had lost faith in its general. When, after climbing Majuba, the men wanted to fortify their position, Colley refused to allow it. This was the last straw and a row broke out which ended with Colley's being shot.

Considering the history of Natal at that time, I think my aunt was right; Colley was an asset in a drawing room but a liability on any battlefield. But there was a sequel to the battle of Majuba in 1900 when Buller's, as Winston Churchill called it, "glorious army of Natal" drove the Boers back over the Drakensberg. This should also be remembered.

I. L. Green Balfour, South Africa

Religion in perspective

From Judith Banister

Dear Sir,

Surely Mr Kenneth Hudson in his article "Religion in perspective" (ILN, April) cannot mean that he would prefer church plate and other treasures to be concealed in bank vaults rather than be put on show in cathedral treasuries? Perhaps he is not aware that they provide a service as well as a pleasure: they are always available when required to the parish which owns them; meanwhile they are cared for and help people, whether chance visitors or students of silver, to learn more of our past.

Our cathedrals have always drawn visitors who come to see as well as to pray: a custom that goes back at least to their foundation. I, for one among many, will greatly welcome the opportunity to see the major exhibition that is being planned. Other exhibitions, both here and on the Continent, I have always found both stimulating and spiritually uplifting. As a silver historian I also welcome the chance to inspect seldom-şeen plate and so to elucidate problems of dates, makers and styles of pieces that would otherwise generally be unavailable for study. Or perhaps Mr Hudson would rather they were not known, but waiting to be uncovered by the archaeologists of tomorrow? Judith Banister

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TRAVEL

Peaceful Alderney

by David Tennant

Having visited Jersey and Guernsey, the two largest of the Channel Islands, several times, I thought that Alderney, the third in the group, would be merely a smaller version of these. I was wrong, as I discovered on an all-too-short visit there at the end of April.

There are certainly similarities in scenery, and all three islands share low income tax and even lower customs duties, an air of well-being and prosperity, and that indefinable but quite pronounced feeling of being not quite in the British Isles and yet by no means on the Continent. But tiny Alderney, which is no more than 4 by $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles with around 2,000 permanent residents, has its own distinctive character and there is an intense loyalty to the island among those born there and the large number of "settlers" alike.

The coastline is remarkably beautiful for much of its length with long stretches of rugged, rust-coloured cliffs. A clifftop and shoreline path goes round most of the island and this makes a delightful and easy day's walk. For the less energetic I can recommend the beaches, several of soft white sand; the two best are Saye Bay on the north coast and Longys Bay on the south.

The interior is pleasantly undulating with a certain amount of cultivation (there are very few glasshouses, unlike Guernsey) and a scattering of tethered cattle. Along the clifftops, especially at the western end, are great clumps of gorse, their bright yellow blooms complemented by clumps of sea pinks and an amazing array of other wild flowers. A well laid out nine-hole golf course (modest green fees and visitors welcome) and the small, three-runway airport, the first built in the Channel Islands, in the early 1930s, are conspicuous as you fly in.

St Anne, the capital, is in effect just a village. Unlike the other Channel Island towns it is right in the centre of the island, though it has expanded in a rather haphazard way down the hill to Braye harbour. The old part of the town is quite charming with narrow cobbled streets; well maintained stone houses, some brightly painted; a fine parish church designed by Sir George Gilbert Scott, built in 1850; an 18th-century town clock; and next to it *l'école publique*, founded in 1790 and now housing a comprehensive, though not large, local museum.

In the 1840s it was decided to turn Alderney into the "Gibraltar of the Channel" as a counterbalance to the big French naval base at Cherbourg, barely a dozen miles away. A grandiose plan was put into operation and over a period of 15 years no fewer than 12 forts, several like Fort Albert and Fort Grosnez quite massive, were put up around the coast. A ½-mile-long breakwater was

erected beside the old harbour at Braye Bay. The forts were all completed, but the naval base never came to fruition; however, all the work trebled the population in a few years, granite quarrying was developed and a $1\frac{1}{2}$ -mile-long railway was built. This is still in existence and in summer carries visitors in two small railcars along its entire length, between Braye Road and the quarry, operated by local enthusiasts. There is an active sailing club and the harbour is much used by fishing boats and yachts.

Some of the forts are in ruins while others have been adapted as private homes. During the last war the occupying German forces incorporated one or two of them in their Atlantic Wall defences and erected many huge gun emplacements. Most of these remain and are now recognized as a part of the island's history.

For the keen ornithologist Alderney and its offshore rocky islets like Burhou, where the puffins nest, or Les Etacs rocks, home to thousands of gannets, are paradise. The highlight of my stay was an afternoon boat trip on the *Beverley Rose*, a small but sturdy converted fishing vessel, right round the island, landing on Burhou. The boat makes these excursions between Easter and early October. On a good day it is a trip not to be missed and well worth its £5.50 price.

Alderney has a good selection of hotels and guest houses, plus some selfcatering accommodation. I stayed in the family-run and aptly named Belle Vue in St Anne, which was modest, comfortable and had a most helpful and cheerful staff. Their daily rates are £11.80 for half board (£1 more for a room with private bathroom), £3 less for bed and breakfast. A typical small, good quality guest house I visited is Les Rochers near Braye Bay which has single, double and family rooms, two with private shower and lavatory. Its rates are only £7.50 for bed and breakfast, £9.80 with an evening meal. I had two excellent meals in the Albert House Inn in the High Street and a bargain price pub lunch in the Marais Hotel.

Alderney has its own "international" airline—Aurigny Air Services—whose 16- and 19-seater planes link the island with Southampton, Shoreham, Cherbourg and both Jersey and Guernsey. They have pegged their fares for this season, a near-miracle in the aviation world. The return fare from Southampton (a fascinating 40-minute flight) is £44, and £10 more from Shoreham. From Jersey or Guernsey it is £9.50 single and £14.40 day return. There are other air services to and from Bournemouth and hydrofoils from the two main islands

State Tourist Office, Alderney, CI (tel: 048 182 2994). Aurigny Air Services, The Airport, Alderney, CI (tel: 048 182 2886).

Destination Luxembourg

by Mary Elsy

The Grand Duchy of Luxembourg is a land of considerable charm and makes a delightful, relaxing place for a short holiday break, particularly in the autumn. Forests cover about one third of the country, and agriculture and viticulture play a major role in the economy with the neat farms and vineyards creating a park-like ambience. Its hills abound with streams and waterfalls.

As the country is so small visitors can make Luxembourg city, the capital, their base. British Airways and Luxair operate a pool service from London with two flights each weekday and one at the weekend, taking just over an hour. Two of the capital's best hotels are close to the airport—the Aerogolf-Sheraton and the Holiday Inn, both first-class and with every amenity. For those who prefer smaller and less expensive accommodation I recommend the Hotels Alfa, Eldorado and Dauphin, all near the railway station, and the Central Molitor in the Avenue de la Liberté which is renowned for its good cuisine. The Restaurant Poele d'Or in the Marché-aux-Herbes near the Ducal Palace is excellent though on the expensive side. For a quicker, cheaper meal the Pole-Nord in the Place de Bruxelles is a good choice. Outside the city prices of hotels and restaurants are as much as 30 to 40 per cent cheaper. There, too, you are likely to find local specialities.

Luxembourg city should be explored on foot and maps can be obtained from the Tourist Office in the Avenue de la Gare. The upper town is connected with the lower by steps, winding streets and viaducts. Innumerable bridges span steep-sided valleys through which the Alzette and Petrusse rivers wind. Built on layers of rock rising out of ravines, the city resembles a sprawling fortification which indeed it once was.

Sigefroi's castle, parts of which still remain today, was started in 963 and was built on and around the Bock, a 200 foot high crag. In the 17th and 18th centuries the surrounding forts were linked to it and to each other by 16 miles of tunnel, used not only by the military but also by Luxembourgers in times of siege. Although the fortress was neutralized in the 1870s, some 14 miles of passageways still remain, parts of which can be visited, the entrances being by the Pont du Château and in the Place de la Constitution.

Peaceful parks and gardens with rocks and occasional walls and towers have replaced the old fortifications. The Gothic cathedral of Notre Dame, half old, half new, has some magnificent sculptures. And a stroll through the picturesque old squares such as Place Guillaume, Place d'Armes and the oldest of all, the Marché aux Poissons, is very pleasant. In the last is the National Museum with its exhibitions of archae-

ology, history and folklore. The Grande Rue, now a pedestrian way, has innumerable little shops and boutiques.

Luxembourg produces six reputable and relatively inexpensive white wines of which the best is the Riesling, some good liqueurs and Diekirch beer. A wine museum has recently opened at Ehnen on the Moselle about 15½ miles from Luxembourg city. This makes a good starting point for a car tour around the Grand Duchy going on to nearby Wormeldange for a typical Luxembourg lunch at the Auberge du Coq.

From here follow the banks of the Moselle and Sûre rivers to Echternach which is renowned for its magnificent Abbey, founded by St Willibrord, a monk from Northumbria. Here each Whit Tuesday a strange dancing procession supposed to produce miraculous cures is performed in the winding streets. The countryside around the town is the Naturpark which takes in the Mullerthal Valley—"Little Switzerland"—ideal for walking.

The route continues up the Sûre valley through Beaufort to Diekirch which lies at the foot of the steep Herrenberg. Here there is a fifth- and sixth-century church dedicated to St Laurent and built above a Roman temple. For hundreds of years it was the only church within about 15 to 20 miles, hence the town's name Diekirch. Striking north from here via Wiltz, you come to Clervaux, a small town situated picturesquely in a deep, narrow, wooded valley in the Ardennes. Dominated by its huge Benedictine Abbey, completed in 1910 in the Romanesque style, it has a fine castle housing an interesting exhibition of models of all the castles in the Grand Duchy and the famous Henri Cartier Bresson photographic display, the Family of Man. For an overnight stay the Hotel Claravallis, a homely and comfortable establishment, is the best choice.

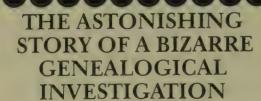
There are several routes back to Luxembourg city from here but I recommend you go via Vianden, one of the finest beauty spots in the Grand Duchy. The splendid medieval castle, partly in ruins, is set on a tree-encrusted crag above the town. A chairlift takes visitors to a fine vantage point high above the valley.

The current excursion fare by air from London is £71 return, valid for up to three months but the stay must include one Saturday night. By rail—about nine hours via Dover-Ostend-Brussels—the first-class return is about £74, second-class £56. By road Luxembourg is about 225 miles from the ferry ports of Ostend or Zeebrugge, slightly more from Calais. Petrol in the Grand Duchy is among the cheapest in Europe, working out at around £1.15 a gallon

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BOOKS

A hero examined

by Robert Blake

Monty, The Making of A General 1887-1942

by Nigel Hamilton Hamish Hamilton, £12

In December, 1962, Field Marshal Montgomery sold his private papers to the Thomson Organisaton which until last year owned The Sunday Times. The Editor was Montgomery's friend literary adviser, Sir Denis Hamilton. It was agreed that the transaction should be kept secret during the Field Marshal's lifetime, but that after his death the papers would be used as the basis for an official biography. The task has been undertaken by Sir Denis's son, Nigel, who has now written the first volume—some 800 pages—covering Monty's career until the breakthrough at El Alamein, one of the decisive battles

It is a fascinating book. The author has had the full support of the present Lord Montgomery and he has pursued his researches far beyond the private papers of his subject into numerous other unpublished collections. He has also interviewed many of the surviving participants, and has had the advantage of knowing Monty for 20 years, having first met him at the age of 12. His book is a major contribution to military history, and it is unlikely to be superseded in the foreseeable future.

The book will not please everyone. Although the author is by no means uncritical and is well aware of the defects, blind spots, boastfulness, tactlessness, arrogance and conceit which characterized his hero, he is also determined to do him justice, and in the process he blows certain eminent authors out of the water.

The great controversy, of course, is the extent to which Montgomery's successful plan to resist Rommel at the battle of Alam Halfa (August 31-September 7, 1942) was merely a takeover of Auchinleck's own plan. This was alleged by Auchinleck's Chief-of-Staff, General Dorman Smith. It was accepted by the late John Connell in his biography of Auchinleck (1959) and by Correlli Barnett who in The Desert Generals (1960) accused Montgomery of "wearing a second-hand coat of glory". The same authors are anxious also to defend Auchinleck on an ancillary but connected issue—that of his alleged plans to fall back on Cairo and if necessary evacuate Egypt altogether. It is denied by them and by "The Auk" that this plan had been considered at all since early in July when Rommel had been forced on to the defensive.

The facts brought out by Mr Hamilton suggest that this picture is erroneous. There is no evidence of any plans by Auchinleck which could have been "taken over" by Montgomery, whose conduct of the battle of Alam Halfa bears no resemblance to anything in Auchinleck's or Dorman Smith's recorded intentions. The arrangements for the evacuation of Egypt were cancelled only when Monty took command of the Eighth Army on August 13. It is an exaggeration to say that Auchinleck had forced Rommel on to the defensive, though he had by his counter-attacks early in July caused the German commander to pause. Rommel was soon on the move again, but it is to Auchinleck's credit that the delay was imposed, and to Monty's discredit that he refused to show in retrospect even a flicker of magnanimity about this last effort by the Auk. The two were chalk and cheese, and resentment smouldered on for the rest of their lives.

Mr Hamilton dispels the notion—largely based on Alam Halfa and Alamein—that Montgomery was a hyper-cautious commander who never took risks. This may have been true of those particular engagements (and it will be interesting to see how the author deals with the pursuit of Rommel's army after Alamein—another campaign in which Monty has often been accused of being too slow).

But he could be on occasion all too reckless. Arnhem is the classic instance and is well known. Less well known was his involvement in the disastrous Dieppe raid in 1942. This hare-brained scheme had no chance whatever of success but Monty, though he did not invent it, backed it fully and was personally responsible as GOC South-Eastern Command for choosing the 2nd Canadian Division to carry out the operation. It is true that when the raid was postponed from July 7 owing to bad weather Monty wanted it to be cancelled "for all time", but his reason was security, the participants having been already briefed, and not the intrinsic idiocy of the plan. When the raid took place on August 19 Monty was in Egypt having just assumed command of the Eighth Army. He burnt all his papers connected with Dieppe.

Mr Hamilton gives a most interesting picture of Monty's family background and upbringing. It was not a happy one. His father, a clergyman and later Bishop of Tasmania; married his mother, who was a daughter of Dean Farrar, when he was 32 and she only 16. Perhaps because of her youth, by some process of over-reaction, Maud Montgomery was a harsh mother and imposed severe discipline. Monty wrote: "She made me afraid of her when I was a child ... I began to know fear when very young and gradually withdrew into my shell Certainly, I can say that my own childhood was unhappy." Later he came to hate her, as he hated almost everyone who had been close to him.

Montgomery was a great soldier, the most professional figure of his day, and he had an extraordinary gift for raising the morale of those who served under him. But he was not a nice man, as is clear even from this volume, and will no doubt be even clearer in the next.

Recent fiction

by Sally Emerson

Loitering with Intent by Muriel Spark The Bodley Head, £6.50 Creation by Gore Vidal Heinemann, £8.95 Watching Me, Watching You by Fay Weldon Hodder, £6.95

Muriel Spark has returned to London, scene of many of her funniest and cleverest novels, for her latest frolic into the darker edges of the mind, Loitering with Intent. The date is 1949. Like Memento Mori, The Bachelors and The Abbess of Crewe, she is here dealing with a small, bizarre community. The supernatural waits in the wings always ready to pounce as the pressures on the community take their toll.

The leader of the community—a group of people of minor eminence who are all writing their autobiographies—is the snobbish Sir Quentin Oliver. He interviews the spirited narrator, Fleur, and awards her the job of secretary to what he calls this "Autobiographical Association". She becomes increasingly suspicious of Sir Quentin's intentions as his flair for domination becomes apparent. The seven members of the Association all have one thing in common, which is weakness of character: "To my mind this is no more to be despised than is physical weakness. We are not all born heroes and athletes. At the same time it is elementary wisdom always to fear weakness, including one's own; the reactions of the weak, when touched off, can be horrible and sudden."

Fleur is wicked as well as wise. She is writing her own first novel, entitled "Warrender Chase", and her febrile state of creativity has its effect on the autobiographies she is supposed to be working on in her capacity as secretary and literary adviser.

It is when Sir Quentin, inspired with Cardinal Newman's *Apologia*, begins to take liberties with the actual lives of his community, that suicide and madness are unleashed. The novel examines the borderline between fact and fiction, memoir and novel, sanity and insanity.

The creative eagerness, or what Fleur calls "poetic vigilance", with which the budding author Fleur identifies different types of people and seizes on their mannerisms gives the early part of the novel freshness and charm. With relish Fleur describes her ally, Sir Quentin's glorious mother Lady Edwina: "I liked to see her shaking, withered hand, with its talons pointing accusingly, I liked the four greenish teeth through which she hissed and cackled. She cheered up my job with her wild eyes and her pre-war tea gowns of black lace or draped, patterned silk always hung with glittering beads." It was, however, a little disappointing that, as expected, Fleur's novel turned out to foresee the events in the lives of Sir Quentin and his followers. The parts which compare her novel to the story of Sir Quentin and his Association are dull. Muriel Spark is not usually so predictable.

Fleur's loves, her relationship with the incontinent Lady Edwina, and the atmosphere of bombed London all add substance and detail to this short, pungent novel while Muriel Spark's wildness of imagination is, as always, restrained and made credible by her dazzling elegance of expression.

Lottering with Intent opens with Fleur looking back at this ten-month period and about to start the next stage of her life, as published novelist. Among the many perceptive comments on writing in the novel is the sentence "I've come to learn for myself how little one needs, in the art of writing, to convey a lot, and how a lot of words, on the other hand, can convey so little." I was reminded of this as I read Gore Vidal's enormously long novel Creation.

Its narrator, Cyrus Spitama, has interviewed the Buddha, gone fishing with Confucius, known Zoroaster, Darius, Pericles, travelled as Persian ambassador to India, China, Athens, and remained an awful bore. He dictates the story of his travels through the late sixth and early fifth centuries before Christ to his nephew Democritus. How he is supposed to have befriended the great of Persia and the rest of the civilized world is a mystery. Perhaps he was so dry and ungossipy that they knew their secrets would be safe with him. He painstakingly records details of the trade, taxes, building materials, history and customs of every place he visits. from Babylon to Cathay. But his relationship with his two wives-an excellent subject for some diversion—is scarcely touched upon. He recounts tales of court intrigues, of harems, of murders, marriages, castrations, macabre sacrifices and colourful rituals with an equal lack of involvement.

The novel provides an enormous quantity of information about the ancient world and its theories of creation (Cyrus is the grandson of the prophet Zoroaster and has an inquiring soul) but few insights and no life. It is a history book, not a novel. Those who expect the colour and wit of Burr or Myra Breckinridge will be sorely disappointed. Followers of Vidal who admire the intellectual scope and coolness of Julian, of whom there are surprisingly many, will no doubt find Creation of interest. To me it is as forgettable as Loitering with Intent is memorable.

After the grand sweep of Creation it was a relief to come to the domesticity of Fay Weldon's Watching Me, Watching You, a collection of short stories recording in her powerful, matter-of-fact style man's inhumanity to woman. Fay Weldon has a biting wit and a sharp eye. I wish, however, that she would deploy them on issues other than the iniquity of the male.

Other new books

Diary by Sir Hugh Casson Macmillan, £8.95

This is an account in words and pictures of only one year-1980-but it was a year of such activity for the author that there is no surprise in the entry for December 22: "All-day tests at the cardiac clinic . . . wires attached everywhere." Whatever the results of the tests there can be no doubt that Sir Hugh's heart and mind were in fine fettle throughout the year, or he would never have been able to carry out so exhausting a programme with such élan. In addition to running the Royal Academy and his private practice, and serving on innumerable difficult committees, he seems to have been constantly on the move: all over Britain, in Greece and Turkey and the Ukraine, in India, in Italy and Sardinia, and changing houses in London. All this movement is recorded succinctly and wittily, whether it is a search for speakers for the Royal Academy dinner (with Mrs Thatcher already in the bag), describing the people he meets ("sit next to Jean Muir, who eats like a bird and looks like a marmoset"), discovering a door in the Royal Academy which is marked "Private" on both sides, or noting the characteristics of buildings (he examines the Sainsbury Centre-"just a quiet silver shed"-with enthusiasm, but worries for its future because "all the creative juices have already been drawn off in its creation"). The author has an elegant pen as well as a facile brush, and both are used to good effect in this record of what was clearly a happy year.

For Freedom's Battle: Byron's Letters and Journals Volume II Edited by Leslie A. Marchand John Murray, £11.50

Except for a comprehensive index to come this is the final volume in this complete edition of Byron's letters, and once again the remarkable spontaneity and humour of his writing in this form are well displayed. This volume covers the period from August, 1823, to April, 1824, including the last letters he wrote. They were written from Greece, and are in the main preoccupied with the struggle for independence in that country. But the volume also contains a number of letters which came to light after this series began publication, and too late for inclusion in earlier volumes in their proper chronological place. These include the letters found in 1976 in the vaults of Barclay's Bank among the papers of Scrope Berdmore Davies, one of Byron's closest friends, where they had remained for more than 150 years after Scrope had hurriedly fled the country, never to return, to escape his creditors in 1820. Among the literary treasures found in Scrope's trunk when it was opened were 15 letters from Byron, 14

of them to Scrope and one to Charles Skinner Matthews, all hitherto unknown and unpublished. This final volume in Leslie A. Marchand's meticulous and unbowdlerized edition thus contains an unexpected and valuable bonus to bring the series to an exciting conclusion.

The Lyttelton Hart-Davis Letters Volume III Edited by Rupert Hart-Davis

John Murray, £12.50

George Lyttelton, retired Eton housemaster living in Suffolk, and former pupil and distinguished publisher Rupert Hart-Davis began writing a weekly exchange of letters in 1955 in response to Lyttelton's complaint that he felt out of touch because no one wrote to him in his remote corner of England. This third volume covers the year 1958, and shows the two letter-writers still indefatigably at it, maintaining the same standard as in previous volumes, an entertaining mixture of witty and erudite comment on standard Eng Lit, with some gentle tuition in the moderns from the former pupil ("Rumer Godden is a woman" and Havelock Ellis "an immensely handsome but impotent ninny") and some rather more acerbic reflections on the current ways of the world ("I see a scientist has said that beer, milk, tea, fried food, early marriage and celibacy all help cancer," notes Lyttelton in a postscript. "And scientists expect us not to think them BFs!"). Most letters contain some intellectual insights, and some civilized inanities.

Places: An Anthology of Britain Chosen by Ronald Blythe Oxford University Press, £7.95

The theme of this anthology is personal geography. The collection of essays, poems, photographs and paintings is based on all the contributors' senses of identity with particular places, and as the contributors include Sir John Betjeman, Nina Bawden, Alan Sillitoe, Susan Hill, Philip Larkin, William Trevor, Elspeth Huxley, Mark Girouard and Barbara Pym it will be understood that the landscapes are very wide and varied. The book has been put together by Ronald Blythe, who has himself a splendid memoir of an old East Anglian house, as a gift for Oxfam-all the contributors having given their work free, and if there can be any regret about such a worthy and successful endeavour it can only be that John Piper's fine illustrations could not be reproduced in

First Photographs by Gail Buckland Robert Hale, £8.95

A useful collection of photographs illustrating the first time things were captured by the camera, and which contrives also to convey something of the sense of magic and discovery attached to early photography.

BALLET

Change of course for Anna

by Margaret Davies

Iain Hamilton's lastest opera, Anna Karenina, which was given its first performance by English National Opera at the London Coliseum, marks a change of course for the composer towards a more tonal language and a step back to the traditions of romantic opera with its lyrical solos, duets and ensembles, lively and graceful dances and direct appeal to the emotions. At the first performance there was no doubt that it excited a grateful response from an audience too often unmoved by contemporary works which can be as taxing as they are unrewarding.

It also provided ENO with the opportunity for the kind of large-scale, smooth-flowing production at which the company and, more specifically, the producer, Colin Graham, excel. Orchestra and singers had been painstakingly rehearsed by the conductor, Howard Williams, who achieved a fine balance between the animation of the crowd scenes and the intensity of the individual characters whose destiny is played out against them. Restoration of the Coliseum revolve facilitated rapid scene changes-vital in this three-hour-long work—as did the designer Ralph Koltai's use of back projections and his sparingly atmospheric interiors.

In undertaking the adaptation of Tolstoy's novel to an operatic libretto in three acts and 15 scenes Hamilton was forced to be selective; he chose to concentrate on the tragic love of Anna and Vronsky and depicted their relationship against the social background of late 19th-century Russia where its outcome could only be catastrophic. The opening and final scenes are both set in Moscow railway station and from the moment of Anna and Vronsky's first meeting there the disaster it portends can be felt in the menacing clouds of steam, the looming bulk of the locomotives and the impersonal agitation of the crowds. In the six scenes of the first act the composer explores the repercussions of their mutual attraction on individualsfamily and friends-and on society in general. In the second its destructive effects begin to be felt on Anna's marriage and on Vronsky's career, and Anna herself comes close to death when she gives birth to Vronsky's child. In the third we see Anna and Vronsky as the victims of their own all-consuming passion which burns itself out with Anna's suicide beneath the wheels of the train.

The vocal and dramatic burden of the title role was magnificently sustained by Lois McDonall; her statuesque figure made an immediate impact when she first appeared out of the swirling steam on the station. In the early stages she presented an aloof, almost enigmatic Anna but seemed to come to life in the race-course scene when danger threatens Vronsky. She brought off the

quarrels with Karenin and the tender scene with their son effectively and conveyed the intensity of Anna's love for Vronsky, which disintegrates into neurosis, with disturbing vividness. The second act soliloquy in which she muses on past and future, life and love was beautifully done.

Geoffrey Pogson made a vocally convincing Vronsky but there was little in his manner to suggest the ardour which captured Anna. Geoffrey Chard offered a telling portraval of the implacable Karenin and Alan Opie's irrepressible Stiva was warmly sung and engagingly played. The well-written trio in which the three men reflect on Anna's fate and their love for her was one of the music's most memorable moments. There was a finely sung and well rounded portrayal of Dolly from Della Jones, and Malcolm Rivers made a sound Yashvin. In minor roles Ava June, Katherine Pring, Shelagh Squires and Stuart Kale made valuable contributions to a performance of considerable distinction.

A new production of Ariadne auf Naxos, first seen in Nottingham where ENO paid a four-week visit, was given at the Coliseum on the company's return. Whereas the scale of the charmingly restored Theatre Royal was ideally suited to Strauss's pastiche on 18th-century opera, the vastness of the Coliseum invalidated his concept of a private entertainment in the house of "the richest man in Vienna". Not that Jeremy James Taylor's production fully captured the atmosphere of such a glittering occasion; and the staircase leading nowhere which dominated Douglas Heap's conservatory during the Prologue was converted by means of a few drapes into a makeshift cave during the opera proper, with no hint of the stage on a stage specified by von Hofmannsthal. More seriously prejudicial was the idea of up-dating the work by some 200 years to the time of its composition, which made nonsense of its many 18thcentury associations.

The performance nevertheless gave much musical pleasure though the singer of the title role had to be replaced at short notice in London and Nottingham. On each occasion Hilary Weston took over and by the London season was singing with confidence though she did not command quite sufficient vocal weight. There was an outagile Zerbinetta from standingly Marilyn Hill Smith, who surmounted the daunting hurdles of the part with relish. Her four companions were neatly sung and their pranks not over-laboured by Niall Murray, Terry Jenkins, Ian Comboy and Edward Byles. Sally Burgess was the impassioned Composer, Neil Howlett a sympathetic Music Master and Stuart Kale an elegant Dancing Master. The conductor, James Lockhart, was responsive to the shifting moods of this rich and varied score

Nostalgic celebrations

by Ursula Robertshaw

The 50th anniversary season of the Royal Ballet and Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet was celebrated at Covent Garden with a programme, compèred urbanely by Michael Somes, that looked back over half a century of solid achievement. There were the expected and deserved tributes to the Founding Mothers, Lilian Baylis and Ninette de Valois, and the latter's voice opened the programme, immediately following the orchestra's playing of the opening theme of The Sleeping Beauty. These bars musically describe the Fairy Carabosse, which might be taken as an oblique reference to Madame's fabled fiery temperament but certainly does not equate her with an evil fairy; the love her company, past and present, bear her was warmly in evidence throughout the evening.

The programme included projected photographs of stars of the past and scenes from ballets, some now lost or partly lost as they date from before the days of choreology; and we even had tiny remembered excerpts from Cranko's The Prince of the Pagodas and Ashton's Nocturne to emphasize our losses. There were plenty of extracts from the current or recent repertory; highlights were the pas de trois from Les Rendezvous, trimly performed by Nicola Katrak, Kim Reeder and Grahame Lustig; Reeder again as the Blue Boy in Les Patineurs; Margaret Barbieri and Alain Dubreuil, funny and stylish in the can-can from La Boutique Fantasque; Roland Price, crisp and fast in a variation from MacMillan's Danses Concertantes; Marion Tait and Desmond Kelly contriving to give a moving and dramatic performance—extremely difficult in what might be described as gala circumstances—of the rape from The Invitation; and Doreen Wells and Carl Myers in the reconciliation scene from The Two Pigeons.

Nor was the future forgotten: boys and girls from White Lodge came to perform the maypole dance from *La Fille Mal Gardée*. Clearly Britain's premier company faces the future with justified confidence.

The birthday season had opened earlier with MacMillan's Isadora, with a commissioned score by Richard Rodney Bennett and designs by Barry Kay, Gillian Freeman providing the scenario. This is a danced and spoken biography of the American dancer who achieved an international succès de scandale in the first decades of the century and it ran into the major difficulty of making a woman who was a towering figure of a particular period acceptable to an age in which not only dance conventions but social mores have changed enormously.

Isadora was physically a pillowy person, a comfortably-shaped earth mother type; whereas our ideal image for Woman, particularly for Dancing

Woman, is of a sylph almost sexless in her slenderness. Isadora was therefore personated by two artistes: Merle Park did the dancing and Mary Miller-who somewhat resembles Duncan in build-acted her, using words largely derived from the dancer's autobiography. And it has to be admitted that the most effective scene of the evening was the historical one in which Miller, as Isadora, hurls abuse at an audience unappreciative of her Marche Slave dance and thrusts here bare bosom at them, claiming that "This . . . is beauty." This seems to me a thoroughly significant incident, revealing as it does Isadora as a hysteric, an exhibitionist and really a rather tiresome womanand conceited to boot.

Isadora's dancing, the justification of these negative qualities, was performed barefoot and in filmy pseudo-Greek garments that revealed an amount of her considerable physique highly titillating and/or shocking to the sheltered public of her day. Her work was essentially interpretative and though she ran schools and had a group of dancers working with her—known rather nauseatingly as the Isadorables—she has left little for those that came after her.

Her dancing is recorded in drawings and photographs as well as in contemporary descriptions, and it is from these that MacMillan has composed alltoo-credible pastiches of Isadora in performance. For her private life, which consisted largely of passionate and well publicized affairs with a series of lovers, MacMillan has produced a succession of complicated, highly acrobatic pas de deux, inventive indeed but not greatly contrasted, so that we do get a little tired of so much horizontal floor work. There is fine dancing from Merle Park, doing her best both with the sentimental Isadora dances and with that lady's Tragedy Queen emotions; from Julian Hosking as Gordon Craig (though could you guess who or what he was simply from the choreography?); from Derek Rencher as the much-put-upon Paris Singer; from Ashley Page as the boy she picks up on the beach and presses into service as the father of a child; and Stephen Jefferies as the fierce Russian poet Sergei Esenin.

The corps does nothing memorable in a variety of costumes and there are regrettable burlesques of classical ballet and Spanish dancers, presumably because Isadora was in rebellion against current dance forms. There is also a send-up of Loie Fuller, followed by a steamy and accidentally funny lesbian seduction scene for Park and Monica Mason in which Isadora takes an unconscionable time to twig what is going on. At the end Isadora's death by strangulation, her shawl caught in the wheels of a car, is anticlimactic.

MacMillan is said to be revising *Isadora*. It would respond to pruning and simplification

Going it alone

by John Gaselee

Every year many people decide to start up in business on their own account, sometimes on a part-time basis, but unfortunately a number always come to grief. These days it is not good enough to be the world's expert on a particular subject, or to have a superb marketing flair. What is also needed is down-to-earth administrative and financial ability to keep the business running smoothly and to avoid financial crises.

Before, therefore, embarking on the particular business you have chosen, try to do as much "homework" as possible by making realistic forecasts, and building in margins for those events and conditions outside your control which can almost certainly be expected. Typically, they could include: falling ill for a period, or a serious competitor starting up soon after yourself, or a change in the ax laws, or unexpectedly higher costs or energy and materials.

Above all, do not be too proud to ask or advice, both before you start up and fterwards. Apart from using a solicitor o set up the business, and an acountant to help from the accounts and ax aspect, it is well worth spending time ceeping your bank manager advised. Not only may his guidance be useful, out remember that obtaining finance rom him may be vital to the whole interprise. Also, the Department of Industry's Small Firms Information Service has a number of regional centres and may be able to help. Poor administration or lack of proper checking of finances can result in the downfall of a business.

It is vital to keep an accurate record of every transaction affecting the business. Not only do you need this to be able to judge your own progress, but also for the benefit of the Inspector of Taxes, to say nothing of HM Customs and Excise, for VAT purposes. You will probably be able to keep the records yourself, but it is a good plan to use a qualified accountant for the preparation of the final account at the end of each trading year. Ask his advice at the outset on setting up an appropriate bookkeeping system. In addition to accountants, many banks have departments which will prepare tax returns for sole traders and partnerships.

It can be sensible to rough out a proected cash flow for your first 12 nonths' trading. Estimate, month by nonth, the amounts of cash that will be needed for purchases and equipment and living expenses) together with the amounts you expect to be paid. If it ooks as though you may be short of tash in some months, you could ask your bank for an overdraft, up to a limit. The bank may ask for security until you have established a good track record of successful trading.

There are different types of security

which you may be able to provide. For instance, you may have been paying premiums to a life assurance policy for years, so that it now has a significant surrender value. Or you may be able to offer stocks and shares as security, or the deeds of property acquired for business purposes. If you have a mortage on your own home and bought it some years ago its current value might be considerably more than the outstanding building society mortgage, and so a second mortgage might be appropriate. But remember that if the business folds up (for whatever reason), the bank may need to take over all or part of the security you have offered.

From the tax point of view, since April, 1980 it has been possible to set against tax the start-up costs of raising finance and preliminary charges, such as rent and rates, for a new company. Also, losses on shares of unquoted companies are now allowable against personal income tax to encourage such investment.

Small companies pay a lower rate of corporation tax than large companies, but in the early days salaries and so on will probably absorb all the profits, so corporation tax will not have to be paid; you will simply pay income tax on your salary in the normal way.

If you will be trading as a partnership, you will pay income tax on the partnership's profits in the same way as if you were running a business by yourself. The income tax assessment for an established partnership is based on the profits of the financial year ending before the start of the tax year.

Do not forget the question of VAT. For almost any individual or business where total income is in excess of £15,000 registration for VAT is compulsory. Where turnover is less than that figure registration is not compulsory, but you can register voluntarily and sometimes this course is advantageous. If anyone who is not registered had a turnover of more than £5,000 in the last quarter, HM Customs and Excise must be notified and they will then arrange registration—unless it can be shown that total turnover will not exceed £15,000 per annum.

Any sole trader, partnership or company registered for VAT whose output is "standard rated" has to add 15 per cent to the total cost for goods and services.

There is one minor advantage in being registered for VAT, which is simply that VAT paid on business expenditure can than be recovered in full from HM Customs and Excise. For example, on materials, telephone charges and accountancy fees, provided they count as "business" rather than "private" expenses, the full cost of the VAT can be recovered by deducting it each quarter from the VAT collected from customers which will be payable to HM Customs and Excise

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Welsh temptations

by John Morgan

There are, I'm afraid, no prizes offered for the remark you will make as you leave the Walnut Tree restaurant near Abergavenny, a café in Llanddewi Skirrid, a hamlet remote from the world. It will go, "What an amazing restaurant to find in such a place."

The setting is romantic. Nearby is that triumvirate of castles whereby aliens rather helplessly tried to subdue the natives: Skenfrith, Grosmont and, most haunting of all, the White Castle.

Before, though, offering a particular critique about this and other excellent places in Wales to eat, some general reflections may be helpful. When I was young in Wales I could not afford to eat in restaurants and nor could anyone I knew. Equally, had we been able to afford it, there was hardly anywhere to go. But in the past 20 years the position has been transformed.

Of the five restaurants I would recommend in south Wales one-the Cawdor Arms in Llandeilo, which is also a fine hotel to stay at-is extraordinarily cheap for the quality it offers. The others, as you will see, are quite expensive. I went to the Walnut Tree on this occasion of formal inquiry with friends who had never been there before. though I had often. Usually I eat fish there since it is fresh. My pals, Gerald Davies, the former Welsh rugby player, and his wife Scilla, being young and slim, kindly ate food that I would have had had I not been making speeches about losing weight. (I chose a hefty portion of local salmon at £2.95.) Scilla ate a crêpe of sea food (£3.95) and then ordered the wonderfully grilled lobster with garlic sauce (£9.25) which, with great generosity, she allowed me to dig into, cracking the claws like an old lobster-hand. Meanwhile Gerald had ordered Barbary duck with fig and strawberries (£7.95).

There was a debate about this interesting choice. First, we did not know what a Barbary duck was; second, could we ever recall eating duck with strawberries? Being sharp journalists-Gerald is now a writer for The Timeswe consulted the management, who are the famous chef and his wife, Franco and Ann Tarashio. As I understand it a Barbary duck is a cross between a wild duck and an ordinary duck. Seldom can there have been such a happy mating. Well done, its fragrance lasts a while. This curious scene of a wolfing exchange of dishes was accompanied by the white house wine at £4.50 a bottle. There is nothing, though, to stop your ordering a Château Latour Pauillac 1949 at £95. The cellar is amazing, as you might well say as you walk out of the crowded house.

Were you to move west to Cardiff quite soon after leaving the Walnut Tree you might be disconcerted to see, perhaps, some of the same customers at Gibson's restaurant in the capital city. The explanation would be that both establishments attract support from what might loosely be called the intelligentsia. Fellows and girls in broadcasting, music and the less impecunious arts move here, as elsewhere, with their kind. Politicians tend to go to more pompous and gilded palaces. To see a certain kind of Welsh at their most characteristic Gibson's is the haunt. Here intrigue is displayed; there is laughter; there is room enough to be publicly private.

Although for myself it is almost a home from home, occasionally I find the food a shade rich, too much decorated with sauces much enjoyed by those of less simple tastes than mine. Frequently I make a meal of three of their excellent first courses. For example, I will have the home-made soup (£1.15) which is often parsley or leek, and then the avocado with sour cream and Danish caviar (£1.35) and the duck and orange pâté (£1.85). Usually I have the dry house white wine which is £4.40 a litre; the 1979 Sancerre is £8.50. The set lunch is good value at £5.95. There would be the soup or a salmon and mushroom quiche, then curried prawns with pineapple or, which I had the other day, smoked chicken with lentils, followed by a strawberry syllabub or cheese or fruit. Coffee is 50p and the service charge, unusually, is 10 per cent. But I am neglecting the main menu: the guinea fowl in red wine at £4.95 I know

All of which does not leave much space to help you on your way to the enchanted west of Wales, so you will have to take my word for it that the following three places are not bad for, as my grandmother, to my distaste, used to put it, getting the snout in the trough. I have mentioned the Cawdor before. In Swansea there is the Drangway where. both upstairs and downstairs, the food is excellent and they specialize in local dishes compounded of fresh cockles and laverbread. I was nurtured on laverbread, which is seaweed: no other food has so high an iron content. And all too briskly, the Pantry at Newport in Dyfed, which serves dinner most of the year, but lunch only in high summer. Its prices are much of the order I have been describing, but struck me as worth it, especially after cricket on the beach and that incomparable air from the Celtic sea. For all that, I still find it strange that Wales has become a place to eat in

The Walnut Tree, Llanddewi Skirrid, Nr Abergavenney, Gwent (tel: 0873 2797). The Cawdor Arms, Llandeilo, Dyfed (tel: 0558 823502).

Gibson's, 8 Romilly Crescent, Cardiff (tel: 0222 41264).

Drangway, Wind Street, Swansea (tel: 0792 461397).

The Pantry, Market Street, Newport, Dyfed (tel: 0239 820420).

Scotch success story

by Peta Fordham

Neither of the most compelling advertising slogans of my lifetime was composed by a professional copy-writer. "Thirteen Soap-Unlucky for Dirt" turned up in a farce, a brilliant line never commercially used, and the second was almost accidental. When the third head of John Walker's business, his grandson Sir Alexander, decided to incorporate a portrait of his grandfather in an advertising scheme, he commissioned a well-known artist. Tom Browne, to sketch something suitable. The cheerful figure, top-hatted, a dandy with eveglass and cane, stepping out with vigour, was the result. Lord Stevenson, Sir Alexander's colleague, happened to come into the office and caught sight of the sketch. Alongside it he scribbled "Johnnie Walker, born 1820-still going strong". This mascot sketch, known now on the hoardings of nearly every country in the world, was subsequently buried beneath tons of rubble when Walker's premises were bombed in the Second World War. True to form it emerged unharmed and remains a cherished trophy of the company, while Johnnie Walker walks even more strongly today.

The story of the firm did begin in 1820, when a young man from Ayrshire bought a general grocery store, with wine and spirit sales, in King Street, Kilmarnock. The town was a good and, as it turned out, lucky choice. The Industrial Revolution brought to Kilmarnock textile and engineering works and "Kilmarnock Whisky" became popular with visiting travellers to the new factories. When John's son, Alexander, joined the firm and took over its management there was already a good business in existence.

Alexander Walker began a planned expansion using the "merchant venturer" system, by which goods were entrusted to the captain of a ship to sell on commission on his voyages at the best price—a plan admirably suited to Scottish enterprise and one which had also proved successful in Bristol; and thus were laid the foundations of what subsequently became a vast overseas market. By 1880 Walker had to open an office in London and follow it with a bottling hall. Again luck was with him. The brandy market began just at this time to change over to whisky and the astute Alexander took full advantage of the rising demand, incorporating the business in a private limited company. His son, Alexander the second, joined in 1888. It remained in this form until it became a public company in 1923.

Things went well for Johnnie Walker until the First World War, after which the whole Scotch whisky trade faced difficult times. In 1925 John Walker & Sons merged with the big Distillers Company, but held tenaciously to in-

dependent production and marketing. Prosperity returned to the industry and today the firm has a staggering production figure of over three million bottles a week, and is the world's largest business selling Scotch whisky.

What strikes the visitor to the company is the extraordinarily tranquil and contented feeling among the workerssomething uncommon in these troubled times. Perhaps it is a "family" feeling engendered by the distinctive and longestablished livery of the brands. "Johnnie" seems a living person in the distilleries. When the name of Kilmarnock Whisky was dropped and the familiar Red and Black Labels were set on a slant on the equally familiar oblong bottles, presided over by "Johnnie" himself, the products acquired a definite, personal identity, unmatched by any other brand; and I did not meet one worker who did not appear to feel himself personally involved in the fortunes of the name. There were moans to be heard—to the effect that the redoubtable Red Label was now reserved for ex-

A survey of what John Walker produce shows at the top a fine, pale single malt (all now sold as "12-year-old"), Cardhu (the "Black Rock"), a Speyside malt made near a tiny village called Knockando, "Malt" is made from malted barley only and by the old potstill method. "Grain" whisky, which has a lighter flavour and less body, contains a higher proportion of unmalted grain and is mostly made in the patent, continuous still method, invented by Aeneas Coffey in 1831, though there are still a few makers who use the pot-still method for this, too. Cardhu is supported by four blended whiskies-Red Label and Black Label, John Barr (sold in the UK only) and a premier export brand called either Celebrity or Swing depending on the country of sale, the name coming from the oval, convex base of the bottle which allows it to rock if touched. Red Label contains over 40 blended malts and grains; Black has much more old malt and John Barr is a "gentle" mix, with wide appeal.

As I said, Johnnie Walker is produced in an obviously happy community, which is particularly heartening to find in Kilmarnock, where the recession has hit hard. Despite market conditions the firm still exports 90 per cent of its production and has notched up the Queen's Award for export six times.

Wine of the Month

This month's choice is especially for those who like an "organic" production. A quite delicious Muscadet de Sèvre-et-Maine, Château La Touche can be bought from Ashlyns, Ashlyns Hall, Berkhampstead, Herts or R. Trestini, 20 Chancel Street, London SE1, costing £3.22 a bottle or £36.96 a case (both including VAT). Carriage £1.50 UK. This wine is made entirely without chemical additions to soil or wine





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Picasso's late works



by Edward Lucie-Smith

The great Picasso exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art in New York anticipated the centenary of Picasso's birth. That is now being celebrated in somewhat more modest fashion by the show which opens at the Hayward Gallery on July 17. It is drawn solely from the holdings of the newly founded, but not yet operational, Musée Picasso in Paris. Though it covers all phases of Picasso's work from the early Barcelona years onward, the emphasis is, not surprisingly, on some of the less familiar aspects of the artist's career. Picasso often kept for himself things which were "exceptional" in one way or another. They might be intensely personal, like the Death of Casagemas, an early painting which records the suicide of a friend; or else they might be taking-off points for some subsequent line of development. This is true of the Cubist collages, and even more so of the constructions of the same period.

Perhaps the most striking groups of work, however, are the sculptures and the late paintings. Picasso succeeded in retaining his sculptural *oeuvre* almost in its entirety, and seems to have thought

of it as something intensely personal—the private face of his art as opposed to the public one which was represented in his paintings. The point is specifically made in the prints of the Vollard Suite, in the numerous images showing a sculptor in his studio. Here in England we shall have the chance to look at many of the sculptures for a second time, as a large number were included in the Picasso sculpture exhibition of 1967 organized by Sir Roland Penrose and held at the Tate Gallery.

Considerably less familiar are the late paintings, shown here as a substantial group. They have never been seen in England in any quantity, though two of them were included in the recent Painting: A New Spirit exhibition at the RA. Their first impact on the exhibitiongoing public in general was made through a pair of exhibitions held at the Palais des Papes in Avignon in the early 1970s. Thanks to the legendary status of the artist these drew huge crowds, but their reception from critics and arthistorians was somewhat muffled and unenthusiastic. In the early 70s Picasso was simultaneously very celebrated and vet deeply unfashionable. His concerns seemed to run contrary to those of the avant-garde of the time.

In addition, there was the fact that Picasso had remained so prolific. It became de rigueur to say that while, of course, he was a phenomenon, a titanic force in the history of modernism, his art had grown steadily shallower as he grew older. Like the aging Yeats, Picasso seemed to lack a sense of the artistic decencies proper to an old man. Lust and rage were an important part of his subject-matter, just as they were for the great Irish poet. More disconcerting still, Picasso, throughout the latter part of his career, courted comparison with the great masters of the European past. He made paraphrases of El Greco, Velasquez, Courbet, Manet and Delacroix. Familiar masterpieces were dismembered and the pieces then roughly cobbled together again. It was easy to say that Picasso turned to these paraphrases because he had simply run out of subject-matter.

Today, some eight years after Picasso's death, the late work is starting to appear in a different light. In fact, it is often the sculpture that offers a clue to how Picasso's last phase must be interpreted. What is stunning about the sculpture is the way all materials, and all

The Kiss, October 26, 1969, oil on canvas, 130 by 97 centimetres.

possible techniques, are pressed into service. The *Girl Jumping Rope* of 1950 was originally assembled from a wicker basket, metal cake pans, bits of ceramic and plaster. The *Woman with a Baby Carriage* of the same year is made from equally heterogeneous bits of rubbish, only later given permanence by being cast in bronze. Picasso seized on anything and everything that came to hand—more and more the process of making was a kind of sardonic jesting about the nature of the world, simultaneously humorous and unforgiving.

The late paintings have been made by essentially the same method, and convey much the same emotional tone. Picasso brings to them a kind of inspired crudity. A figure will have a hand like a bunch of bananas—the kind of hand one finds in a child's drawing. Picasso was fond of saying that he took immense trouble to learn to do what childartists did instinctively. More than this, however, he was now using in a new way a whole repertoire of devices which stemmed originally from Cubism. One still discovers in these late

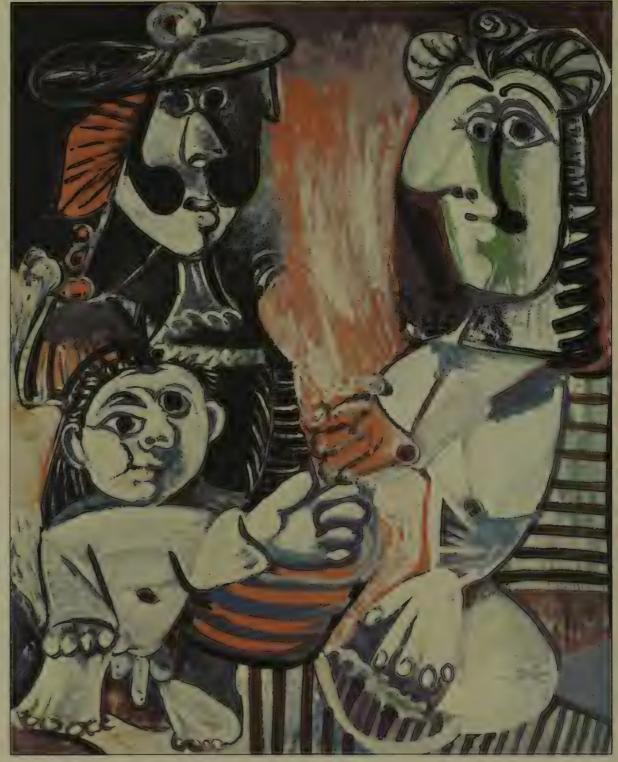
paintings the Cubist sense of space—of being simultaneously *here* and *there*. The simplest example is the face which is seen both in profile and full face. But the device is applied even to landscapes, which are violently twisted and rearranged. The difference is that Picasso has long ago rebelled against the precision and purity of Analytic Cubism. Two figures kissing have a coarse animality; they seem about to devour one another.

In fact Picasso, passing first through Cubism and then through the experience of Surrealism, has finally become a kind of Expressionist. And this is disconcerting because Expressionist art is from the historical point of view either Nordic or else Russian or Polish Jewish, never Mediterranean.

To understand the place that Picasso made for himself in the Expressionist tradition one has to go back to his roots as a Spaniard. The late paintings often make use of Spanish allusions: the matador is one type-figure that appears in them. If one takes Picasso's late oeuvre as a totality—prints and drawings as well as paintings—this Hispanic quality becomes more pronounced.

In the paintings Picasso measures himself against great compatriots, such as Velasquez and El Greco. The graphic work owes a good deal to Goya; it shares, for instance, Goya's predilection for fantasticated autobiography. Picasso shuns the straight reportage of personal incidents, but nevertheless provides symbolic equivalents for things which have happened to him personally. Certain figures haunt him: the young painter, joyously copulating with his mistress; the old painter (sometimes transformed into a monkey) who watches morosely. The artist also appears holding a mask to hide his wrinkled features, or metamorphosed into a child. Spanish grandees appear, with disapproving expressions, clad in severe 17th-century costume. They seem to be meant as a reminder of the dead weight of the Spanish past. The violence of Expressionism is a reaction against repression-Picasso is still unable to escape from his origins now that he is a very old man.

The late works are not merely Expressionist; they are the creation of a man who is still consciously an outsider. One of the constant themes in Picasso's work is that of the man who exists in the social margin—the harlequin, the gypsy, the vagabond. These personages people the work of the Blue Period, and they continue to appear in the creations of the last phase. Another theme is that of the brothel. Les Demoiselles d'Avignon, the single most important picture Picasso ever painted, is a scene in a brothel (hence, indeed, the untranslatable title, which refers to the Calle de Avignon in Barcelona). The late work, too, especially the graphics, returns to the same scene. Picasso was perhaps inspired by Degas's monotypes of brothel-scenes-he owned some fine examples. The brothel is the refuge of



The Family, September 30, 1970, oil on canvas, 130 by 162 centimetres.

the outcast; it is also the place where fantasy is given free rein.

The roughness of Picasso's late work, the deliberately uningratiating way in which he uses his materials, the frantic crudity of some of the draughtsmanship, must therefore be seen as being connected with a decision to opt out. Indeed, descriptions of Picasso written or recorded by the friends of his last years reveal the degree to which he refused to co-operate with or make concessions to the world which had made him a celebrity. It is a small but significant point that very few recordings of Picasso's voice exist. He was not an artist who willingly received journalists, or held long philosophical conversations with critics. The few snatches of his voice that survive in the sound-archives of Radio France were recorded amid the hurly-burly of some public occasion, usually at a bullfight.

The paintings of the last years were therefore not made with a public in mind—a public to be courted, flattered, informed, seduced or elevated. They were made, first of all, as a release for the driving energies and emotions of an extraordinary old age, totally secure in the material sense but in every other way vulnerable. They were also the repeated attempts of a compulsive gambler to defy fortune. The more handicaps the gambler accepts, the higher the odds against, the greater the satisfaction he feels when the wager succeeds. Picasso loads himself with difficulties in order to outwit his own facility-not that this was in any way something new: he had been doing much the same thing ever since he quit Barcelona for Paris in the period before the First World War.

But there is present something more than the conventional gambler's hazard. Even more central to Picasso's work than the metaphor of the brothel was the metaphor of the bullfight. The matador accepts danger in its most immediate form. He is also forced to improvise his art from the materials immediately at hand. The temperament of a particular bull, the bullfighter's own emotional state, the weather, the mood of the crowd-all of these are "given", the parameters of the event. Picasso tries to find a similar situation for himself. His activity as a painter is an acceptance of the immediate mood, the situation that exists at that moment. Perhaps the most striking thing about the late paintings is that they are never reflective or elegiac. Emotional reality is what they are about, and that in Picasso's view transcends every other kind



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The glory of lilies

by Nancy-Mary Goodall

Of all the flowers in the garden, or in nature for that matter, few can rival the lily. There is a glory about lilies that defies explanation. They have "star quality", that magic which, seen on the stage, keeps the eyes of the audience glued to one actor even when others are speaking. Roses become background plants when lilies are in bloom.

There are 85 to 90 lily species, all from the northern hemisphere. Generally those from Japan and America, among them the golden-rayed lily of Japan, *Lilium auratum*, and the leopard or panther lily, *L.pardalinum*, from the Pacific coast of America, must have an acid soil, while those from Europe and China, such as orange *L.henryi* from Hupeh, tolerate or enjoy a lime soil.

If you have been unsuccessful with lilies try again with easy ones such as the purple or white L.martagon, 3-5 feet tall with many small Turk's-cap flowers having the petals strongly reflexed or turned back. Martagons are the only lilies native to Great Britain; they are distributed from Portugal to Mongolia. They tolerate light woodland shade but are equally happy in sun and were once a frequent sight in the south of England. Equally easy is the early flowering L.pyrenaicum, 2-3 feet, a bright yellow Turk's-cap of strong constitution naturalized in some warm parts of England, its only flaw a slightly pungent smell. L.chalcedonicum is a scarlet Turk's-cap from Greece, long cultivated in gardens but now prone to virus attack, so I would prefer one of the scarlet hybrids. It has been crossed with L.candidum to produce L.testaceum, a pale yellow lily of graceful bearing.

L.candidum, the Madonna lily, is the most famous of European lilies, seen in Renaissance paintings of the Annunciation, on ancient Greek pots and in medieval herbals. It has purity of form, bowl-shaped, gold-centred flowers and sweet scent but is temperamental and may thrive in one garden and sulk in the next. One thinks of it as a cottage garden plant, growing in ever-increasing clumps which may have resulted from the village habit of throwing soapy washing water over favourite plants in dry weather. This would have discouraged greenfly which are known to carry virus disease. All lilies can be protected by spraying them against aphis when we spray the roses.

Another species lily often seen in gardens and very easy to grow is *L.regale* from China. It is amazing to think that this well-known flower was discovered as recently as 1903. The great plant collector E. H. Wilson had that thrilling experience when he found the tall, winebacked white trumpets "growing in coarse grey sandstone rocks... on gravelly banks and hillsides among small shrubs and coarse grasses", add-

ing that the lily luxuriates in open, porous soil with leafsoil, not rich humus, "but it wants no unaerated acid peat and loathes raw, nitrogenous manures".

Good drainage does not mean dry soil. Lily bulbs must not dry out. They need light, fibrous soil containing peat, leafmould or good compost, all of which retain moisture. David Parsons, a great lily grower, thinks a bucketful for each bulb is not too much and quotes the Chinese proverb, "If you have only one loaf sell half and buy lilies." So spend enough on peat to keep them happy. To get the necessary lightness it should be worked into the soil with sharp sand or ashes—some specialist growers work the soil 3 metres deep, a counsel of perfection which is unnecessary for ordinary lilies.

Lilies enjoy hot, dry summers and, like clematis, prefer to have their heads in the sun and their roots in the shade. I have proved that they thrive in old shrub borders whose surface has been kept free of excess water by roots yet which stay damp in all but the driest weather. In drought lilies must be watered like any other garden plant. They also benefit from feeding and a good, nourishing, annual mulch is a great help; if farmyard manure is used it must be very well rotted or it will contain too much nitrogen. I give my lily clumps a handful of Wisley mixture each (one part hoof and horn, two parts sterilized bonemeal, a half part sulphate of potash) every

Plant lily bulbs in autumn when they are lifted rather than in spring by which time the roots may have dried fatally. Most lilies are stem-rooting and should go in so that there are 4-5 inches of soil above the bulb. Base-rooting lilies—martagons, regales, *L.pardalinum* and hybrids of American species such as the Bellingham hybrids—can go in under 2 inches, while *L.candidum* likes to be almost on the surface with its nose just showing. Some people put bulbs on a layer of grit to discourage slugs.

Slugs are enemies, specially the little black underground ones. I kill them with Murphy's Slugit Liquid and pepper the surface with slug pellets. You can fight mice with traps, poison or a trusty cat and spray with systemic fungicide against the lily's worst enemy, botrytis. Destroy any bulb with rot and try to buy healthy stock. A British lily grower with a short but reliable list is Calum MacRitchie, Highland Liliums, Kiltarlty, By Beauly, Inverness-shire.

Nothing is too much trouble to protect lilies. Some species like the tiger lily are of legendary beauty while modern hybrids must be among the most glorious flowers ever seen. For far greater detail lily enthusiasts should own Lilies by Patrick M. Synge (in association with the RHS) Batsford £35, a superb illustrated book which contains pretty well everything that is known about lilies today



Commemorative selection

by Ursula Robertshaw

As usual a royal occasion has prompted the production of many tatty and overpriced objects. But there is gold among the dross, and on these pages we show pieces, covering a wide price range, which we believe have intrinsic merit.

Two objects are outstanding. First, Jocelyn Burton's romantic silver epithalamium cup, which is to be made in an edition of only 50. Its free-hanging garlands symbolize festivity, its grapelike pendant bosses express fertility, its rings stand for eternity and its moonstones represent that heavenly body which has for centuries acted as a lamp for lovers. The cup weighs over 17 oz and is made from over 120 pieces.

Second is Robert Vorley's superb Tunbridge ware box. This craft had largely died out until Vorley revived it two and a half years ago. This box is his masterwork, consisting as it does of 45,000 tiny cubes of 14 different woods. It is lined with fine needlecord and includes a commemorative plaque.

Several pieces make a point of noting the Welsh connexion, for example the fine silver dragon set on a slate base, or the sturdy slate paperweight with engraved Prince of Wales feathers. This last is a popular motif which figures in the Royal School of Needlework's



Tunbridge ware box by Robert Vorley, edition 140, £120 from Casson Gallery; Royal Crown Derby covered vase, edition 200, £500; epithalamium cup in silver set with moonstones by Jocelyn Burton, edition 50, £1,050; Coalport goblet, edition 2,000, £48; silver dragon paperweight on Welsh slate base, edition 150 from Asprey.



Silk scarf by Sarah Lindsay, edition of half a dozen, £56 from Charles de Temple; silk scarf, £15, hearts and flowers tea towel which can be made up into a cushion, £1.60, both from Liberty's; royal wedding scrapbook, 99p from W. H. Smith; embroidered sampler kit, £14.75 from Royal School of Needlework; Irish linen tea towel, about £1.45 from department stores; Wedgwood plate designed by Richard Guyatt, edition 2,000, £50; Rye Pottery hand-painted plate, maximum edition 500, £30 from Best of British.



Walnut box by Mike Fitz with hand-painted lithograph and gilded mount, £30 from Casson Gallery; Aynsley china crown posy of roses, thistles, daffodils and shamrocks, £13.50; Royal Worcester coffee cup and saucer, Leeds shape, £9.95; Haleyon Days enamelled copper box designed by Felix Kelly, edition 1,000, £250; Spode miniature cup and saucer, £8.95; solid silver teaspoon, one of a set of six, edition 1,000, £149.45 from Selfridge's; brass box by Stuart Houghton, £19.25 from Liberty's; enamelled copper sweetheart box, £45 from Penhaligon's.

FOR COLLECTORS





Top, earthenware harvest jug by Mary Wondrausch, £30 from Casson Gallery; Carlton Ware mug designed by Marc, £1.75 from Presents; pottery mug, £3.40, and egg cup, £2 from Best of British; silver-mounted pin cushion, edition 1,500, £75 from Hall & Sons; Welsh slate paperweight by Richard Healey, edition 50, £13.50 from Best of British; marmalade in basket, £1.85, and Price's candle in holder, £3.42 from W. H. Smith. Above, decanter, edition 100, £140 from Dent Glass; air-twist stem Royal Doulton Crystal goblet, edition 1,000, £70; Wedgwood crystal weight, £6.

beautiful sampler kit—this really will be an heirloom when made up—or the Wedgwood plate, designed by Richard Guyatt, Professor of Graphics at the Royal College of Art.

Mike Fitz's wooden boxes, which are made in two sizes and can be either straight-sided or waisted, are made from walnut bought from the Sandringham estate a few years ago.

Among the cheaper things I liked Carlton Ware's brilliant caricature mug, witty yet affectionate, which bears on the back the verse "Whatever beverage brims in this cup/Thank God for Prince Charles when you pick it up./And as you quaff it, bless that same grand Plan-

ner/Who gave him for bride the fair Diana."

Asprey, 165 New Bond St, W1; Best of British, 25 Museum St, WC1; Jocelyn Burton, 50c Red Lion St, WC1; Casson Gallery, 73 Marylebone High St, W1; Dent Glass, Crossfield Mill, Kirkby Stephen, Cumbria; Charles de Temple, 52 Jermyn St, SW1; Halcyon Days, 14 Brook St, W1; Hall & Sons, 32-38 Saffron Hill, Hatton Gdn, EC1; Liberty's Regent St, W1; Penhaligon's, 41 Wellington St, WC2; Presents, 129 Sloane St, SW1; Royal School of Needlework, 25 Princes Gate, SW7; Selfridge's, Oxford St, W1.



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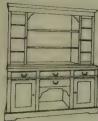
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From the side-lines

by Jack Marx

Unless he is one of those captains who are never prepared to drop themselves, a member of a bridge team of more than four players is bound at least occasionally to find himself in the role of a spectator. He will probably not approve of everything done by his active teammates and if their results seem poor his anxieties and tensions will not be lessened by the need to stifle vocal criticism. Yet when the happenings at the other table become known, his fears may turn out to be quite baseless.

♠Q109 Dealer South East-West Game ♦KQ9765 **4**953 **AJ**5 ♥K985 ♥A107643 ♦82 **♦** A 3 **4**0108742 *AKJ ♠K876432 **V**02 ♦J104 *****6

South has opened pre-emptively with Three Spades and, after a pass by West and a defensive raise to Four Spades by North, East has made a so-called optional double. West is disinclined to accept a non-vulnerable penalty, a view silently endorsed by the team-mate breathing down his neck. His bid of Five Clubs is passed all round and the teammate is filled with dismay when the dummy appears, though he cannot quite convince himself that he would have done any better. The other East-West will probably sail into a grand slam, especially if those rather flimsy spades are not deployed.

However, he need not have worried. At the other table the bidding had begun in the same way, but West had passed East's double and thereby collected a beggarly 100 points. And so the feared imaginary loss of some 1,500 points had turned into an actual profit of over 500.

♠QJ10984 Dealer South North-South Game +2 ♣KJ942 **A**76 ♥AJ1072 ♥Q965 ♦QJ105 **♦987643 ♠**AK53 **¥843** * AK ♣Q1083

At our onlooker's table his pair as East-West took no part in the bidding: 4NT North 24 24 54 South 1NT No

West's shadow found it difficult to blame him for his lead of Diamond Queen, though it presented declarer with an overtrick. But there was a potential outcome that could be far more disastrous. If West had first cashed his Ace of Hearts, it would not have needed

supernatural powers to switch to Ace and a small club as the only real chance, South's Blackwood response having affirmed two Aces. There was not even much comfort in the thought that at the other table the contract might be only Four Spades. North might well be declarer and the obvious lead of the singleton club could have secured two ruffs.

However, his own side's North-South at the other table had arrived by accident at an unassailable contract. West had doubled the One No-trump opening, North had bid Four Spades and South Five Clubs. The mystery of this last bid is explained by the fact that North-South had fabricated an elaborate scheme of transfer responses to One No-trump. Four Spades normally required the opener to convert to Five Clubs, but here South had forgotten their arrangement that the whole transfer principle was to be abandoned once there had been opposing intervention. In face of South's strange last bid, North sensed there had probably been some misunderstanding but took the line of least resistance and passed.

Our committed onlooker was still occupying the same seat between South and West when he witnessed a farsighted and rewarding display by the opposing South.

Game All

\$63 Dealer South ¥J ♦A542 *KJ10743 **♣J875** ♥A 1093 ♥8765 ♦Q10963 ♦KJ8 *852 **496 ♠**AKQ1092 ♥KQ42 *AQ

An Acol Two Spades opening and a response in clubs led to a contract of Six

On the lead of Diamond Ten the hand looks deceptively easy for 13 tricks, provided the trumps break favourably. If they do not, there might be trouble taking even 12 unless East holds at least three clubs. Awake to this danger, East took the precaution of shortening his trump suit by ruffing a diamond at once. A small heart to West's Ace was followed by Heart 10, ruffed in dummy, a second diamond was ruffed and two top trumps and two top clubs left:

*J107 ₩93 **♣J8** O. ₩87 **♠** O 10 **VKQ**

With the lead in dummy, club persistence left East's trumps hopelessly sandwiched.

The other North contrived to rebid his clubs, so the small slam was played in clubs at which no trump suit difficulties arose



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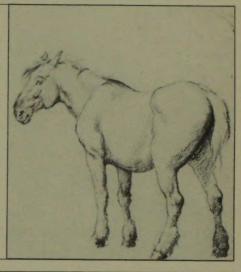
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AUGUST

The Royal Wedding

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Also in the August issue

Hammond Innes writes on the dangers threatening the survival of elephants in Africa.

John Winton examines the role of the British armed forces in Hong Kong.

Julian Critchley contributes a profile of the Minister for the Arts, Paul Channon.

Des Wilson describes his return to his homeland of New Zealand after an absence of 22 years.

Michael Watkins continues our series on the counties with a personal view of Essex.

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CHESS

Oxford v Cambridge

by John Nunn

The 99th varsity chess match between Oxford and Cambridge was held during March at the Royal Automobile Club in Pall Mall. Before this match Cambridge had achieved a run of 11 consecutive victories to put themselves 45-36 up (with 17 draws) in the series, which started in 1873. The difference between 99 and 109 is accounted for by wartime matches, designated "friendly" as both teams were without many of their top players. Over the past 12 years Cambridge have had a monopoly of young chess talent, but now the pendulum has swung and this year Oxford started the match clear favourites.

Chess matches tend to run to form and on the day the play was indeed onesided, with Oxford in trouble on only the bottom two boards. The final score was 6-2 and the full results were:

Oxford		Cambridge
D. Goodman	1-0	M. Pagden
(Keble)		(Pembroke)
W. Watson	1-0	P. Townsend
(Merton)		(Downing)
T. Upton	$\frac{1}{2} \frac{1}{2}$	R. Holmes
(Queens')	-0.	(Queens')
D. Cummings	$\frac{1}{2} \frac{1}{2}$	C. Frostick
(Keble)		(Trinity)
H. Macpherson	1-0	J. Friedland
(Merton)		(Corpus Christi)
J. Branford	1-0	P. Taylor
(Wadham)		(Trinity)
N. Davey	$\frac{1}{2} \frac{1}{2}$	K. Harris
(New)		(Queens')
M. Eagle	$\frac{1}{2} \cdot \frac{1}{2}$	L. Brownson
(Pembroke)	-	(Newnham)
and the same of th		

The game on board two provided some lively entertainment:

	w. watson	P. I ownsen
	White	Black
	Pirc I	Defence
1	P-K4	P-KN3
2	P-Q4	B-N2
3	N-QB3	P-Q3
4	N-B3	N-KB3
5	B-KN5	

Usually White plays 5 B-K2 followed by 6 0-0, quietly developing behind his classical pawn centre. 5 B-KN5, on the other hand, intends 6 Q-Q2 followed by 0-0-0 when sharp play results with each side attacking the opposing king.

...0-0

This gives White a target to aim at, so ... P-B3 and 6 ... P-QN4 to dissuade White from 0-0-0 would have been more flexible.

Q-Q2 B-N5?!

A tempting move, but 6 ... P-B3 was probably still the right idea.

Q-B4 OxB N-B3

I prefer 8 ... QN-Q2 but 9 0-0-0 is still a little awkward as 9 ... P-K4 10 PxP QNxP (10 ... PxP loses to 11 N-Q5) 11 Q-N3 leads to Black's knight being pushed back by a subsequent P-B4, so 9 ... P-KR3 10 B-R4 P-KN4 11 B-N3 P-K4 is relatively best.

0-0-0 Q-K1 9 ... Q-Q2 10 P-K5 N-K1 (10 ... PxP 11 PxP NxP 12 RxQ NxQ 13 BxN B-R3ch 14 K-Q1 wins a piece) 11 B-QB4 threatening 12 P-KR4 is very uncomfortable for Black.

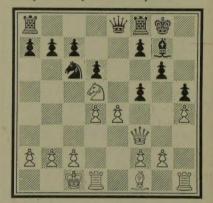
10 P-KR4

11 BxN!

Surprising but good since it allows the knight to come to Q5. 11 ... BxB 12 N-Q5 attacking QB7 is very good for White, so Black's reply is forced.

...PxB 12 N-O5 P-B4

The fantasy variation 12 ... Q-Q1 13 P-KN4 PxP 14 QxNP N-K2 15 P-R5 NxN 16 PxP!? N-N3 (16 ... N-K2 17 B-B4 is also good for White) 17 B-B4! NxB 18 R-R8ch! BxR 19 P-N7! BxP 20 R-N1 mating indicates White's attacking chances. Returning to sanity, however, 16 ... P-KB4! in this line keeps Black in the game, while earlier 15 N-K3 gives White a good game with no risk. Black's actual move is an exchange sacrifice to gain the initiative but his compensation proves inadequate.



13	NxP	PxP
14	Q-K3	Q-K2
15	NxR	P-Q4
16	P-KN4?!	

16 Q-N5! was simpler since the exchange of queens leaves White with a technical win while 16 ... Q-Q2 17 N-B7! picks up the QP.

...PxP 16 17 RxN PxP?

Black had to play 18 ... P-B4 constructing an effective barricade on the kingside. Unfortunately this move creates a new weakness along the OR2-KN8 diagonal and 19 P-QB4!, exploiting this, should maintain the advantage.

19 B-K2

Black's weak kingside pawns must

16111	source of late	
19		Q-K3
20	P-QB3	P-QN4
]	Desperation.	
21	and decrease to	N-R4
22	KR-N1	R-N1
23	B-K2	O-N3
24	R-02	Resigns @

Correction. In the June competition diagram, the Black queen on KB4 should have been a Black king.









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